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# RAVENNA AND THE POET DANTE.

By GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

TALY! The name is full of magic; it is the open sesame to a store of riches inexhaustible—to the wealth and hoarding of the ages. From the bustling seat of commerce to the deepest pastoral solitude, from the grandeur of the Capitol to the shepherd's lonely cot, no nook of Italy but holds its store of delights.

As the years roll by and generation after



generation lives, dies, and is forgotten, a few grand names, a few monuments, are left to mark the progress of man's labors; in the hard stone, in the cold marble, upon the parchment roll, are wrought out the sublime and beautiful conceptions of his soul, and as we lift from these the curtain heavy with the gathered dust of centuries, we stand awed before the majesty of Italy's myriad names.

Rome! Florence! Ravenna! Rome, the inexhaustible; Florence, the birthplace of poets, of martyrs, and of kings; Ravenna—ah! here the enthusiast halts. Here are shrines and temples, graves and mausoleums, the work of poets and painters, of Popes and Cardinals, of cutters of stone and chiselers of marble—a mighty concourse. Here is the Cathedral made famous by Guido's hand; the Basilica of San

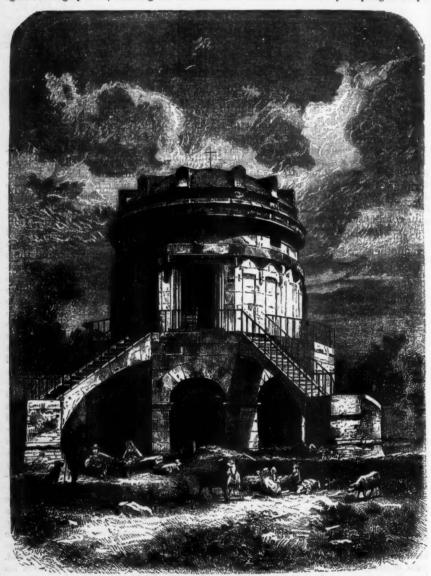
Vitale, with its beautiful mosaics; here is the Church of St. John the Baptist and the Church of St. John the Evangelist; here is the tomb of the young hero-King, Theodoric, ruler of the Eastern Goths—a tomb worthy the adoration of all freedom-loving hearts; but the poet enthusiast halts not yet.

Through vine-clad fields and past the sound of weaving and of spinning; past Renis' great Cathedral and the Basilica of San Vitale; past the Church of Maria della Rotonda—the mausoleum of young Theodoric—past all on to the tomb of Dante; there the enthusiast halts. To the poet's heart Ravenna is consecrate, made sacred by the genius of Dante; the very air is pregnant with his visions—the name suggestive of his sorrow. Here did he write, in part, at least, his mighty poem of the ages; here, exiled from his own beloved Florence, he dreamed strange dreams and saw his marvelous visions.

His country he loved, his city he idolized: but ungrateful Florence thrust him forth and the flower of his genius bloomed in an alien soil. At the Court of Ravenna, received and succored by Guido Da Polenta, he wrote those lines that, with their melodious Tuscan, yet thrill the hearts of nations. Born at Florence, Dante was the true offspring of his native city a Florentine in intellect, in love, and in ambition. Of wealthy parentage and noble ancestry, mingling a Gothic love of freedom with the softer grace of his Etruscan fathers, he was a man formed for a kingly place. Destined to be first in Italy's great triumvirate of poets, the master-mind of all Italian literature, this was the man that Florence exiled and debased. Ardent, imaginative, and tender, he loved his city as he did his mistress, with an affection sanctified, and her unkindness chilled him to the heart.

Unfortunate in every earthly venture—in love, in politics, in all that goes to make the sum of merely sensual life—Dante was blest

above mankind in spiritual delights. The very grief that wrought upon his heart, the pain of worldly disappointment and of loss, acted as agent in a mighty cause, schooling his soul for now, for one moment, at the great work of his pen—at the masterpiece of the Middle Ages. Sublime in every separate conception, the Divina Commedia is a worthy offspring of Italy's



TOMB OF THEODORIC.

all its stateliest visions. Like Apollo, he followed a flying love and found a laurel within his grasp; he drew to his heart an earthly affection and found an eternal fame. Let us glance,

grandest intellect. From the depths of the Inferno to the highest heights of Heaven and through the realms of intermediate hope, our souls are carried with a mighty rush; we hear

the voices of angels and the cries of spirits doomed, the despairing anguish of demons and the indescribable music of throngs released from sin; we see, in his woe, the prostrate Prince of Darkness, and our eyes behold the vision of Heaven's eternal King. Sublime, impassioned, masterful, Dante rivals his gracious conductor, Virgil, in wealth of thought and beauty of expression; while the light of a more glorious Godhead lends its brightness to his divine conception.

Inspired and blest by his overmastering love, the memory of two women has Dante preserved to the ages—that of Beatrice de Portinari and of Francesca. Beatrice and Francesca!—the one, uplifted in her purity, a saint forever; the other, paying, as women ever must, the penalty of an unholy love—bitterly, by death and by eternal shame. The one, a deified and radiant mistress, the guiding spirit to realms of unthought bliss; the other, Francesca! Who has not read the story of Francesca—the love tale of the world? Who has not, let him find the idyl wrought in Canto V of the Inferno.

Dante calls, and lolthe spirits, like fond doves, come floating to their home nests now:

" Quali colombe dal disio chiamate Coll' ali alzate e ferme, al dolce nido Vengon per aere."

About us rise strange forms-Semiramis and Helen and Cleopatra-that most sweet, wicked Queen-and amidst them, in all her matchless charm, the beauty of Ravenna. The air is full of sweetness, warm with the breath of Guido da Polenta's daughter, of Lanciotto's wife and fair Paolo's love; young and beautiful and frail, she lives as she lived to Paolo six hundred years ago, embalmed by the genius of Dante as Juliet was by the Avon Bard. And though that loveawakening face, that matchless form, should lie in dust a thousand years and more; that voice be mute and soundless yet for ages; though twice six centuries should roll away, big with their burden of unhappy loves, this tragedy would hold its sweetness still unpalling, un-

Unfortunate, unhappy, and debased, Dante's was the gift of a master mind; to his city, to his mistress, to aught that the sun of his genius might shine upon, eternal life became sure. Flying from the wrath of his ungrateful Florence, he found friendship and relief at the Court of Ravenna—there did he write and die, and the place has become the Mecca of poets.

Ravenna! the very name is sacred; consecrate to an eternal love and to the genius of Dante; here is the spot, perchance, where the divine Master once looked down and smiled an inspiration on him; here the place where those exiled eyes wept for their native city, or saw in glad dreams the shade of a saintly mistress. Here is the poet's tomb, fresh with the garlands of votaries innumerable. So has genius lent its lasting glory to the place, and made it sacred to all hearts forever.

# A STAR OF HOPE.

I SAT beside the river,
The rapid, rushing river,
And mused in gloomy silence over happy days
gone by;

O'er circles rudely broken,
O'er farewells long since spoken,

O'er hopes, once bright and living forms, that now in ruins lie.

The summer sun was sinking,
All earth and heaven linking
In bands of golden splendor that gleamed most
wondrously;

Jewels the waters laded, But soon the glory faded,

And night and darkness stole and fell upon the world and me.

"Thus," thought I, "is it ever! Upon Life's fitful river

We launch our fragile shallops with no thought but of delight.

The bright sun beaming o'er us, We fear no ills before us,

But soon our course is shrouded in the blackness of the night!

"Our dearest joys are fleeting, Our happy smiles at greeting Are all too quickly changed to tears and many

a parting sigh; Our bright dreams of ambition,

Fond thoughts of Hope's fruition,

Are but the sunset's glories soon to vanish from
the sky!"

While thus I mused, dejected,
Within the wave reflected

I saw the gleaming image of a little twinkling star; Now on the surface sparkling,

Now in the deep depths darkling, It seemed a gleam of glory from the Fount of Hope afar!

My heart grew instant lighter,
The very gloom seemed brighter,
And though with fond regrettings backward
still my thoughts oft stray,
I grow despondent never,

For my "star of hope" shines ever,
To guide my wandering footsteps on their else
so cheerless way.

A. W. LANE,

## MARTINA'S MYRTLE.

#### BY EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

THE windows of the palatial Hotel de l'Europe look out on the market-place of a German city which is always crowded with tourists and foreign residents; for it is a beautiful old town, noted for its art-treasures, its rare specimens of mediæval architecture, and its educational advantages. Airy little balconies, bordered around with fragrant flowers and shaded by cool-colored awnings, adorn the front of the building; and from one of these, on a certain morning not long ago, leaned Nannie Gordon, a pretty American girl.

The scene below was enough to engage the earnest attention of any one not used to it. Umbrellas of every hue—from brilliant red to vivid green, from dingy white to rusty black, many of them patched so that they looked like the most insane samples of fashionable fancywork—covered stalls piled high with the kindly fruits of the earth, and presided over by healthy peasant women in the becoming costume and

cap of their country.

One stall, above all others, stood out conspicuous for artistic effect. Its sheltering dome had originally been white, but was now mellowed by time, air, and water—perhaps also a trifle of dust contributing—to a delicate gray. The vegetables formed a gorgeous bouquet of color, and the fruits stood ready for Titian's daughter, or some one like her, to bear them away; as for the flowers, wherever Martina Bauer got her hints, whether from her own big, handsome, good-natured head or from some more savant brain, it is certain that her posies had the knack of selling, and whoever bought one was haunted forever by its dewy freshness, its bright sweetness.

So intently gazed Nannie down on the animated scene, that she did not hear herself addressed, and started a little when Mr. Philip Harmon, her cousin, appeared at the open glass-doors and repeated her name.

"Why, Nannie! I have called you twice. What do you find so interesting in that monotonous market?"

"Anything but monotonous," she answers, laughing. "I should sooner call it chromatic! Just look at the variety of color, shade, and movement! at the picturesque—"

"All the 'esque,'" he interrupted. "Grotesque—that is the donkey over there winking his nose at the unattainable carrot; carnivalesque—that's yonder old dame's patched umbrella; burlesque—h-m! help me out; I am at a loss, unless Herr Lembke, lean and lank, buying wildflowers from that big peasant girl, strikes you as absurd. What does he want with the flowers, I wonder? I hope he doesn't mean to bring them to you. Nannie, did he give you those kaiserblumen that you wore the other day?"

"When you tell me what right you have to question me, I will give you my reasons for declining to answer," returned his cousin, very

coldly.

At that moment the young man below, whom Philip described, not untruthfully, as lank and lean, looked up, raised his soft black hat, and showed a clear-cut, almost sharp-featured face, fair and delicate as a girl's—a face that might have been called pretty but for the drooping mustache of that amber tint which goes with pale complexions and crisp, dry, blonde hair. After the one swift glance of his large blue eyes, he turned back to his purchasing and looked up no more.

But a frown lingered on Philip's face, which Nannie observing, remarked:

"Calm yourself, Philip, I beg. Herr Lembke believes in object-lessons, and brought me the flowers to teach me their names."

"Still," he remonstrated, "there was surely no need for you to wear them!"

"Unless it was my good pleasure to do so."

"Pardon me, Nannie, my relations toward vou—"

"As my cousin," she interposed, quickly.

"As that and as—your devoted admirer, since you permit me to consider myself as nothing more," he said, lightly, "urge me to warn you against flirting over the verb 'to love,' and exchanging sentiments in the language of flowers with your music-master."

She turned away her head. "Philip," she said, "you are positively rude."

"Then I can only beg your pardon," he replied, as he left her.

Matters had never gone very smoothly between them since the day Nannie's father informed her that it was his wish she should marry her cousin. Family reasons, he explained, an early arrangement, made this desirable, and he put the affair before her so sensibly that she felt the force of his reasoning, and so lost her best chance of declaring her aversion to the idea. But she took time to reflect, and the longer she reflected the more she felt a willful girl's dislike to have her consent taken for granted and a check put upon her independent choice. Yet she might never have thought seriously of Herr Lembke if it had not been for young Harmon's jealousy. Contrasting the German's gentle, courteous demeanor with her cousin's masterful brusqueness, and his way of talking to her as if she belonged to him whether

which added much to her little pile of savings, and left his own purse comparatively empty. In vain Nannie thanked him carelessly, and left his flowers to wither in an alabaster vase, while she continued to wear suspicious little sprays of white myosotis or blue corn flowers or flaming scarlet field poppies.

One day he was passing the door while she was taking her lesson. She had a fresh, sweet



or no, she soon imagines that her singing master embodies her ideal of manly perfection.

Harmon saw it all, and regretted his folly. All in vain he offered Martina's most delicate flowers, even going over to the little round-paned casement where her choicest plants were displayed on the window-ledge, and inducing her to cut them with an extravagant hand,

voice, and he paused in pleasure to listen. The words came distinctly:

"O dewy flower!
O dewy flower!
Whisper those dreams of thine.
Say! do you find the pearly strand,
The same sweet breeze from fairy land,
As I in mine?

But hearken! there is sorrow there, And sighing in the perfumed air! All saddest sounds in music break, And I awake,

In longing, longing wake !"

The plaintive air died away in a sob, that was all too real, and an instant after Herr Lembke drew aside the portiere and peered anxiously out, as if in search of aid.

"Ah! you are the Fraulein's cousin? The young lady seems nervous and overcome," he said, simply. "Perhaps it might be best to defer

the lesson."

"This fellow is not half bad," thought Philip to himself, as he assented, and bowed him out. "Really, Nannie is getting ridiculous. He will not keep blind much longer, unless he shuts his eyes on purpose. He has not a bad face, certainly; but-" glancing at his own well-built frame in an opposite mirror, he shrugged his shoulders, and left the thought unfinished.

Philip had enough sense not to force himself upon Nannie in her present state of mind. So he betook himself for advice to one of his friends, a lady past her first youth, yet highly esteemed as an ornament to society, and still charming. Like a sensible woman, she made him see that, though he was eager to accept the engagement arranged for them, it was harder upon her in every way. And she was so young, scarcely more than a child. As for her caring for Herr Lembke, that was nonsense, a child's fancy for a pretty face.

"Love," said Mme. Edelstein, "would not show itself in such display of feeling. If she really cared for the man, my dear Mr. Harmon, she might keep his flowers; I doubt if she would wear them so conspicuously, and she would never have let him see, as he might have seen

to-day-"

"But his rank," suggested Harmon, uneasily, "his position, being below her own, makes such a difference to a woman."

"True," replied his friend, thoughtfully; "but one thing I have reserved to tell you. Herr Lembke is not free."

"What! married?"

"As good as married. He has been betrothed for some time to Martina Bauer, the flower girl. It may seem an odd match; but I believe he loves her faithfully, and she adores him."

"I'll tell Nannie," cried Philip, rising, with a look of glad relief. "I'll go this very in-

stant."

"Indeed, no. You must do no such thing, unless you want her to hate you forever. Wait. Get Martina herself to inform her, and you will see how well everything will turn

"Perhaps you are right," he agreed, with hesitation; "women ought to understand each other; but-"

"Trust me in this," insisted Mme. Edelstein, firmly. "Let me manage it for you. Shall I?"

And so it was agreed.

Mme. Edelstein called the next day for Miss Gordon to accompany her on a drive, and the afternoon after they went walking together; and one balmy morning in "St. Martin's summer," as they were passing slowly across the place, they saw Martina's pleasant face at her quaint little window.

"Your plants are flourishing as ever, Martina; but may we step inside a moment to see your myrtle?" said Mme. Edelstein. "I heard you have enough to trim your whole gown."

"It is here, gracious lady," she said, modestly, as they entered her pretty room. She pointed to a great, bushy plant, and tenderly touched its glossy, green leaves.

"And when is your wedding to be?"

"Hermann, that is, Herr Lembke," replied the girl, blushing, "has asked me to name a day next month."

"Herr Lembke!" gasped Miss Gordon.

"Yes, your music-master. But won't you have a chair, Fraulein. You are looking

"No, thanks. But what has the myrtle to do with your marriage?"

"It is a custom with us German maidens to cultivate a pot of myrtle to wear at our bridal. Sometimes the slip is given by our lover-mine was; sometimes we have it growing before he comes."

"Ah! very pretty," said Nannie, recovering composure. "I should like to do that myself. I wish you every happiness, I am sure."

The months passed. Snow was lying whitely over the market-place, and Nannie Gordon watched the lively scene behind a closed win-

"No more posies," she said to her Cousin Philip, who had entered quietly and was standing behind her. "Since I gave up singing-lessons and Martina has married and given up her market stall I never see a flower. You used to bring them-"

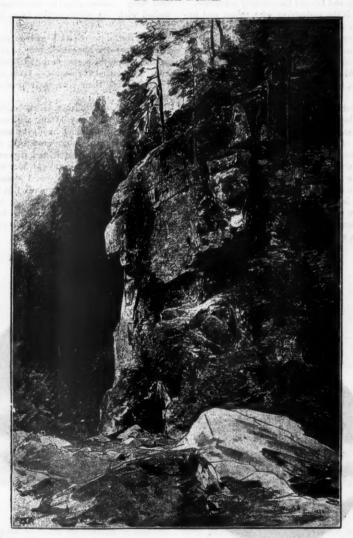
"And got tired of seeing them shrivel up in that old Rhiny vase," he interrupted. "But see here, Nannie, dear, I have brought you this-a slip from Martina's myrtle. You know what it means. Will you take it and-and so on-and all the rest of it?"

Nannie did not smile at this boyish and very vague speech, but looked up and saw that Philip was in earnest in spite of his light tone, that the hands that offered the little plant were trembling, and the eyes which met her own were winking hard to keep back anxious tears. She remembered all she had made him suffer, and remembered, too, that he had been very patient with her. She held out her hands to receive the gift.

"I will take it, Philip," she said, kindly, "and—and wear it whenever you wish me to."

## DIE FALKENWAND.

By LEIGH NORTH.



A MONG the many charming places of sojourn in Switzerland, few will keep a warmer hold on the memory and regard of the traveler than the region around Interlaken. Its walks, its drives, its superb views, make a panorama of never-to-be-forgotten pictures, while as a resting-place from which to make excursions in various directions, it is, beyond measure, satisfactory and agreeable. Its average temperature, too, both mild and equable, commend it to the weak as well as to the strong.

Peak after peak of mountains—snow-capped or clothed with verdure—rise heavenward, a challenge to the Alpine climber or a suggestion, a finger-point, to him who can alone in mind and heart ascend, of the beautiful country which lies above and beyond this earthly loveliness.

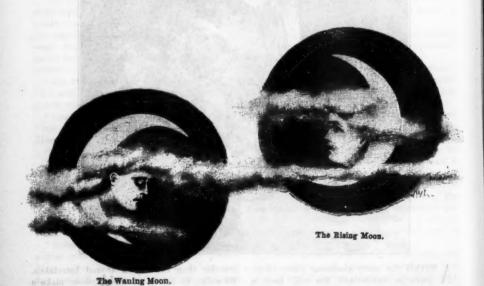
But it is the pedestrian who, robust and untiring in the truest sense, possesses the land. The valleys spread beneath his feet, the peaks tempt him ever upward and onward. Here a shady nook, there a wild gorge, offers its attractions to him alone. No conveyance, no horse's foot even, can reach it; he is monarch of all he surveys.

In one direction or another, a charming point to view the Jungfrau will be the aim that tempts one forward. The ruined castles of Unspunnen and that of the Weissenan, on an island in the Aare, form, also, with their human associations, an objective of no little interest for a ramble; and so we might go on indefinitely.

But among the objects most worthy of walk or climb in this vicinity is one of those freaks of nature which occur here and there in mountain regions, as in our own White Mountains, Catskills, and elsewhere. From the Hohbrihl by a downward path one reaches the Vogtsmhe, and, pursuing his way along its right bank, comes to the narrow, stony plain of Golder. Between the Harder and the Aare, the path winds on and leads to a point from which one obtains a view of the upper part of the Falkenfluh. The stern outlines of a man's face (the Hardermannli) seems carven upon the solid rock, gigantic, majestic, solemn. One thinks of the inscrutable look of the Sphinx as he gazes at this stony countenance, the semblance of life united with the stillness, the calm, of death itself.

It is restful to see this strange repose; it seems like some huge rock away in mid-ocean against which the surges beat ceaselessly and in vain; unchanged it rises above them, unmoved by their plash, their roar, their passionate attack.

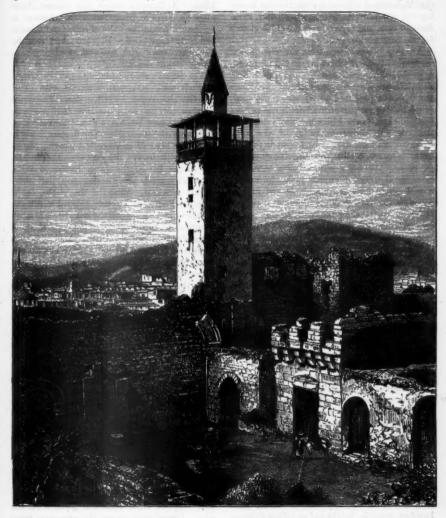
Years hence, perchance, in the midst of the tumult of the busy days of life, will come, like the touch of a quieting hand, the memory of that giant face in its stern grandeur; the wind and storm beat against it and it remains unmoved. If in a sense we might bear within us such a spirit-face, we, too, would remain, amid the cares and trials of our daily life, unworn, unwearied, reposeful, calm, bearing about us some shadow of the peace which we hope and pray the future—the endless future—holds in store.



## A GLIMPSE OF DAMASCUS.

To share the Arabs' enthusiasm for Damascus one must approach it across the desert. It is possible to take a seat in a comfortable diligence in the morning at Beirut, on the Medi-

meadows and barren hills, and for the last miles following a mountain stream. But if the traveler rides on horseback and turns out of the modern road to cross the desert hills by an an-



BAB ESH-SHERKE: THE EASTERN GATS OF DAMASCUS.

terranean shore, and in the evening to step out in the streets of Damascus, having rolled seventy miles on the smooth French road over the Lebanon and anti-Lebanon ranges, crossing rich cient path, his eyes ache with the reflection from the dusty soil, he wearies of the scant beauty of the thorny, almost leafless plants, and when, at last, he stands on a commanding hilltop he is prepared to appreciate the view which is spread below. Damascus lies before him buried in the luxuriant green of its orchards and gardens. The towers and domes are dotted here and there, and clustered in the midst and for miles around extends the cool, refreshing green. We can hardly wonder that the desert tribes think Damascus a reflection of Heaven; that Mohammed refused to enter the city, knowing the old proverb that man can enter Paradise but once, and preferring to keep his chance for the next world.

All this life and beauty is the gift of one mountain stream, the Barada (the Cold Stream), as it is called now, the Abana of old time, which, with its more southern sister stream, the Pharpar, Naaman preferred to the waters of Israel. Much the largest part of the Barada comes from one great spring, the Fiji, a half-day's ride from the city. In a narrow valley of the anti-Lebanon, in a most unpromising spot at the foot of the bare, rough cliffs, this magnificent stream pours out. At once a swift, foaming torrent of clear, beryl water, it crowds aside the muddy stream which joins it from above, and hastens down to the thirsty city. Ruins of a temple above the spring show the veneration of people long ago for this bountiful gift. The Barada makes its gorge through the barren hills a bed of foliage, and divides and subdivides its stream to water the otherwise desert plain. It supplies the copious fountains of the city, sends brooks murmuring through many of the streets, turning here and there a mill, and gives life to the walnuts and willows and poplars and fruit

trees of every kind. As the traveler enters the city he passes between high walls of sun-dried mud, the way shaded by the branches overhanging from the gardens. Everywhere is the sound of running water and a pleasant dampness. But beware of the dampness at night. There are hotels where one may stay, but for comfort one's own tent in some friendly garden is much to be preferred. This may be a starting place for many days of

interesting exploration.

What strikes the visitor most it is hard to say. If his travels had not already made them familiar, it would doubtless be the swarthy, gayly-dressed people-Turks in red fezes, short coats, and full trousers; others in turbans and long gowns of brightly striped cotton, some barefoot, some in bright red or yellow slippers, with turned-up, pointed toes. Then there are rough-looking Bedouins from the desert, with curious ornaments and arms and bright headcloths of yellow and brown falling over their shoulders. Perhaps in some doorway a Turkish lady is seen, her face covered by a figured

veil. In the streets, too, are the convenient little donkeys and the camels. It is an interesting sight when a caravan of camels come in from a long desert journey, swinging through the narrow street, endangering with their unsteady loads the foot passengers and the goods exposed for sale along the way. They turn in under a cool, dark archway, and are in a city A fountain under the central dome khan. gives a chance to drink and wash. Around it on the pavement the bales of coffee and tobacco and carpets are piled as they are taken from the kneeling camels, and are sold at wholesale to the dealers of the city.

The bazaars are the places to see the people at their work-the narrow streets, with little, box-like shops open on either side. The street is often covered for protection from the sun, and the bazaar becomes a great market-house, with rows of little stalls. The dealers or workers in one kind of goods collect together, forming the silk bazaar, the coppersmiths' bazaar, the carpet bazaar, the print bazaar, and the rest. The goods are for the most part thoroughly Oriental. Many of the cloths, to be sure, are French or English, printed to suit the Eastern taste, but among the silks there is much beautiful Eastern work-headcloths and scarfs of gaudy or delicate colors, lighted up with threads of gold and silver. But to effect a fair compromise as to price is an affair of time and patience.

In the bazaar of the noisy smiths there is much to see. There are tea-sets most elaborately carved. The great trays which are set upon the low tables are often works of art, and being a measure of the hosts' hospitality, they are often of enormous size, six feet or so in diameter. The little tables, too, are often very beautiful, made of dark wood and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The various tobacco pipes are conspicuous in the shops. What the Arabs did before the introduction of tobacco it is hard to imagine. They could not then sit on their divans and luxuriously draw smoke up a long tube through a flask of rose-flavored water. They could not sit at their work or on their camels skillfully rolling cigarettes or bubbling smoke through a cocoanut shell with a long

reed stem.

The fruit-markets of Damascus are especially fine, supplied fresh from the gardens of the city. Conspicuous among the attractive fruits are pomegranates and delicious little apricots. These apricots (mish-mish) are very good, preserved by drying. And not far away are bakers. It is a common sight to see a baker established by the street, his dome-shaped oven glowing from the round opening near the top.

The lumps of dough lie on a board by his side. One is rolled out thin, taken on the hand, and clapped on the inside of the oven. Another is made ready and clapped against the hot wall, and the first is pulled off done. Such thin cakes have a ready sale among the workmen going home at night. Some kind people buy bread and give to the poor dogs which lie about the streets without home or master. Venders of various cool drinks sound their wares above the confused noise of the streets. There, too, is genuine ice-cream; the cold coming from Mount Hermon in the shape of snow.

Everything in the streets is highly colored the dresses, the faces, the houses, the goods, and, not less, the Eastern character. The Oriental wears his emotions on the surface, easily crying, easily angry, frantic in language and gesture

over the smallest commonplace.

Seen from the outside, the buildings of Damascus are not beautiful. The mosques, with their domes, break the monotony of flat, earthen roofs; their minarets, too, stand up conspicuous, from the balconies of which the muezzins five times a day call the faithful followers of the Prophet to their prayers. Even the palaces present no attractive front, unless they happen to have verandas upon the river. One can go through the narrow street and never suspect what is concealed by the high, blank wall on either side. An arched gateway is the only

sign that anything is within. 'It leads, perhaps, through one or two outer courts, about which stand the stables and the servants' quarters, under another archway to the main court of a palace. The pavement of Italian marble surrounds a fountain and shrubs in the middle. The marble walls of the palace stand about, doors and windows and broad archways leading to chambers and halls, with marble and tile work, rich divans and rugs.

Our wanderings through the city take us, now and then, by a heavy wooden door, which shuts across the street at night. They will, in time, be likely to lead us also through "the street that is called Straight" to the eastern gate of the city. A ruined arch shows the remains of a grand entrance, which now is closed. A smaller side arch is also built up, leaving the only passage by the corresponding small arch on the other side under a little minaret. More modern buildings outside the wall make it necessary to pass also through a second archway, at right-angles to the first. From the mounds of rubbish outside the gate, the view extends over the roofs and trees of the city to the hills from which the Barada descends, and in the southwest to the snowy Hermon. With some regret, but with greater relief, one turns his back upon the apparently unbounded Eastern desert, and enters again the quaint old city.

## THE BABY'S SIGH.

## BY L. R. BAKER.

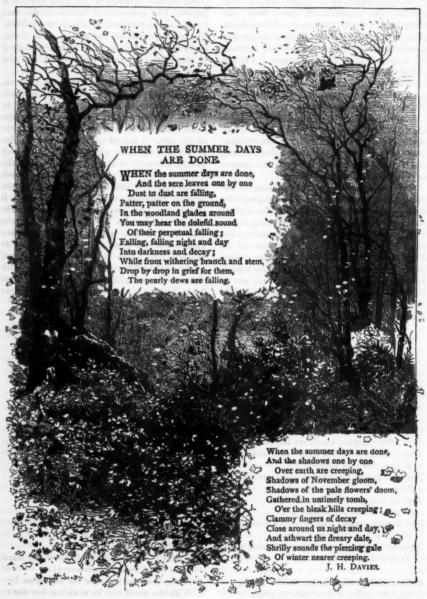
TWO bare little feet on the flowers rest,
Two dimpled hands are idly still,
While the baby-eyes in their sweet surprise,
With a dawning mystery fill.
They are gazing up, where a golden cloud
Floats away in the heavens fair,
And all unconscious, a wistful sigh
Is breathed on the scented air.
The hovering angel half spreads his wings,
With his longing face to the sky,
Then drops them down with a fluttering sound,
As he echoes the baby's sigh.

Red roses they twine in the maiden's hair,
And she smiles with a pleasing grace,
For back from the shining mirror peeps
So shyly gay a love-lit face.

O Pleasure and Song! you are laughing along The way of life and of bliss! But the sweet lips sigh, to think you will die,
As she turns for your welcoming kiss.
The guardian angel has folded his wings,
And, with dim and tearful eye,
He gazes away from the fair display,
As he echoes the maiden's sigh.

A pale moon floats o'er the silent earth,
A soft ray steals through the gloom,
And tenderly rests on a kneeling form
All alone in a dim-lit room.
Oh! why is she weeping such heart-felt tears?
The joys of the earth are sweet!
Oh! why does she sigh o'er the days gone by
With the world and its wealth at her feet?
The face of the angel grows rapturously glad,
He stretches his white wings to fly,

But on his pure breast lies a mortal at rest, God has answered the baby's sigh.



# A QUAINT OLD FLEMISH CITY.

By H. MARIA GEORGE.

"In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city."
LONGFELLOW.

T was evening when we entered Bruges—a June evening in 1885. The city lay in mist that had settled in from the North Sea, and there was a general air of dimness and of antiquity that was noticeable and made itself felt, even to us, hungry, way-worn travelers that we were. And Bruges must always look old and dreamy to the stranger visiting it for the first time, whether by lamplight or by daylight; for, even at this distance of time, so much of the moss of former ages clings about its quaint market-place, on its tree-shaded quays, its canals, where old, gray gabled and towered buildings look down at their reflections in the water below, and, chief of all, in its gray old streetsthat it is easy to call up a picture of the past. The city is older than Charlemagne or Clovis,

and it looks its years.

We stopped at the "Fleur de Blé," a "modern hostelry," according to the guide book, but in appearance, and not a few of its appointments, certainly recalling some of those antique inns that Charles Reade delights us with in his Cloister and the Hearth. It was clean, however; the chambers were airy and the beds sleep-provocative. Our window looked out upon one of the busy canals, where bargemen rowed all night, and we could see the famous belfry tower in the great square, whose sonorous chimes rang at every hour. I remember I fell asleep re-

"Thus dreamed I as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur de Blé,
Listening, with a wild delight,
To the chimes that through the night
Kang their changes from the belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city."

peating Longfellow's musical lines:

We arose betimes, and, after a breakfast at which our appetites were pretty effectually taken away by seeing dishes of snails passed round and eaten like nuts, with large pins to pick out the squirming meat, and were served by a garcon whom Dickens would have immortalized, Livy and I (who Livy was does not matter at all) went out to do the city, or a part of it, for Bruges is so large and contains such a number of interesting places that one cannot do it justice or satisfy himself in one day, unless, indeed, he has the happy faculty of the prince in the story-book, who, by looking through a certain glass, could see the whole world and what there was in it at one glance.

The ancient and interesting city of Bruges, like many other places in the Low Countries, abounds in dykes and canals, by means of which the communication between different places is carried on almost in the same manner as by the highroads in other countries. Over these canals there are, in Bruges, a great many bridges—fifty-four, I believe—and, indeed, the name of the city itself is derived from the word signifying bridges. The largest canal is that to Ostend, which is wide and deep enough to allow vessels of five hundred tons to pass in from the

In the Middle Ages, Bruges was one of the wealthiest and most enterprising cities of Europe. From the ninth to the fourteenth centuries it was subject to those great mediæval chiefs, the Counts of Flanders, who resided here and laid the foundation of its wealth and populousness by the special advantages and immunities which they offered to merchants and manufacturers. The memories of these puissant Earls, whom Longfellow terms the "Foresters of Flanders," still haunt the city, and some of them are grim and bloody enough. Baldwin of the Iron Arm was the gallant knight who stole away the fair Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, from the French Court, and married her here in Bruges, becoming, through her, the ancestor of all those Baldwins and Guys and Roberts and Philips who successively reigned here in the state little less than that of princes. Another Baldwin, the ninth of his name, led a great host in the fourth crusade, and became Emperor of Constantinople. Philip de Alsace also won fame as a Crusader; he twice led his men-at-arms to Palestine, and left his bones at last to rot at St. Jean d' Acre. Guy de Dampierre was the most potent feudal noble of his day, but his liege lord, Philip the Handsome of France, was too strong for him. Doughty Guy ended his days in the prison of Compiegne. His son, Robert de Bethune, was enterprising enough to establish the first insurance company in Europe, and ferocious enough to strangle his wife, Yolande of Burgundy, with the bridle of his horse, for having poisoned, at the age of eleven years, Charles, his son by his first wife, Blanche of Anjou. Louis de Crecy was the son and successor of this Earl Robert, and closed his reign in 1346 on the battle-field of Cressy.

But it is the last Count, Louis de Malatin, whose history is most closely associated with Bruges, his favorite city. One of the schemes

of this Earl, in order to increase the power of Bruges, was to dig a canal at Minnewater to bring the waters of the Lys from Deynze. The completion of this enterprise would have been disastrous to the rival city of Ghent, and the inhabitants of that place openly resisted the attempt. The result was a civil war. At one time the insurgents forced the gates of Bruges and entered in triumph, driving their enemies before them. Count Louis himself narrowly escaped by hiding in the house of a poor woman, who took him up into a loft where her children slept, and where he lay flat between the palliasse and the feather bed. He, however, got out in a short time, and, in turn, had the men of Ghent under his feet. As one reads the stories of those bloody times one cannot but agree with the sentiment of the poet, who says:

"Oh! those blessed days of old,
With their chivalry and state!
I love to read their chronicles,
Which such brave deeds relate.
I love to hear their ancient rhymes,
To hear their legends told,
But, Heaven be thanked, I live
Not in those blessed days of old."

The old palace where those proud, grasping, and luxurious magnificoes lived was torn down in the last century, and the site is occupied by the Court-House, a fine building of stately architecture; but all over the city are the memorials of their power and enterprise. The great circumference of the city, its numerous squares and streets, the number and magnificence of its public buildings, and its spacious docks and excellent quays, all attest its former importance, while the comparative absence of commercial activity and the general air of desolation bear witness of its modern decadence. The contrast between the Bruges of the fifteenth century and the Bruges of to-day is as striking as it is painful.

In that ancient day the annual fair of Bruges, held in the month of May, brought together traders from the whole world. Thither came for exchange the produce of the north and the south, the riches collected in the pilgrimages to Novogorod and those brought over by the caravans from Samarcand and Bagdad, the pitch of Norway and the oils of Andalusia, the furs of Russia and the dates of Barbary, the metals of Hungary and Bohemia, the figs of Granada, the honey of Portugal, the wax of Morocco, and the spice of Egypt, "whereby," says an ancient manuscript, "no land is to be compared in merchandise to the land of Flanders." Bruges was the chief emporium of the cities of the Hanseatic league, and merchants from every

quarter of the world found there a ready market for their goods. The argosies of Venice and Genoa came laden with the products of the East, ships of every nation took in and discharged their cargoes at the quays, the warehouses were filled with bales of wool from England and with silk from Persia. Not the least famous of the manufactures was that of tapestry, in which the people of Bruges acquired great skill a century before the looms of Beauvais and Gobelins were set up.

We thought of all this splendor and busy traffic, past and dead, as we traversed the narrow streets and stood on the half-deserted quays. We remembered that once the corporation of weavers in this city numbered fifty thousand souls, more than the whole population now. We saw in imagination the pageantry of that long-gone day when Philip of Burgundy, surnamed the Good, espoused in this Cathedral Church his royal bride, Isabella of Portugal, and the same day instituted the famous order of the Fleece of Gold, in honor of the prosperity of the woolen trade of the town. Along this same street the bridal procession had passed, and the belfry tower in the great square had looked down upon the gorgeous scene with the same benign, complacent air with which it was gazing upon us.

"And the beautiful maid of Burgundy, the 'gentle Mary' of Longfellow's sweet lines," said Livy, "did she really live here? What

was she like?"

A full description of her royal robes, even to her tiny slipper and golden crown, was given us. All princesses were beautiful in those days. Relics of the "fille Countesse," as she was called, are still treasured everywhere in Bruges, and it was pleasant to know that not only was she an accomplished woman writing tender letters in Latin verse to her husband, but also a wise and just Princess to her people, showing herself by spirit and independence to be the most worthy of all her race to wear the ducal coronet. So three cheers for the good Duchess Mary and long life to the hardy, happy burghers of Bruges!

The Church of Notre Dame, a dim and ancient cathedral, containing effigies in copper of the Princess Mary and her father, Duke Charles the Bold, who are both buried here, was another haunt. Some notable sculptures, one particularly of the Virgin and Child, ascribed, but erroneously, we think, to Michael Angelo, will attract the visitor's attention. One cannot but feel the mutability of earthly glory as he stands by the escutcheoned tombs of those two who once filled the earth with their fame and of whose deeds the minstrels sung for years after-

they were dead. Restless as was the great Duke in life, he sleeps quietly enough now, and gives no sign of the terror his name once inspired.

The belfry of Bruges, almost three hundred feet high, is the most prominent feature of the city. It stands in the market-place, "old and brown," for it was erected as long ago as 1380. It is the most beautiful structure of the kind in Europe, and its chimes are the best in Belgium. The belfry is still used for communicating the alarm of fire by a flag or a light to all parts of the city. A view from the lofty tower is charming and inspiring.

"Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors gray,

Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay."

The city is situated in the midst of a rich agricultural district, and the gleaming canals wind among green fields and forests and undulating hills, with picturesque windmills whirling on the heights. Soft and summery, fertile and reposeful, was the scene, and the industrious peasants at their work added to the charm.

We were constantly running upon interesting sites and historic buildings. On the south side of the great square, at the corner of the Rue St. Armand, stands an old weather-beaten house, bearing the sign Au lion belge. It probably looks about the same externally to-day, only a little grayer, perhaps, as it looked two hundred and thirty-four years ago, when a young Prince walked up the stone steps into its lofty portal. For this building was the home during his ten years of exile from the English throne of the gay, mad Prince Charlie Stuart, afterward Charles II. His portrait hangs on the walls of one of the rooms-a dark, grave man, with an almost cadaverous face, and a look of something very like weariness, framed in almost black, flowing hair. Surely, this is not the merry monarch. This is not a dissolute face.

You fancy almost that this is the man who was afterward to be beheaded, but no! it is Charles II. It may be that the shadow of the father's awful death rested on the son through life. At any rate, you must have a tenderer thought for him as you think of it.

A brick cathedral of Norman-Gothic architecture attracted our attention, and we entered. It was the Church of St. Sauveur, internally the handsomest house of worship in Bruges. Here again the presence of the fair Princess Mary haunted our imagination. She also had walked along this aisle and under this groined roof, for here her marriage took place by proxy with the Archduke Maximilian, the gallant Prince to whom she sent her ring asking for his help and

protection. Princesses even then had to crave protection against their lovers, and Mary was hard pressed, being so beautiful and an heiress of such immense wealth that a host of admirers knelt at her feet. Poor young Princess, she lived only three years after her marriage, being killed by a fall from her horse.

The most interesting things in the church, however, are some paintings by Hans Memling. Do you remember the story of this mediæval soldier and painter, who, penniless and disabled by wounds, sought refuge in the Hospital of St. John, where sick persons were attended by the Sisters of Charity? He had fled from the disastrous battle-field of Morat, and for years he lived and painted here. Some of his finest works are preserved in the church. Two of these, altar pieces with wings, are inscribed with his name and the date of the year, 1479. In the chapel of the Hospital is also the celebrated reliquary of St. Ursula, a shrine about four feet long, with the history of the Saint on the longer sides in six compartments. These pictures are among the most interesting productions of the Flemish school.

Memling was the pupil of the Van Eycks, who practiced their art in Bruges, both the brothers, Hubert and Jan, and their fair sister Margaret. Jan was the court painter of Philip the Good. Margaret, although a beauty and pressed by suitors, remained unmarried, in order that she might devote herself to her art. These Van Eycks were the great painters of their time, and their example exerted a great influence upon the painters of Italy, Spain, and Germany, and contributed to the emancipation of art from conventional traditions. The mixture of oils and gums which they used as the vehicle for their pigments was so excellent, that the colors of their great works still retain a wonderful freshness.

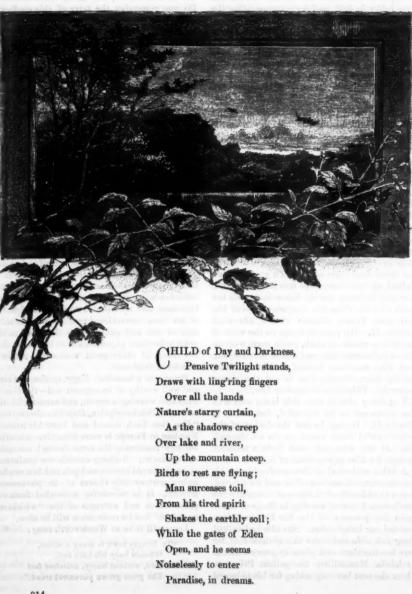
Bruges is a beautiful, dingy, quaint, old city, and well worthy of its regnant seal—the lion of Flanders wearing a crown, and armed with the cross with this inscription, Rugiit leo vincula fregit, "The lion hath roared and burst his fetters." No place in Europe is more attractive; a medieval city remaining the same through centuries and centuries. Nothing exceeds the quaintness of its old paved streets, and pen and ink can but feebly portray the charm of its picturesque novelty. It is recovering somewhat from the persecutions and outrages of the "whiskered Spaniard," but its restoration will be slow.

Long will it be as Wordsworth sung:

"In Bruges town is many a street,
Whence busy life hath fled,
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
The grass grown pavement tread."

# TWILIGHT.

By LEIGH NORTH.



# DE VILLERY'S LONG SLEEP.

#### BY BERTHE VADIER.

CHAPTER I.

LOVELY evening in June, 1763. The A sun was setting in soft, deep tints, such as delighted the poets and painters of those times. A corner of the park was lit up by a lingering ray, which fell on an artistically trimmed hedge, a Sphinx of yellow marble, a nymph of white marble, a bench of gray marble, and a young man with powdered hair seated on the bench with a little blonde spaniel asleep at his feet.

The young man was handsome, and was dressed with exquisite elegance. The silver embroidery of his blue satin vest, the rich lace of his ruffles, the red heels of his delicate shoes, his whole costume, in fact, was in perfect harmony with the surrounding scene; but his sad face and depressed attitude were out of tune. His elbow leaned on the back of the bench, his head rested on his hand, his eyes were now raised to the sky, now fastened on a knot of jonquil ribbon which he raised frequently to his lips.

Few men of that epoch would have been capable of assuming such a melancholy pose, or of kissing a ribbon, jonquil or any other color, when no one was looking at them; but the Marquis de Villery was not of his age.

In a court and a country where above Louis XV reigned King Pleasure, with his crown of flowers and sceptre of silver bells, Zephyrin de Villery, young, handsome, rich, and a marquis, had managed to make himself miserable by loving an indifferent woman with the constancy of a shepherd. That was why he leaned there so unhappily, why he sighed so profoundly, why he raised his eyes to heaven, and then kissed a knot of jonquil ribbon, without having any witnesses to his gallant action except a sleepy spaniel, a stone Sphinx, a marble nymph, and the setting sun.

All at once a light step sounded on the walk. Zephyrin started from his reverie; his eyes left the clouds and fell to earth, as a fresh, young waiting-maid stopped before him.

"Well, Marthon?" he asked.

"Well, Monsieur le Marquis, Madame la Comtesse threw your letter into the waste paper basket, as usual."

" Alas!" sighed the young man.

"Do not despair," resumed Marthon, with a sly smile; "she threw it there, it is true; but I picked it up, and begged so hard that finally Madame took it again, and-"

"Continue, I pray you!"

"And read it."

"Excellent girl, you will not find me ungrate-And then-?"

"Then, Monsieur le Marquis, Madame shrugged her shoulders and threw it back again."

" Alas! alas!"

"But wait: I prayed and begged and-

"Madame is coming to speak to you for one instant."

"She is coming! Thanks, good Marthon. Here, take this, and if the Comtesse accepts my hand, be sure that I shall give you more."

The girl weighed the purse with a satisfied air, slipped it into the pocket of her elegant little apron, courtesied to the gentleman, and left; but at the end of the walk she paused suddenly, and returned.

"Monsieur le Marquis, you must give me back that knot of ribbon that I was weak enough to let you have. Madame wants it, and will send me away if I do not find it, so-"

"Marthon, my dear, good Marthon," he cried, in a supplicating tone, "do not take away my only happiness, my only consolation!"

"But remember, Monsieur, that I may lose

my place-"

"Fear nothing, Marthon; if that happens I will provide for you. Here, while waiting for a better recompense for your zeal and devotion, take this."

He drew a fine diamond from his finger and

presented it to the artful girl.

"Oh! many thanks, Monsieur le Marquis. I do not know if my mistress will reward you; but in any case, I pray that Heaven may." And with a mocking smile and a coquettish bow, she tripped away.

"She is coming!" cried the Marquis, exultingly, "she is coming! but will her lovely eyes regard me with sweetness or disdain? Will her words be gentle or harsh? Will she permit me to consecrate my life to her, or will she condemn me to death? O Sphinx! reveal the enigma of my destiny! will she whom I worship bring me happiness, or plunge me in despair?"

But the Sphinx kept her mysterious silence; only the little spaniel responded by a sympa-

thetic sigh.

Exactness is the politeness of kings, but inexactness is the fashion of beauties. The Countess Flore de Pimprenelle made her unhappy adorer wait twenty good minutes, which was cruel, indeed, when we reflect that in lover's arithmetic

one minute equals a century.

The Marquis de Villery awaited his divinity in an indescribable agony; but at last a murmur of silk and a clinking of ornaments announced her coming.

The blonde spaniel, who had not deigned to stir for the maid, bounded to meet the lovely Countess; and the gentleman followed his

dog.

"Down, Phobe!" said Madame de Pimprenelle, repulsing the spaniel and scornfully refusing the Marquis's offered arm. Then, turning toward the marble bench, she seated herself, and arranged the silver lace and the folds of her jonquil-satin dress.

"No doubt you have something new to tell me, Monsieur le Marquis," she said, "since you begged so earnestly for an interview. Speak!

I listen!"

"I have nothing new to say, Madame," he replied, throwing himself on his knees before her; "but I wish to repeat what I have often said: I love you! I adore you! I cannot live without you! Look at me for one moment! let me hold your hand! tell me you accept my love, my devotion, my life!"

"And if I refuse, Monsieur?"
"I can only die, Madame."

"A dreary conclusion! Listen, my dear Marquis, I want to be quite frank with you. I should be sorry for your death, but if I must marry you to prevent it, I am not capable of such a sacrifice. Me marry! take a master! consent to carry chains! No, no; I am not foolish enough to change my position of queen for that of a slave!

"A slave! you, Madame! Ah! if you consented to give me the title of husband you should be more of a queen than ever. Too happy to pass my life at your feet, I should

forestall your wishes, and-"

"You would fatigue me prodigiously. I know that beforehand and so I refuse you."

"Ah Madame! permit me to hope that one

day, your heart, grown soft-"

"Enough, Marquis; if it softens, it will not be for you, I am sure. It is impolite to say so, but you have none of the qualities necessary to the man I could love."

"Alas, Madame-"

"That is not your fault, you would say, and I have not blamed you. I simply state the fact. You know I have many suitors—all the young lords at Versailles are your rivals."

"I know it only too well?"

"Do not sigh. I love none of them as yet; but they amuse me, and you fatigue me; their verses make me laugh, and if I were given to tears, yours would make me cry. I need to be enlivened. You do not suit me, my dear Marquis; you are no longer French; you were spoiled in Germany; and your friend, the learned, the illustrious M. de Rosenberg, continues to crush out the little wit and gayety that nature gave you. I advise you to throw away your black mask if you wish to please. Remember that love is called by smiles. I say this as a disinterested friend. And so adieu, my dear Marquis."

Flore rose and readjusted the folds of her robe. The Marquis de Villery held out supplicating hands; he implored her in the most pathetic manner to have pity on him, not to take away all hope. He repeated that it would kill him. But the Countess only laughed.

"When one is called Zephyrin," said she, "it is absurd to make such threats. Zephyrs and butterflies, when they meet cruel flowers, fly to

others. Do likewise."

"Ah Madame! do not add ridicule to your refusal. The name I bear is Fate's irony, for never a truer lover—"

He still spoke; but Flore no longer listened. She moved away with a graceful step, as she

hummed a lively, fashionable song.

Zephyrin, still kneeling, leaned his head against the bench and wept tears which might have softened the stones. His little dog, Phebe, tried to console him, but he repulsed her; the sun sank, as if glad to close his eyes on such sorrow; the moon, who has always loved sad histories, came out to look down in her turn and let a white ray, such as long ago delighted Endymion, fall on his brow; but the young man heeded it not, and the goddess of night, with just indignation at such indifference, hid her face behind her fan of clouds.

Finally the Marquis rose.

"It is all over," he cried; "it is all over; nothing is left for me but to die!"

On hearing this desperate exclamation the little Phœbe ran swiftly away.

Zephyrin plunged into the park, striking his head against the trees—the very trees he had sung in verse and on whose trunks he had graven the initials of the cruel Flore; then he arrived on the borders of a lake, which shone in the night like a mirror framed in ebony.

"Yes," he said, "here will I die. In the bosom of this tranquil water, on the borders of which I have so often dreamed of love and happiness, I will extinguish the flames. To morrow the unfeeling Flore will know the strength of my love. Perhaps she may repent. But no; she will rather smile, the proud one! My death will add another triumph. Ah! may she

be punished; may she one day love and suffer in her turn what she has made me endure!"

He was about to throw himself in, when a hand was placed on his shoulder. He turned with sudden joy, imagining that the Countess, touched by his despair, had come to bid him live and to allow him to love her. Error and deception; it is not Flore, it is a tall, grave man, soberly dressed; it is the Baron de Rosenberg, sought and conducted to the spot by the intelligent little Phœbe.

"What were you about to do, Villery?" he demanded, in a voice at once sweet and severe.

"Leave me, Rosenberg, leave me; I wish to die; she loves me not; she will never love me."

"Is she, then, the only woman who exists? She has a skin like lilies, roses on her cheeks, large, well-formed eyes, eyebrows fine as a pencil line, a straight nose, a little mouth, jetty hair, a fine form; but many others are as lovely and some are lovelier."

"She is not the only lovely woman, Rosenberg, but she is the only one I can love. My friend, do not try to fight against my passion; your reasoning would have already cured me if I were not incurable. I love her, and I cannot live under the weight of her indifference. I suffer so that there is but one remedy for my pain, and your friendship must consent to that. Take Phæbe away and leave me to die."

"If you wish to quit life," replies M. de Rosenberg, quietly, "I will not oppose you; but is it necessary that your death should be known to everybody and bring dishonor on the celebrated name of Villery? Do you wish to have it said: 'The first Villery was ennobled in fighting the Saxons with Charlemagne; those who came after were illustrious in the Crusades; a Villery defended the French frontiers against the Imperial forces; all were valiant, many perished in battle, but the last descendant of this illustrious race drowned himself in the lake of a park because he was crossed in love.' No; let your weakness be concealed; let the selfish, proud Flore never know that you died for her sake. Come, let us leave this dreary park, let us go back to Villery, and confide in my friendship. Science has revealed many of her secrets to me; death obeys me; she can come at my will, swift or slow, terrible or sweet. Follow me; I promise you forgetfulness."

The young man allowed himself to be persuaded and returned to his house with his friend. Phobe joyfully jumped around them both.

Some days after it was stated that the Marquis de Villery had gone to America, leaving the administration of his affairs to the Baron de Rosenberg. Flore de Pimprenelle was a little disappointed; she had hoped, in her ferocious vanity, that her rejected lover would have been gallant enough to kill himself; but after reflecting that a voyage to America was almost as good, she consoled herself.

Permit us now to jump over forty years, and to take up our story in November, 1804.

It was a dull, cold day; the weather evidently had revolutionary opinions, for the wind swept the leaves over the de Villery Park with Jacobin violence, and shook the windows bearing the castle-arms as if it would dash them to pieces. We will enter, if you please, the reception-room on the first floor, which has been transformed into a study. The mythological personages painted on the walls seem to look with comic astonishment at the great volumes in the bookcase, at the stuffed animals, the globes and maps, at the electric-machine which shines in a corner, at all the objects, more or less odd and ugly, with which learned men like to surround themselves.

An old man, with a thoughtful brow, is leaning against a window watching the whirling leaves and dust as they are carried by the wind. He is enveloped in a long riding-coat lined with sable, which makes him look a little like a sorcerer; but his expression is kind, his smile is gentle, and we soon reassure ourselves. Admitting that this man holds magic secrets, it is impossible to fear him; if he is a sorcerer, he is a good one, who only uses his art for the relief of humanity.

If any apprehension should still cling, it would be instantly driven away by the presence of a charming young girl, who, seated by the other window before an easel, is occupied in painting a garland of roses.

She is sixteen or seventeen years old, with large blue eyes, golden hair, a snowy skin. From the expression of her face it is easy to see that she is a happy, spoiled child.

For several instants the pencil had remained idle in her pretty hand, and her gaze was no longer fixed on her painting, but on the carved oaken door closed between the two bookcases.

The old man had left the window and approached a table covered with books. He had opened one of them, but he was not reading; and he looked now at the young girl and now at the door, with an expression of satisfaction mingled with quiet amusement.

"What are you thinking of, my child?" he asked, at length.

The young girl reddened, then replied:
"Father, I am thinking of that forbidden

"Still?"

"Always, until you satisfy me by opening it."

"Little Mina! little Mina! women have always had cause to repent being curious and opening closed doors. You are not old enough to have forgotten the story of 'Blue Beard'?"

"You needn't try to frighten me, papa. Your beard isn't blue, and if I had the key of that door, I would open it quickly and enter like a

chevalier without fear-"

"But not without reproach. Come, Mina, think no more of this mystery and finish your

picture."

"But, papa, what can there be behind that forbidden door? a library full of rare editions? You know I am careful with books! Fine scientific instruments? and I dust them so delicately! A suspect? they are no longer hunted since the death of the wicked Robespierre, and, besides, if there were any person there I should hear some movement; my ears are sharp! What can there be behind that door?"

"Happiness, perhaps, Mademoiselle, and it will come out in good time. But give me, now,

my hat and cane."

"You are going out in this bad weather, papa?"

"Yes; I must go out to see my sick people."
"But that is not urgent. You told me there were none seriously ill, and you saw them all yesterday."

"Well, I must keep up my popularity; in these times it is useful to have friends. Some enemy would only need to remind the authorities that the Doctor Rosenberg and the ex-Baron Rosenberg were one and the same!"

"But the nobility has nothing more to fear

now, papa."

"I do not place too much dependence on the present tranquillity; the popular tempest may return, and it is worth enduring a little wind and rain to protect one's life and property. Au revoir, Mina, and go on with your work, little girl."

M. Rosenberg had hardly gone, when the fair young girl put down her palette and brushes and went to place her rosy ear against the carved door, as she did every day; then, hearing nothing, she turned the handle and tried to open it, although well-convinced beforehand of the uselesness of her endeavor. But oh! surprise! the oaken panel yielded this time to the pressure of the little hand.

Mina stops, blushing, confused; shall she enter? shall she not? She hesitates, she debates; but we may be sure she will go in; Eve also hesitated before gathering the apple, and

Mina's indecision is not long; she pushes the door and looks in. O marvel! she sees a charming parlor, all painted and gilded, no one there except the nymphs and loves that smile from the ceiling and above the doors, and who with their pretty fingers seem to beckon her to approach.

The rash girl advances, admiring the thick velvet carpet, the silken hangings, the gilded furniture. She looks curiously at the étagères, which are covered with Sevres enamels, golden snuff-boxes, silver flasks, and a thousand precious nothings; she opens the drawers of a little rosewood article of furniture inlaid with ivory, and there she finds a knot of jonquil satin, all covered with little round spots, which could

only have been rain-drops or tears.

To whom could these things have belonged? to her mother? No, her mother was quiet and simple in her tastes; her bed-room was in the other wing of the castle, and could have no connection with this dainty spot. A crucifix and some pictures were the only ornaments in her mother's room, and she only dressed in dark colors and certainly had never worn a jonquil ribbon. Mina is in great wonder. A gilded harpsichord is in an angle of the parlor; she approaches it and finds a song on the open rack.

Mina is too musical not to feel tempted to try it; she lets her fingers wander over the ivory keys, and she sings, in a low tone:

"Aimable Flore '
Vous que j'adore!"

But while she sings she thinks she hears an answering sigh.

She turns, trembling, but sees no one; only at the end of the room hang long, mysterious curtains down to the floor. Behind these curtains, perhaps—

She listens a long time, but hears nothing more; a little reassured, she approaches the alcove, listens again, and, emboldened by the silence, gently raises the curtains, then immediately lets them fall, and with a slight scream throws herself half fainting into an arm-chair.

What has she seen?

## CHAPTER II.

CURIOSITY must be an irresistible power, for in spite of the shock she received Mina, still pale and trembling, went back to the mysterious curtains and lifted them again.

Behind those draperies was a lounge on which there lay a young man who seemed in the deepest sleen.

He was beautiful as the day; his white and

pink face, with delicate features, had an exceeding charm; he smiled in his sleep as if he were soothed by a sweet dream; one of his hands rested on his heart, the other hung carelessly over the edge of the lounge. He wore a white silk vest with silver flowers and a light-blue satin coat. A little blonde spaniel, with a cherry ribbon round its neck, lay at the young man's feet as if to guard him.

Little Mina stared with delight, one foot raised ready to run, in a charming, timid posture which might have made one think of Psyche

watching the sleeping Love.

"How handsome he is!" she thought. "Oh! if I were not afraid he would waken, I should get my colors and sketch him. What a picture that would be! But it is a singular sleep; when I played awhile ago he ought to have awakened; could that sigh I heard have come from him?—but no, not a breath comes from his lips, not a movement stirs his chest. And the dog, too; it is still more surprising that he did not wake at the sound of the piano. If they should be dead! No, death has not that color nor that grace. It is not death; but still it is not life."

The girl then thought of the waxen figures she had seen at Paris. Their immovability, their stiffness, and their fixed look had always frightened her. "That is it," she thought; "it is in wax." She touched the young man's hand; it was flexible and warm; he might awaken; Mina had been imprudent. She flew out of the room, sat before her easel, and tried to paint; but her trembling hand could not guide the brush.

Soon after, M. de Rosenberg returned.

"Eh!" he said, after having examined the young artist's work, "this picture does not seem much advanced."

"Papa, I have done nothing to it."

"What has my little girl been doing, then, to pass the time?"

"Don't scold me, dear papa, the mysterious door was open; if it had not been—"

"You could not have entered, I believe you. As slender and tiny as you please, you may be, Fraulein Mina, but not enough so to pass through the keyhole. Ah! little inquisitive!"

"Dear father, who is that handsome young man, and why is he asleep?"

"Come near me, Mademoiselle, and you shall be told."

M. de Rosenberg sat down in an arm-chair. Mina jumped on his knees, passed her arm around his neck, and leaned her yellow head against his white one.

"The handsome young man you saw, little one," said the Doctor, smiling, "is the sleeping Marquis in the wood; a wicked fairy made it necessary for him to sleep, and he will be wakened one day by a charming young girl named Minchen."

"You are making game of me, father, with your fairy stories!"

"Come, then, I shall be serious: that young man is the Marquis de Villery."

"The Marquis you sometimes talk about, to whom this castle belongs? Then he is not in America?"

"No, since he is asleep in the adjoining room. It is a story which I will tell you from the beginning. Zephyrin de Villery came to Berlin in 1758, with the French Ambassador, and it was then that our friendship began—"

"In 1758? Surely, you are mistaken, papa."

"I am correct, my daughter."

"What! the Marquis de Villery?"

"The Marquis de Villery is a young man, about sixty-five years old."

"Ah dear papa! you are joking."

"Not at all; the Marquis and I are the same age; it is true he is better preserved than your father. But you see, Minchen, he has slept, and I have lived.

"Our friendship then, began in 1758, and we loved each other all the more because our characters were unlike: I was sensible, he was romantic; I loved science, he loved poetry. He was a captivating fellow whom women loved. Only one did not love him, because she was incapable of caring for any one but herself. She was the very one that Zephyrin adored. You know her, Flore de Pimprenelle."

"The old Countess de Pimprenelle! Im-

possible!"

"Forty years ago she was young and beautiful, as beautiful as you are, but less pretty, because she had not your sweet disposition. The Marquis loved her to distraction, and rendered desperate by her indifference, he resolved to take his own life."

"What a pity that would have been!"

"Wouldn't it? One evening after an interview with Flore, he was by the borders of a lake about to throw himself in."

"O Heavens!"

"But his little dog Phœbe--"

"The spaniel crouched at his feet?"

"Precisely. His dog Phœbe guessed his dark design, and guided me anxiously to the spot—"

"Good little creature!"

"I stopped him at the moment when he was about to take the fatal plunge."

"Dear, good father !"

"But since he was determined to die, I magnetized him, threw him into this sleep, which he has slept for forty years, forgetting his unhappy love."

"His little dog is sleeping, too?"

"Yes, he loved Phœbe. I wanted him to find her when he awoke.

"When I magnetized the Marquis de Villery, I intended to awake him as soon as the Countess Flore would no longer destroy his peace. That would have been a good while ago: but the Revolution came; the Marquis de Villery awakened might have lost his head; I let him sleep. He was supposed to be in America; and in spite of this fictitious departure having happened twenty years before '93, my friend was regarded as an emigré. His goods were confiscated, sold as national property; I bought his lands, his castle, his furniture, himself."

"Intending to restore it all some day?"

"Yes, my darling."

"Well, now that the Revolution is ended,

waken him soon, dear papa."

"In one month, my child; I have my reasons for waiting a month more. But, tell me, don't you think I owe him a compensation for having let him sleep so long?"

"A compensation, dear father?"

"Yes, I would like to give him my daughter."

"O papa !-"

"Unless you withhold your consent."

A rosy flush mounted to Mina's brow. She bent her head and whispered:

"But he, do you think he would love me!"

"I hope so," said M. de Rosenberg, kissing
his daughter's fresh cheeks, "and when I look

at your blue eyes, I even feel certain."

The next day Mina returned to the handsome sleeper. Sure that he would not waken until her father willed it, she gazed at him quite at ease. She thought him even more charming

than she had before, and her heart beat at the

idea of being his wife.

"Is it possible that the Countess de Pimprenelle did not love him," she said to herself. "Oh! the hard-hearted old thing; she deserves to be as unattractive as she is! To have nearly caused the death of this lovable Marquis! Poor Zephyrin, how he suffered; but I shall make up to him for it all, I love him so."

And to begin the compensation Mina bent and touched the brow of the sleeper with her

lips

Whether the kiss awoke him, or whether the magnetism had lost its power, no one can say, but at that instant the Marquis half opened his eyes, and, seeing a feminine form bending over him, he murmured:

"O Flore! it is you, my sorrow has touched you, and you have come. I bless you?"

At the same time he caught the young girl's hand and carried it to his lips.

Mina, confused, drew away her hand, and ran back to the study. But she stayed behind the door, her ear intent, and she heard the young man say:

"What a sweet dream; but alas! it was only

a dream."

An instant after he called Phœbe, and Phœbe, awakened by the voice of her master, began to bark joyfully.

"Be quiet, Phœbe, be quiet; you know I am

unhappy !"

He rose and walked up and down the room, sighing and talking to himself in broken phrases. Then he sat down before the harpsichord and began to sing:

"Aimable Flore Vous que j'adore—"

M. de Rosenberg entered. Mina threw herself into his arms.

"Papa, papa, he is awakened, but he loves her still; he will never love me?"

"We shall see about that; ah! he is awake. Go to your chamber, my child, and do not leave it until I send for you. Above all, do not cry. I want you to keep your eyes bright."

M. de Rosenberg pushed open the door, and

laid his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Well, Villery, how goes it this morning?"
"Ah! my dear Rosenberg, I was happy in a
dream; Flore was there, and—but what do I
see!" he continued, fixing a frightened look on
his friend, "what has happened to you, Rosenberg?"

"I will tell you about that; my hair and beard seem to you to have whitened suddenly;

it is a long story."

"For you to have changed so in one night, you must have had some horrible grief, and I knew nothing of it? Rosenberg, you should not have hidden your trouble from me! Are you in love like me, without hope?"

"No, my dear Villery, I have had no griefs but your own. Let us speak of yourself. You

have slept well? had sweet dreams?"

"Alas! Rosenberg, I have had all sorts. First, I thought I was with Flore, and she laughed at my love, left me disdainfully, declaring she would never love me."

"And then?"

"I longed to die; I was going to throw myself in the lake, when you stopped me."

"After that?"

"You promised me an easier death and brought me here. You told me to lie down on the sofa. I obeyed you; then you stared at me fixedly and I fell asleep. The sleep was agreeable; it has rested me. I dreamed vaguely of music and perfumes; but this morning, just now, I had a pleasanter dream; a sweet voice murmured near me, 'I love you,' and I felt a kiss on my forehead."

"Ah! ah! a kiss, now, truly?"

"I opened my eyes, I half saw a form I tried to seize, but which escaped me. Alas! Rosenberg, I was dreaming. Idiot that I was, I believed for an instant that Flore had repented of her cruelty and had come to comfort me."

"No; she did not come, but I think she repents her cruelty, and if you still wish to live

for her she will now permit you."

"She must be greatly changed."
"She is, indeed, greatly changed."

"You think she will deign to bestow her hand on me?"

"I am very sure of it"

"What enchanter has wrought this miracle?"

Time."

"Time! since yesterday?"

"Since yesterday my black hair has grown white. Cannot the heart of Mme. de Pimprenelle change like the face of your old friend?"

"Ah Rosenberg! how happy I should be?

but are you sure?"

"I am sure she regrets you and that she will be glad if you still love her."

"If I still love her! Can you doubt it? Ah! come, Rosenberg, come; let us go and find her, and tell her—"

"Come!" replied M. de Rosenberg, quietly.

The corner of the park that we saw at the beginning of our story was partly torn away; the bench was broken, the Sphinx had lost her head, the nymph also; it could easily be seen that the destructive agents of the Revolution had passed over the place.

An old and wrinkled woman, in whom it would have been difficult to recognize the brilliant Countess de Pimprenelle, was seated on the débris of the bench. Marthon—the lively, bright Marthon—grown yellow as parchment and sulky as an owl, was knitting as she leaned against the pedestal of the statue. The Countess was thinking of other days, and she sighed.

"Do you know my thoughts, Marthon?" she inquired, turning toward her maid.

"It would not be difficult to guess them; Madame dreams of the days when she was beautiful, when all the court was at her feet. I also dream of the days when I was fifteen years old. It is long ago now!"

"That abominable Revolution made us grow

"Yes, and the years also."

"How sad it is to be alone! if I had known-"

"Madame would have married; and she

would have done well; she had enough to choose among. But she was too disdainful! When I think of all the lovers she cast off! above all, that poor Marquis de Villery; I was sorry for him. He was so handsome, kind, and generous. One evening he was seated there where Madame is seated now, and he gave me ten louis only because I announced that Madame was coming to talk to him. Ten louis—and the day after that he went to America."

"Yes, he loved me truly; I am sorry I did

not accept him."

"That is like me; I am sorry enough that I did not marry a brave fellow who loved me with his whole heart. I followed Madame's example and played the proud one. But what is the matter with Joseph? See how he is running!"

And as she spoke a domestic in livery ar-

rived all out of breath.

"Monsieur le Marquis de Villery, returned yesterday from America asks if Madame la Comtesse will receive him?"

"The Marquis de Villery!" repeated Mme. de Pimprenelle, overcome with astonishment.

"Well," thought Marthon, "when one speaks of a wolf he comes out of the woods; Madame is lucky, she may marry the Marquis now."

"Madame will not receive him?" asked the domestic, taking the lady's silence for a refusal.

"What? not receive him! you forget, Joseph! Not receive M de Villery, an old friend, whom I so highly esteem! Run and tell him that I await him."

The valet bowed and obeyed.

The Countess passed her hand rapidly over her hair, arranged her curls, her laces, and her skirts, and recalled her smiles:

"Am I looking well, Marthon?" she asked her maid.

"Certainly, Madame;" then she muttered between her teeth: "As well as one can at

MM. de Rosenberg and de Villery advanced. "Good Heavens!" cried Marthon, "look at M. de Villery. Madame, he is just exactly the same as on the evening we were talking about. Well, America must be a land where people keep young! I wish we had both been there, too!"

The Countess was petrified with astonishment.

Zephyrin advanced, his eyes lowered; he saw a skirt and laces, and not daring to look his divinity in the face he dropped on one knee.

"Permit me, Madame, to repeat to you to-day what I said to you yesterday."

"Yesterday!" cried Flore.

"The time must have seemed to him short," thought the maid.

The rather cracked voice of Mme. de Pimprenelle made the young man raise his eyes. For one instant he stared at the old face to which rouge and white powder gave an artificial vivacity; at the sunken eyes, at the grimacing smile, and through it all, seeing something which resembled the Flore of olden days, he gave a scream of fright, rose, and fled.

"What does that mean?" cried the Countess,

with irritation.

"Pray pardon my friend, Madame," replied Rosenberg, with a mischievous smile; "he has just returned from the wild west, where he has grown a little savage. It is not surprising that he could not hide his emotion on seeing the changes brought about by years. He will soon return to present his excuses and respects."

M. de Rosenberg, bowing politely, took leave

and ran after his friend.

"Rosenberg! Rosenberg! what has happened?" demanded the Marquis. "The change in you and in Flore cannot have been the work of a single night; you are deceiving me; tell me the truth; I want to know the truth."

M. de Rosenberg then told the youthful old

man all that had happened.

"Come now," he said at last, "did I not do well? are you not cured of your love, and should you not have been silly to drown yourself for the sake of that vain woman?"

"I must agree with you," replied Zephyrin.

"And when I think of my dream this morning, and remember that kiss! Ah! what a pity it was only a dream!"

"And if it were not?"

"What?"

"If the kiss were really given by mouth only sixteen years old, a pure and charming mouth, what should you say?" "I should be the happiest of men, for I must love some one. Think Rosenberg, my heart was filled with Flore for forty years, and now it is empty!"

"We shall try to fill it," returned Rosenberg.

"Be patient; and at present let us sit down to eat; you have not dined for forty years, my

friend."

A splendid repast had been prepared. M. de Villery, in spite of his long fast, did not do it much honor; he was preoccupied with the gentle sylph who had visited him.

Mina appeared at dessert, dressed in white

with a blue ribbon in her hair.

"Well!" said M. de Rosenberg to his friend, "how do you like my daughter?"

"I find her so charming," answered the Marquis, "that I ask your permission to offer her my heart and hand."

"You have it, my friend."

"Mademoiselle," said the Marquis, bowing courteously before the young girl, "will you be Marquise de Villery?"

Mina blushed, and made no reply; but she held out her hand to the young man, who

kissed it.

A few days after, Mina's marriage with the Marquis was celebrated, and never was seen a lovelier bride or a more devoted bridegroom; the Countess de Pimprenelle felt ill from spite.

Zephyrin and Mina were as happy as the people in fairy stories, and lived to see an amiable family grow up around them. The Marquis had the charming manners of the old court; his political ideas were a little behind the times; but that was excused by all who knew of his strange adventure, and there were few who had not heard of de Villery's long sleep.

### SUCCESS.

O WEARY ones, who walk in desert ways,
Because all others are to you denied,
Be comforted though weary seem the days,
You shall not always in that path abide.

O heavy hearts that failed to gain the prize,
After the strong endeavor in the race,
Be not discouraged, for with clearer eyes,
The good in disappointment you shall
trace.

It may be that the thing for which you mourn

Would not be beautiful at closer view, Or else a burden harder to be borne Than that which heavily oppresses you. Though failure seem to haunt you day by day,
All of earth's treasures crumble into dust,
Yet love and tenderness may mark your way,
And purify your suffering through trust.

Often the loss of what is treasured here
Raises the soul to heights unknown before,
And suffering humanity grows dear
Because of Him who died in days of yore.

Then when you bring earth's failures to the throne,

With lives of patient, earnest nobleness,
The Lord will give the harvest you have sown,
And write beside your names the word—Success.

IDA A. Spoon,

# POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

NOT belief in ghosts or uncanny signs—the modern prevalence of education has wellnigh made an end of everything of that kind—but the little errors, accepted long ago without question, and repeated so often that very few to-day think of questioning their truth. For instance, ninety-nine persons out of a hundred will tell you that the violet is blue; but there is no such thing in nature as a blue violet—a violet is purple, white, or yellow. Shakespeare knew that the so-called blue violet was purple; so when the king of poets speaks, never mind what his imitators say.

Another popular superstition is that blue is the most beautiful of all colors, while a love for red or yellow denotes a bizarre taste. Now if people would only have the courage to follow their own unperverted instincts, they would make no such mistakes. Of the three primary colors—red, yellow, and blue—the first denotes warmth, the second light, the third coldness; the first two are positive, the last one negative, as cold is simply the absence of light and heat. According to this, the most beautiful color of all is yellow.

This assertion may startle some. A few years ago women were afraid to wear yellow, the so-called jaundice, jealousy color; and the dashing brunette who did put it on was a daring innovator. When our fair friends finally consented to adopt yellow, they were afraid to say so—they disguised their choice with such euphemisms as buff, canary, lemon, and old gold. But, surely, by this time the present rage for painting, embroidery, sunflowers, and chrysanthemums, ought to have prepared us to give yellow the highest place in any color-system.

Yellow is pure light, the color of the sunshine. What would the world be without light and sun? True, we are told that the sunlight is white, as it contains all the primary colors but our imperfect eyes can only appreciate the one nearest to white, yellow. What would any flower be without its yellow centre? a face, if it did not reflect light? a year, without its flaming autumn? From early ages, man everywhere has worshiped gold; what attracted him if not the color? There are other metals, just as hard, just as rare, just as useful, and, in a commercial, sense, just as valuable. Who can imagine gold, life, or light without calling to mind some shade or tint of yellow?

But this is not all. What color do we always associate with Heaven? Yellow, invariably-

We speak glibly of halos and celestial glory, but we mean something like the brilliant radiance of the sun; we imagine angels robed in white, which is not a color, but they have golden crowns and harps and walk upon golden streets. Heavenly love is always compared to fire, and this, so far as we can see, is like the sun in light, heat, and color. Of course, in our present stage of existence, we do not know how much of all this may be literally true; but our universal instincts would seem to justify us in saying that yellow is the one celestial color. Think of the yellows in the sunset!

We hear a great deal about "Heaven's own blue," the color of the sky. But that is only the color of the earth's low atmosphere-we will rise far above this, both literally and figuratively, perhaps, when we appreciate yellow. Artistically speaking, the sky's blue is only a cold, negative background, like the earth's green robe, against which may be displayed all the glowing splendors of dawn, noon, rainbow, lightning, sunset, aurora, moon, and stars. (The moon is yellow, too, however much near-sighted bards may rant over its silvery light.) Red often accompanies yellow as a faithful sister, and yellow, like a mediator, reconciles conflicting red and blue, between which it stands; but yellow is king, red queen, and blue only a useful servant. As for the sentimental significances of colors, all that amounts to nothing-we have outgrown all such nonsense, just as we have long ago abandoned the idea that there were four elements in nature-earth, air, fire, and water.

Do many of us really know how very little blue there is in nature besides the sky? do men and women, like naughty children, persist in wanting what they cannot have—that is, looking for what cannot be found? Why else have they so long insisted that violets were blue? The really blue flowers are exceedingly few, and these generally grow upon the tops of high mountains, so that possibly there is some connection between their cold color and the cold atmosphere.

Blue eyes are said by some to originate in coldness of atmosphere or deficiency of constitution, and that, as civilization advances and the race improves, blue eyes will disappear. The "soft blue eyes" and "mild blue eyes," then, of story-writers and singers will become traditions.

This brings me to another popular superstition, perhaps the most deeply rooted of all the idea that there is expression in the eye. But there is none; the eye is an optical instrument, and contains no more soul than a micro-

scope or telescope.

A few already know this; but even artists and physicians have fallen into the same error. I once read a long dissertation upon portrait-painting, in which the author went into rhapsodies over the human eye—the man's, so full of epic philosophy; the woman's languishing sweetness. But it was all pure fiction; there is no possible difference between a man's and a woman's eye, nor any recognizable distinction between any two eyes, except in size and color.

You don't believe me-but wait.

An eye reflects light—the white spot of light is popularly called the "expression"—but that is no more than the white spot reflected by any globe.

There may be some expression about an eye in motion, but it is in the muscles around the eye, not the eye itself. The lids may move in questioning, laughing, or crying, and a falling tear carries its own expression, but the eye, so far as its own individuality is concerned, might as well be blind.

Have you ever seen a blind man, with external eyes so perfect that you did not know he was blind? You wondered why he looked at you so earnestly when he could not see you, did you not? And was it not a long time before you discovered that your neighbor wore a glass eye? So far as appearance went, the glass eye was as good as the sound eye. All this ought to tell you that an eye is as negative as a glittering button.

People do imagine that they see a great deal of thought and feeling in the eyes. They may see it in a face, but not precisely where they think. The expression of a face is in the mouth. The muscles around the mouth set the whole face in motion; but the eyeball can only turn, as any other suspended ball could. A face lights up, but it is because the moving muscles of the face continually expose new, minute surfaces to reflect points of light, which thus seems to play over the whole surface, as though the light only moved.

If you were to try and paint a face, you would find that the resemblance could be indicated very early, even if you left the eyes till last; the likeness might be there if you omitted eyes altogether. A marble statue has no eyes, but the face is always expressive, often a striking portrait. You might work at the eyes of a painted face for days and not destroy the likeness one particle, but a hair's-breadth difference in the mouth will alter the whole face. A painter does not "catch expression"—he works for it, sometimes for days and weeks. And no artist living will tell you that a mouth is easy to paint.

It seems to me that we ought to know for ourselves that the expression of a face depends upon the mouth, as this is in constant motion. The reason why a man can generally conceal his feelings better than a woman or child, is, his beard hides his mouth. A woman, when embarrassed, or desirous of avoiding recognition, instinctively covers her mouth, it may be with her veil or scarf or fan. Now, do you not see why the fan is such an effective weapon in the hands of a coquette? The Spanish lady in particular is noted for the grace with which she manages her fan and lace mantilla. The flirt can display or hide the expression of her face at will, simply by revealing or concealing her mouth.

The Turks know all this better than we do, it seems. That is, their women keep their faces veiled in white muslin—but openings are left for the eyes. If eyes could be recognized, or could express anything, would not such proverbially jealous husbands as the Orientals have found it out long ago, and covered their wives' black eyes with the same muslin as hid all femi-

nine mouths?

Perhaps you scarcely believe me, even yet. Then try the following experiments, which were successfully tried by friends of mine:

Take any number of cards containing faces of the same size in black and white. Cut the faces in three across the nose and across the forehead, so that the eyes will be upon a horizontal strip. Substitute any set of eyes for any other, and the expression of the faces will not be altered. Cover the lower part of any face and show it to the company, and no one will be able to recognize it from the eyes. Prepared sets of cards are made, in which color, size, and general outline of the head are regarded, so that one set of eyes will fit accurately anywhere, and no aid in guessing be given by accident, or anything apart from the face.

Let a dozen persons, more or less, separately array themselves in sheets with only the eyes visible, and then meet in one room. Mutual recognition will be impossible, although they may look at each other ever so earnestly. At a prearranged signal let them throw off the sheets—everybody will have made some laughable mistake. I knew a lady, who, under such circumstances, declared that nobody could fool her. She knew a certain pretty boy of fourteen by his lively black eyes—but when the sheet was thrown off the owner of the lively black eyes proved to be the boy's grandmother, an old lady past seventy!

Eyes were not made to express, but to use. If you use your own eyes, and not other people's, in time you may get over a few popular super-

stitions.

## ORDER VERSUS FORCE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

ORDER is an invisible power, to which men yield almost spontaneous obedience; while force creates antagonisms. Order moves to determinate ends with a silent efficiency that is marvelous in its combination of inharmonious things; force, on the other hand, sends an opposing and disturbing element into all its agencies it seeks to control. And yet, where one man depends on order for the accomplishment of his purposes, three work inadequately by force. So it has been, and so it will continue to be, until men learn to act from deliberate thought, and not from impulse.

A notable illustration of this difference between order and force occurred in one of our large manufacturing establishments, where over

two hundred men were employed.

These men were under the superintendence of a foreman of the martinet species-an active, restless, driving little man, who was always flying about among them and giving his orders in a short, imperative way that annoyed where it did not hurt or offend. Such men are rarely able to create a system into which a number of persons may be combined in harmonious action. Their thought is not calm enough; they see not only in too narrow a circle, but see things from an ever-shifting stand-point. To-day one thing is magnified into an overshadowing importance, and to morrow another thing. One rule is declared as imperative this week, and next week another. There is a stringent exaction under the declared rule of to-day, and tomorrow its violations pass unnoticed.

In the case to which we have referred all respect for the foreman had ceased, though service was exacted through an ever-present force, exercised with the natural accompaniments of disorder and inadequacy. The owners of this establishment had for some time seen the evil of which we have spoken, and on several occasions pointed out to their foreman the lack of order and efficiency in the shops. In every instance the result of such intimation on the part of the owners was a new and more offensive application of the law of force, resulting in conflicts with sensitive or badly disposed workmen, and the discharge of hands whose superior skill the establishment needed. At last, in one of this foreman's efforts to "put things right," he threw the whole hive of workmen into an angry swarm about his ears. The occasion gave fair opportunity for the choice of a successor.

The new man—selected with not a misgiving on the part of the owners—did not, so far as looks were concerned, give much promise of efficiency. He had a very quiet, almost heavy exterior, with a pair of eyes so calm and changeless in their expression that they gave no sign of his passing thoughts. His speech was slow; but when his words had adjusted themselves into a sentence every one was in its exact place, and the sentence had a meaning likely to be remembered. At first he seemed a weak man, but as you talked with him this impression gradually diminished.

On the first day of his administration the new foreman spent nearly the whole day in going through the shops, accompanied by one of the proprietors, examining the tools and machinery, the work in hand, the models adopted in order to reach the most economical results, and in observation of the men. In person and manner he was so different from the old foreman that every one remarked the contrast. Used to the law of force, and not anticipating the exercise of any other law, he seemed a weakling in the eyes of most of these workmen.

"What do you think of him?" whispered John Burke, one of the most willful and unruly persons in the establishment, addressing the man alongside of him.

"A chicken!" was the contemptuous answer.

"I'll give him a week in the shops—not a day
over," said Burke.

"We might finish him in three days, I guess."

The foreman crossed the room at this moment and stood at the bench where Burke was employed.

"May I look at that?" he said, reaching his hand for the article on which the man was at work. He spoke mildly, and in the tone of one asking a favor. But the article was not yielded to his request. A sullen pretense that it would be in danger of injury, in the state it happened to be, if it left his hand, was gruffly made.

"It's of no consequence," answered the foreman, without a sign of feeling in his voice.
"I see what it is." Then, while standing alongside of Burke, he remarked to the principal who was with him: "There is a quicker method for accomplishing the same result."

"Ah?" queried the principal.

"Yes. I will show it to you when we go

down to the office. It will save ten per cent. in time and material, and a neater article."

"You must introduce the improved method," said the principal, as they moved away from

Burke's bench.

"I'd like to see him do it," remarked that individual, in an undertone, to his neighbor. "You catch his drift, don't you? Trying to make himself out something wonderful in boss's eyes. He knew a better way."

"Them quiet, dull-looking chaps are mighty cunning sometimes. I've seen the likes before,"

replied the fellow-workman.

"So have I; but I'm not afraid of this one."

Not long afterward one of the clerks of the
establishment was observed going round among
the men with a small blank-book in his hand,
asking questions and writing down the answers.

"What's the meaning of that?" asked Burke's companion, who first noted the circumstance.

Burke looked round, and seeing the young man engaged as we have said, left his seat to personally investigate the affair, when the new foreman came in. Now, conscious that he was out of place, the man's first impulse was to affect some other errand and not go near the clerk; but contempt for the new foreman, and a determination to set him at defiance, pushed back this impulse, and with a self-possessed, familiar manner, he approached the clerk and asked:

"What's up now?"

"I'm getting the names and residences of the men," replied the clerk.

By this time the foreman made one of the party. But he said nothing, only stood still and listened, and this without betraying a sign of disapprobation.

"What's the meaning of it?" demanded

Burke.

"If you ask down-stairs maybe they'll inform you," answered the clerk, who was annoyed at the man's impertinence.

"I'd like to see you get my residence," muttered Burke, angrily, as he returned to his bench.

"This is a new trick of the new man; but it isn't going to work with me. Where I live is my own business. All they've got to do with me is to pay me when my work is done. Outside of the shop I'm my own man, and so shall not submit to any of these impertinences."

"Where is your residence?" asked the clerk, soon afterward. He had made his way to that part of the shop where Burke's bench stood.

"That's my business," was gruffly answered.

The clerk made no remonstrance, but passed to the next man, saying:

"Where do you live?"

"That's my business," said this man, repeating Burke's insolent reply.

As in Burke's case, so in this, the answer was taken as final. No opportunity was given to these non-conformists to make disturbance or excite a feeling of antagonism to the rule about being established.

Both were annoyed at this, and at the time made conscious of a reserved power in the establishment, the silent force of which might be

too strong for them.

The clerk and the foreman left the room together, after getting all the residences of the workmen, with the two exceptions we have mentioned. Burke fully anticipated a second application as a sort of threatened finality; but the clerk did not ask for his residence a second time. Of course, he meant to flare up, and make a short speech to the shop on the outrage involved in the procedure, as if they were slaves to the proprietors, who must know the whereabouts of every individual in the shop or out. But the opportunity was not afforded. Still, he was in a state of fermentation, and the froth must come over.

"Tom Willard!" he called, as soon as the foreman had left, turning from his bench and speaking to a man across the shop—"did you

tell him where you lived?"
"Yes," answered the man.

"Well, I declare! What have they to do with that?"

" Did you ?"

"Me? Not I! That's my business. I'm no slave in this establishment, to be looked after through all the twenty-four hours. I do my work and get my pay; beyond that I give and take nothing. If it pleases me to sleep in a stable or roost in a tree, the affair is my own. I'm astonished at you all."

The door quietly opened, and the foreman came in. Burke sat facing round, caught in the very act of working insubordination. He was no sneak, but a bold, out-and-out kind of a man, who enjoyed opposition. He did not resume his work immediately, but fixed his eyes defiantly on the foreman, with an invitation to strife. But he could not draw out the new man. The old one would have "pitched in," to use an expressive phrase, and given Burke an opportunity for a passage at arms before the men. But order and subordination were to come by a different way now. The foreman did not appear to notice this game-bird with ruffled feathers, but moved round the shop in a quiet, self-possessed way, that had the effect gradually to draw off Burke's overcharge of bad temper.

The day closed and the men went home. On the next morning our new foreman was in the little office through which every man had to pass on his way to the shop at least twenty minutes before seven o'clock, the hour at which work began. As the hour was striking, about a dozen of the two hundred men employed in the establishment passed through the office, each looking surprised at seeing the new foreman so early on the spot.

From that time up to half-past seven the men came dropping in, singly or in groups, the same surprise at the foreman's presence in the office being manifested by each. It was just half-past seven o'clock when Burke appeared. The foreman remarked to him, in a quiet way:

"Let me say a word, if you please."

Burke stopped, frowned, and then moved to the desk where the foreman stood. The latter opened a small blank-book, and dipped a pen in the inkstand. His manner was easy and altogether self possessed. As he held the pen, ready to write, he said:

"With one or two exceptions we have the residences of all the men. Where do you

live?"

"You have nothing to do with that," replied Burke, his face reddening.

"It is thought best to know where the men live," answered the foreman, without the slightest change in tone or manner.

"I regard such a rule as an insult to the men, as an interference with things in which you have no concern. We are not slaves!" The veins swelled into cords along the temple and over the forehead of Burke.

"No insult nor interference in things about which we have no concern is intended," calmly returned the foreman. "There is utility in the rule, and it applies to both employers and men."

"It won't apply to me," answered Burke with angry vehemence.

The foreman shut his little blank-book, laid aside his pen, and without a sign of feeling turned from the excited workman, who stood for awhile, chafing in thought, and then passed on to his place in the shop. He had just left the office when the other man who had refused to give his residence entered. A night's reflection had cooled his excited brain, and when the foreman said to him, as he said to Burke, speaking kindly yet like one in earnest, "With one or two exceptions we have the residences of all the men. Where do you live?" he gave the information desired unhesitatingly, and then, with a certain feeling of respect toward the foreman that was unaccountable to himself, he entered the shop.

"Did that chap ask where you lived as you came through the office?" queried Burke, as his

fellow-workman took his place beside him at the bench.

"Yes."

"You didn't tell him?"

"Yes."

"Ho! what a fool!"

"Did he ask you?"

"Yes," answered Burke.

"And you refused to tell him?"

"Of course I did! It's none of his business where I live."

"What did he say?"

Burke shrugged his shoulders. Now that was just where the shoe was beginning to pinch. This say-nothing policy of the new foreman, whom no opposition seemed to move, was beginning to be felt as a mark of hidden power, against some movement of which he might possibly find himself too weak for resistance.

"Oh! he was dumb, of course. What could

he say?"

"He might have said-"

"What?" The man hesitated.

"That you were free to stay or go."

"Let him say it. I don't care! There are other shops in town."

But he did care, and the suggestion sobered him not a little, for he knew that workmen just then were in excess of work, and that so good a place was not likely to be obtained in a long time. He mouthed it bravely, however, for awhile, and then became unusually silent and attentive to his work.

There was a perceptible change in all the shops. The fact that nearly every man had come in behind the time, and that the new foreman was aware of it from personal observation, was an uneasy, self-rebuking consciousness in almost every mind, leading to silence and application. Work went on more rapidly than usual. A sphere of order and subordination, new in the establishment, prevailed. After all the men were in their places-the last man being over forty minutes behind time-the foreman took his round through the shops and put himself into closer relation with the workmen. Some repelled him-some manifested indifference-a few were courteous. But he gave no signs of feeling, though all experienced a certain consciousness of power in his presence.

About eleven o'clock word came to Burke that he was wanted in the office. The foreman was there alone, looking very placid. There was no sternness of brow—no evident marshaling of forces for a contest—no apparent disturbance.

"I wished to see you for a few moments," he said, as Burke came in, speaking pleasantly and almost indifferently, as though the matter in hand was of but slight personal interest, " before referring the subject of which we talked this morning back to the firm. The requirement is theirs, and I understand them to be in earnest. I am as much bound, if I would hold my place, to see it executed as you are to conform to the rule. The law touches us equally. You refused to give the clerk your residence yesterday, and I was instructed to obtain it this morning. As you will perceive, I have been in no haste to report your second refusal; but if you adhere to the stand taken I am without discretion. The fact must be communicated and then you will have to leave, for it will be thought much better to dispense with the services of one workman, however excellent, than to permit an out-and-out infringement of a rule."

The man blu-tered, used hard words, demanded explanation about the rule, and swaggered about feebly for a time, to all of which the foreman answered nothing. He might as well have beaten the air, for all the reaction obtained.

The end was a complete breaking down on the part of Burke, who, after giving his residence, went back to his work a subdued, and

maybe a wiser, man.

As it was well known throughout the establishment that seven o'clock was the hour when every man was expected to be at his work, the new foreman did not reannounce the rule. He had noticed the surprise shown by almost every man at finding him on the ground when he came, and he preferred waiting to see if punctuality would not follow through every man's self-compulsion. It turned out as he had anticipated. Instead of only a dozen workmen being in the shops at seven, over one hundred were in their places, and by fifteen minutes past seven the last lingerer was on hand. The quiet of the different rooms was even more noticeable on this than on the preceding day; yet no one could have answered clearly and to his satisfaction a question as to the secret of the new foreman's power over the men, which was so remarkably apparent.

Some time during the afternoon of this day, Burke, having finished the job in hand, was under the necessity of going to the new foreman, and receiving directions and materials for another. In giving out the articles to be made, the foreman suggested a different process from the one he had seen used by the journeyman.

"I think my way best," answered Burke.

His tone was not very amiable.

"Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good," mildly returned the foreman. And then with particularity he explained the method and its advantages, adding, as he closed, "Be careful in turning the edge at the joint, inside instead of outside," indicating by this remark that he expected his process to be strictly followed.

Burke answered neither yea nor nay, though he was trembling inwardly with excitement.

The foreman's complete self-possession annoyed him, and he was more annoyed because conscious of no power to disturb this equable frame by passionate reaction.

Returning to his bench, he sat moodily thoughtful for several minutes before commencing his work. He could not bear to yield this point, which touched his pride as a workman: and then, like most workmen who have been used to certain ways of doing things, all changes are annoying. The worst of the case was a certain giving up to this new foreman, whom he had threatened to drive out of the establishment in less than a week. Passion never leaves the judgment clear. In his mental obscurity Burke resolved not to proceed by the new method which the foreman had given, but to continue on in the old way. So he commenced putting the material together. Some two hours passed, and then the foreman stood beside his bench. Not a word was spoken. Burke almost held his breath awaiting a remark. But the foreman moved to the next man and gave some brief directions, then crossed to another part of the shop.

Burke felt uneasy. The old foreman would have spoken out sharply at seeing an order disregarded, and there would have been a stormy altercation, and most probably a triumph on the workman's part. But silence is mysterious, and suggests hidden power. Two or three times during the day the foreman stood at his bench, but made no remark, although the deviations from his orders were apparent at a glance, and Burke knew that he saw him. Six o'clock came and the workmen dispersed to their homes. The man least satisfied with himself was Burke. Like him, all the rest had felt the presence of a superior influence in the shop, allently operating, but only he stood face to face with that power in open resistance. If he could have measured its capacity; if he could have drawn it out from its entrenchments, and surveyed it upon all sides, he would have felt more assured in himself. But conscious ignorance in this direction gave conscious weakness.

Promptly at seven on the next morning Burke presented himself. He was ten minutes behind time on the previous day. It was remarkable how hugely respect for this individual had grown in the workman's mind.

"Mr. Burke." The voice was kind, but firm. Burke stopped and tried to frown.

"I wish to say a word to you." He came to the desk.

"You are too sensible a man not to know that order and subordination are necessary to the right conduct of any business." The foreman looked steadily into the workman's eyes, but with no intimidating aspect. "In this establishment I have certain duties, and on the faithful performance of these its efficiency depends. One thing is certain-I shall do my part, but not in a way to offend or wrong any man. If any one is offended, it will be through his own assault upon law and order, which is always the superior force, and his assault will harm only himself. You have begun the assault, but it has not hurt or disturbed me, because law and order are all on my side. Now, my friend, it would be easy for me to say that, in consequence of your deliberate violation of instructions yesterday, you must leave the shop or throw aside the work done and be charged with the spoiled material, a matter of three or four dollars. And, doubtless, if either decision were laid before your fellow-workmen for approval or rejection, the verdict would be against you. But I will not deal with you peremptorily. You shall have time for deliberation. Go and complete this job in your own way, and then consider yourself at full liberty to retire from the shop or accept me as a foreman without reservation. I understand my position entirely. It admits of no controversy, it will be but a just order to which I, with all the rest, must come under obedience; and I need not tell you that in such a contest you will be beaten."

"I think it most likely," answered Burke, in a frank tone, his whole demeanor changing; "to tell the truth, you're not the man I took you to be. Heretofore we've had the law of push and drive in this shop, and one-half of the men sat at their benches with ruffled feathers from morning till night, ready for a set-to with the foreman and determined to have their own way to the last possible thing. But if we are to have the law of order, why, it's give up and come down to it! That's the best kind of law, and irritates no one. So here's my hand to it, and you'll find John Burke always on duty at roll-call." And grasping the foreman's hand, he shook it warmly, adding: "If you'd been a different man it might have been worse for me. But, depend on it, I shall never forget your consideration and forbearance to a blind fool, who was in the act of throwing himself against a stone wall!"

Burke went to his place wholly conquered. To the law of force he had always been in open warfare and the leader of insubordination in the shop; but to the law of order he bowed in complete submission.

Our story gives no striking position or dramatic climax; but to every thoughtful reader it will suggest an important truth, applicable to all relations in life, where one mind is called to the duty of acting upon and controlling other minds. Order, as we said at the commencement, is an invisible power to which almost spontaneous obedience is given; while force is sure to create antagonisms. We see this in workshops, schools, families-everywhere. If you would proceed harmoniously to your ends, first establish order, binding yourself thereby as rigidly as you bind others, and results will come out with an almost unfailing precision. But if you trust to anger and force, alas! for the baffling winds that will be forever driving you seaward! The smiling haven of your hopes will never be

# WHY ALVA CHANGED HER OPINION.

BY MARY E. IRELAND.

"I DO think that Mary Deering might call occasionally and take me out sleighing with her," remarked Alva Spencer, discontentedly, one bright morning early in December, as the Deering sleigh, with its handsome, mettled horses, luxurious robes, and exhilarating bells dashed by. "She knows we have no sleigh and horses, and no one to drive them if we had."

'Why, my dear," said Grandma Spencer, who sat knitting by the hearth, "I do not suppose the thought has occurred to Mary; I believe she would be delighted to take you, if she knew it would be so much pleasure to you." "Pleasure! O grandma! I do so long to go! but I would not hint such a thing for the world, for she cannot help but know it. I have heard her say that I must be lonely with no young people about the house, nobody but you and I for company for each other; so why does she not think? No, it is only her intense selfishness."

"'Judge not, my child, lest ye be judged;' perhaps, at this very moment, some one may, with better cause, be thinking the same of you."

"Of me, grandma! What in the world have

I to give, or what can I do for any one that they could not do much better for themselves?"

"Let us try and think of some of the things you might have done. Do you not remember this morning, when Kathleen came for the clothes to wash, she said that she was anxious to have her baby christened, but it was too cold to take him anywhere without a cloak, and she had nothing to make one of, and could not make it if she had?"

"Yes, grandma, I remember it; but I had no cloak to give her, nor money to buy one."

"But you have the skirt of that pretty, lightblue merino, which you have outgrown, and was wondering what you would do with it. Kathleen lived here before she was married and knows all the dresses you had, and no doubt thought it selfish in you not to offer to help her, who was so good and kind to you."

"Dear me! I never thought of it! Why didn't she ask me for it; she would have been

very welcome to it?"

"Why don't you ask Mary Deering to take you out sleighing—the cases are very similar?"

"I will get the merino down this very day, and get it all ready for her and help her make

it," said Alva, penitently.

"Then there is little Jamie Knox," said grandma, as she unwound some yarn from her ball; "since he was run over by a coal cart he has had to lie in bed with his broken limb in splints. He is passionately fond of flowers, as you know, and his mother told me last evening that he wanted his bed turned so that he could see your flowers in the window. Has it occurred to you to take him a bouquet?"

"No, indeed! O grandma! do let me give him one of my pots of pansies and that lovely white rose which is full of buds—cut-flowers

wither so soon."

"The plants are yours, child, to do as you choose with them; and I am sure you will receive full compensation in the pleasure you will confer upon the poor boy."

"What else might I have done, grandma?"

said Alva, after a pause.

"You have several years' numbers of the Home Magazine; think how glad the Widow Raymond and her daughters would be to have the reading of them. Every penny they earn with the needle has to be economized for the barest necessities of life; and how it would rest them and give them pleasant things to think of and talk about, besides the actual help in their business the 'Fashion Department' would be. They are careful, and your books would be none the worse for lending to them."

"How thoughtless I have been," said Alva. "I thought everybody had magazines."

"What you have considered a necessity, they look upon as a luxury beyond their reach. Take them the magazines this evening, and you will see if they are not appreciated."

"I will, indeed. What else is there I

can do ?"

marked Alva.

"Poor, blind Mrs. Terry has no one to read to her. Her widowed daughter's time is completely filled in the care of her and the large family of children which she has to provide for; even if she had anything to read that would interest her mother, she absolutely has not the time to devote to it."

"Why, grandma, their pastor, Mr. Ringold,

reads to her once every week."

"Yes, in his hurried, crowded life, he manages to devote an hour to his afflicted parishioner, reading the Bible and praying for her. You would be doing a real benevolent act to not only read the Bible or other good book to her, but also the news of the day, that she might not feel that she was dead to the world and its interests."

"I did not suppose there was so much that a girl of my age could do to help others," re-

"I have not mentioned half the things you might do through the winter days, when you cannot go to school; and in helping others you would benefit yourself. Now there is little Jennie, who has never been to school. In the time she has been living with us you could have taught her to read and, perhaps, write. It is never too late to begin to do good; so you could this very afternoon, after she has finished her work, call her in here and commence teaching her the alphabet."

"I will indeed," said Alva, eagerly; "I won-

der I never thought of it before."
"Because you were selfish, my dear," smiled

her grandma.

"I wish there was another little girl to study with her; O grandma! let me have a little school, and ask Mrs. Raymond to let her little ones come, and get some others who are too young to go to the district school in winter. Do, grandma," said Alva, eagerly.

"I am perfectly willing to have you teach them, if their parents will let them come, and I have no doubt but they will. You can have the room over this, which is heated by register, for your school-room, and in two hours every afternoon they could learn a good deal if they

try."

"I will go to see the mothers this very afternoon," said Alva, with a glad voice; "you need not tell me any more things I might do, grandma, I have enough to keep me busy now, if they will only come." "Yes, duties lie thickly about us, if we have only eyes to see them. Yet there is one more pleasure you can give which I would like you to oblige me by conferring. Mrs. Redwood's invalid daughter has a very capricious appetite; I would like you to stop there on your way to Mrs. Raymond's and give her a loaf of our brown bread and some of those nice, light rusks."

"O grandma!" cried Alva, aghast, "they are rich people and can buy anything they wish. What would they think of us taking such a

common thing as bread?"

"It will be a change, dear, and may tempt her appetite. I will write a note to accompany it; we are old friends, and I will run the risk of their being offended."

"But, grandma, bread, of all things, when

they can buy every luxury."

"Exactly, and luxuries that she is used to and expecting palls upon her taste. My dear, I knew a wealthy lady once, who was out walking and was caught in a shower, and took shelter in the cabin of a wood-cutter. He was not in, but his wife and children were partaking of their supper of herring, corn-bread, butter, cucumbers, and coffee. Without a word of apology the wood-cutter's wife gave the lady the vacant place at the table, knowing that her husband, owing to the storm, would not be there to occupy it. The lady took it, and told me that for years she had not enjoyed a supper like she did that one. She would not have hurt the good woman by offering compensation, but when Christmas came she sent her a large, fat turkey and all the ingredients for a sumptuous Christmas dinner, in remembrance of the genuine hospitality she had received."

So full of plans and pleasant thoughts was Alva, she did not hear the sound of sleigh-bells until the sleigh stopped at the gate, and Mary Deering's pleasant voice was heard at the door.

"Alva was just envying you, my dear," said grandma, as she kissed the glowing cheek of the

young girl.

"What for, pray?" inquired Mary, turning to Alva, whose brow was flushing uneasily.

"Because you have such good times sleigh-

ing," replied grandma, smilingly.

"Dear me, she need not envy me. If she only knew what a bore it is to dress and go out every day, with no object in view except to keep the horses from becoming too restive. Why did she not say she would like to go? I would be delighted to have her."

"And she would be equally delighted," said grandma, as Alva's cheeks glowed with pleasure at the prospect; "and now she must tell you of

her plans for the winter."

"Oh! I will tell you what I will do," said Mary, eagerly, when she heard of the school; "I am literally suffering for something to do; I will come around in the sleigh every afternoon while the snow lasts, and get you, and we will drive around and collect the children, which will be a sleigh-ride for them, for we can drive a few miles just to exercise the horses, as papa wishes. Then I can send Ben and the sleigh home and stay and help you teach."

"That will be just splendid," cried Alva, clasping her hands; and the friends kissed each

other, promising to meet next day.

"She is not so selfish, after all," remarked

grandma, quizzingly.

"'Judge not, lest ye be judged,'" replied the happy Alva.

# MY SHIPS AT SEA.

By A. W. LANE.

I AM dreaming, idly dreaming, Of my ships upon the sea; I am waiting, idly waiting, For those ships to come to me.

Sometimes, in the lingering twilight, I can see those ships of mine,
Standing out across the billows
In a long, unbroken line;
And they seem to signal to me
With their colors dipping low,
YOL. LIV.—54.

Gleaming with a golden splendor
In the sunset's dying glow;
And with outstretched hands I greet them,
Fain to meet them as they come;
But their white sails, as the light fails,
Gleam a moment and are gone!

Then the twilight grows to darkness, And the darkness grows more drear, As I ponder o'er the vision That may nevermore appear!

# A PASSAMAQUODDY SIREN.

## BY MARIAN C. L. REEVES,

Author of "Old Martin Boscawen's Jest," "Pilot Fortune," etc.

#### CHAPTER VII.

"Only my heart to my heart shall show it-,"

MEANTIME, Kitty, in recovering from her laughter, has recovered her temper, and is saying, in her own careless, debonair fashion:

"No use, Aunt Fanny: no use at all. You must just let things take their course. If you cannot wait, there is the one way to shorten everything? I will tell Maxwell Drummond, once for all, that there is not, there has not been, and there never shall be, anything between us but friendship and jolly good fellowship."

"Kitty! are you mad?-at least you are

rather vulgar."

Kitty flings down the reins impatiently upon Frisk's shoulders; she lays both hands on Mrs. Drummond's.

"My dear Aunt Fanny, is it possible you do not see that it is you who are a little vulgar? You who have such a horror of trade, that you should be actually huckstering me, putting me up for a man to look over my points—no, but my poor nose is not pointed unfortunately! How runs the catalogue?—'item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one chin'—and all this balanced against a face and figure beside which one might call 'Dido a dowdy; Thisbe a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose.'"

"Look at Frisk's tail!" cries out Mrs. Drummond, nervously. "He has gotten it quite over the reins. It seems to me, Kitty," she says, as the girls stoops forward, and gathers them in her hand—"that it would be much more to the purpose, if you would look where you are

going."

"Dear Aunt Fanny, if you would look too!" returns Kitty good-humoredly. "You would see that it is everything to your purpose, that while she is our guest, you should be kind and gracious to this little Mary Morgan, as you know so well how to be. Come, Aunt Fanny, promise me: if you do, I will let things take their course."

"And if not?"-

"If not, I must have it out with Max Drummond, as I told you, Aunt Fanny."

"But if I will not allow it?"

"Then I must place myself in such a position as that you will have no right to allow or disallow," says the girl firmly. "Your sister will never be permitted to—to—You will only bring trouble to her."

Kitty flames like fire.

"I shall never bring trouble to my dear sister. No one knows so well as she, that freedom at any price is better than selling oneself into bondage. I have not been trained to teaching, it is true: I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed. But I could manage a roomful of children as well as any nursery-governess of them all: and I flatter myself that a snub-nose and a soupgon of vulgarity would not be amiss under a bonne's cap, which is rather becoming on the whole."

Mrs. Drummond glances timidly askance at her: it is evident the girl is capable of carrying out anything she may resolve upon. And Mrs. Drummond is not capable of doing without the girl, who is worth half a dozen companions to her in case of dearth of society. Besides which

-is she not Kitty, after all?

So the skirmish decides the battle, and Kitty comes off victor. She shows it by dragging her captive on her chariot wheels as far through the village as the first small boy to be found, who could take a message up the north-road to Mrs. Fraser, that Mary Morgan would spend the day and night at the manor-house with Miss Carey.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!"

"PORTIA-"

The little rush which the brooklet makes over the stones below the spring-house, has deadened the man's step; and he stands a long moment without speaking, his eyes fixed on the woman's kneeling figure.

It is a homely task, which engrosses her: the rinsing of the milk-pans in the running water which overflows them, and catches the sunlight, sparkling and turning the commonplace yellow

earthenware to gold.

There is no need for a transforming touch for the woman, as she kneels there. The gold tints in her hair are dimmed, and the sun has long since left shining in her face. The ray that falls across it now, has no power to light it up, any more than a sunbeam streaming across a sculptured marble, has power to warm it into life. But cold as the face is, it is strangely beautiful: more beautiful, perhaps, than when the flush and roundness of girlhood drew away one's eyes from the clear chiseling. It is colorless enough now: one might have said that the glowing spring of life had ebbed away, and left but this fair mask and mockery of life.

Fraser is chilled to the heart as he stands looking. His very voice has a strange, unearthly sound in his ears, as he says:

" Portia-"

The woman turns mechanically at the call. Still on her knees, she looks up at him. Her eyes are full of bewilderment.

"There's no holding-ground in your memory, Portia. The old days are gone forever," he

says, bitterly.

Slowly she rises, still gazing at him but not coming nearer, not giving him her hand. The brook flows between them, and neither offers to cross it.

"Aleck Fraser."

"Ay. Is the name all you have kept out of the past to give me, Portia? not one word of welcome?"

She is shaking her head slowly.

"What have I to do with the past any more, Aleck Fraser? The past is nothing to me, the future is nothing to me. I have shut myself in here to the narrow present: how narrow, you may see—" spreading her hands abroad, as if over the tiny islet, a mere stand-point in space and time.

So unimpassioned is she, so cold, so still, so different from the Portia he knew: that he stands irresolute, not finding anything to say to this one, whom he does not know at all.

He might even have turned away in hopeless silence: if he had not at that instant seen that her hands, as she lets them fall after that sweeping gesture of hers, are trembling. At that, he

stands still in the act of going.

"I saw your girl last night," he says abruptly. "And I learned more of you from my mother then, than ever before. I would not ask before: I have been trying to forget you. Nineteen years! long enough, not to weather it out, but to see it never can be weathered out. So now, Portia, I have come to you. You've not been true to me. It was only a boy-and-girl promise: I ought to have known that; though it was the very breath of life to me. It was natural, perhaps, that when you went away from the old home-island, you should forget—"

She puts up her hand with a swift gesture. It is as if his words touch her into life from her cold apathy. But to live, is to suffer.

So keen an anguish is in her lifted face, that he says hurriedly: "Forget it all now. I ask yo no question: tell me nothing. Nothing out of that middle past, that has taken nineteen out of the best years of our life. But for the early past, and for the future—Portia, reach out your hand to me with that past and the future in it. Let me make them one."

The woman's face is not colorless now with the marble calm which is habitual to it. It has the ghastliness of death in it. She makes no movement to obey his gesture. Instead, her

hands fall at her side.

"It is too late," she says, clearly and steadily.
"I have known you too late, Aleck Fraser.
Not now: it is not just now, that I have learned
the difference between a true man and a traitor.
But I chose the traitor. That is all there is to
be said now forever. I chose the traitor."

Her voice rings out scornfully in that last word. Rings out with such clear vibration, that it reaches beyond the man to whom it is spoken, were there any one else to hear.

There is no one else in sight. If the copsewood quivers just then for an instant behind them, it is no more than if some bird brushed through, on heavy wing.

And Aleck Fraser is answering, without the

slightest pause:

"Yes. But that is over. The true man comes to you now, Portia: the man who has always been true to you, loving you—"

"What have I to do with love any more?" she cries out, covering her face. "A foolish woman who did not know the false from the true—"

"An innocent child," he interrupts her. "So innocent and true herself that she could but trust all the false, bad world. A child—"

She lets her hands fall from before her face and looks straight at him.

"Answer me this, Aleck Fraser. You with an honest and good name, handed down to you from honest and good forebears: have you so little care for it that at the memory of a pretty, girlish face, you are willing to give it to a woman of whose past, since that far girlish time, you know never a word? A woman three years of whose life are an utter blank to her own father and mother: who comes back here in silence, with her child—"

He stops her with a burning glance at which her eyes too kindle, though she keeps them

steadily on his.

"Stop, Portia. I will not hear one word like that. I would choke the life out of the man who spoke it; and from your lips it is worst of all. Yes—" speaking now more calmly—"I am proud of my name. It has been honest and true for generations of workingmen and women. And it is because I am proud of it,

that I offer it to the Portia I know from the beginning: the one woman in the world to me: the one woman I trust utterly, through good report or ill report. Or silence to the end, if so she wills to keep it."

She just hears him out, standing there before him, proudly, with a glow like sunlight in her lifted face. Then, as his last words ring out, she falls on her knees, covering her face with her two hands, sobbing aloud.

" Portia !"

She hears his step, as if it grated on the graveled border of the brook; as if he would come across to her. But—still with her wet face bowed, lower and lower—she puts out her hands with a repellant gesture.

"No, Aleck. Never, never! Go away: do not speak to me. I ought to have spoken out, with your first word. I am not free. That man, my husband—who made me believe he was my husband—that man, the traitor—"

This time, the gravel does grate harshly under a quick tread. The brook is cleared at a spring:

the pebbles scatter about her.

She starts to her feet; brushing the blinding tears off, shrinking away, turning in the act of flight.

"No, Aleck, no!"

"Portia—" says a very different voice, behind her: a voice she once knew, well enough.

A voice she once knew,-too well.

She stands still at once. The fire in her eyes burns them clear of all tears now.

"You !" she says.

The one word needs nothing more, for the full scorn of her meaning.

"So you know me, Portia?" he says airily.
"I hardly flattered myself you would, just at first, before I had explained myself."

"Yes, I know you." She has chosen to give his words another bent from that which they intended. "You may spare yourself the trouble of all explanation. I know you thoroughly."

"That is well. Perhaps it is I who should rather have some explanation," he says, his handsome cool face flushing slightly, though he does not once turn his head in Fraser's direction. "A man does not usually hear his wife made love to—"

Fraser had started forward, with a passionate movement. It is rather the passionless face of Portia, than any gesture of hers, which stops him.

"The last time I saw you," she says clearly, and without a touch of emotion in her voice: "you led me to believe that I was not your wife."

"Pardon me, but are you not inaccurate? You took up that belief: I—"

He breaks off:

"We are not alone. Discussions between man and wife, are best carried on alone."

"Perhaps so. I have nothing to do with that." She has detained Aleck Fraser with an unmistakable gesture now. "I have not been any man's wife for nearly nineteen years, and shall never be again. There is nothing you can have to say to me, which cannot be heard as well by my old friend Captain Fraser. I am sorry," she adds, as if it were a mere matter of an introduction—"that I cannot make your name also known to Captain Fraser: but unfortunately I do not know it myself."

Since there is no help for it, Conway Lawrence turns his back rather more decidedly than before, upon Fraser, by way of ignoring him altogether; and begins his explanation:

"When you found out-through the address of a letter, was it not?-that I had married von under a part of my name, it was you who leaped to the conclusion that it was no marriage. I never told you as much, if you remember. But I could not set you right: since to set you right, would be to put your reckless hands upon the very pillars and foundations of my house, and let you blindly pull it down about our ears. That letter which you saw, was from my uncle and guardian: if a young fellow can be said to have a guardian, who has not a shred of property to be guarded. To have let you intermeddle then, and make yourself known to him as my wife, would have been to insure against ever having a shred of property of his: the obstinate old man having his own fixed views for me. And so, when you took that wild view of our marriage, Portia, like the passionate, headstrong girl you were, I did not see my way at the moment, to contradict you. A man's hat is his natural refuge, in such a strait: I simply took mine up, and went out, to leave you breathingspace to calm down. How did I know you would use that breathing-space to take your flight from me?"

Her whole frame is panting through and through with her passion. Her voice has a quiver in it, through which it rings with not the less of scorn:

"How did you know? Is it possible that you knew me so very little, John Conway—Lawrence?"

"I am free to confess—" just the least airily
—"I did not know women then, as well as now.
One learns a little in eighteen years or so. But
I own I am not sure, even now, of understanding one little woman among them all, even one
Portia Lawrence."

She puts up her hand with a hurried gesture. "Not that name. The man I thought I married, the man I thought I loved, was a different man from Mr. Lawrence."

"Portia, you know how to revenge yourself," says the man bitterly, his eyes upon the

Both of them have forgotten for the instant the bystander, who stands evidently keeping himself in check with a stern strength which is but hardly equal to the task. Above all now, when Portia throws back her head like a spent creature hard pressed.

"To revenge myself?—can it be, then, that you do not know what you have done? You do not know in what a terror of despair I hid myself, when it came upon me that it was not only I who must suffer—"

The strong sobs take her by the throat: she lifts her two hands knotted together,—then lets them fall weakly, recovering herself.

" Portia-"

"Yes," she says slowly, not looking at him, yet aware of his downcast look—"I know you did not know what you were doing. But that does not better those first terrible years in which I fought with starvation for us two: until, like a guiltless prodigal, I remembered there was enough and to spare in my father's house. I crept back for the child's sake—"

"Portia, Portia, let the past be past, for the

child's sake !"

"For the child's sake,"—slowly and distinctly
—"for the child's sake, I would have you go
away and leave us in silence. The child is too

like you, to be safe with you."

He stares at her for an instant: then a pale flush slowly overspreads his handsome features, as it comes to him what this woman means, who stands before him in her homely dress, the neatness of which cannot conceal how faded and poor it is: who stands before him as a queen might, rejecting a subject's petition.

"Is it possible," he says hoarsely, "is it possible you can deliberately and of yourself, doom yourself to the narrow life upon this barren

rock ?

She does not answer. It is useless to say he left her to it, until now, at the end of all these years, it suits him to find out its utter unbearableness. It is not for her to go back over the past. Only, as to the future—

"And so you see," she says, ' that all you can do for us now, is just to leave us to ourselves."

"You are hard—hard! It is not in you to

forgive."

"Yes." The face she lifts in the sunset-light, is very still again. "To forgive, yes. To forget: that is not just the same. There is no future separate from the past: the bitter waves

flow upon us from behind, however we may make sail—"

She is looking out to sea, across the islet margin as she speaks; and a white sail, like a hovering sea-bird, flickers in the golden sunset.

Lawrence's eyes have followed hers. He says, not without some effort:

"Yet the tide turns, the past ebbs away; the future is all ours then: and where is your philosophizing?"

"Was I philosophizing?"—very wearily. Her face has grown whiter. She puts up her hands with sudden entreaty. "What is the use of words between us twain? Words can alter nothing. All that you and I can do for one another now, is to part without another bitter one."

"And the child?"

"The child knows nothing. Let her come back to me, after her one glimpse of your gay world, knowing nothing still. Ah—" she cries out—"do you not think I know her better than you? I who have borne her in yearning pain on every beat of my heart, these more than eighteen years? Shall I not save her from herself—at last? She is strangely like you! strangely like you."

A dark flush is in Conway Lawrence's face, a dark fire in his eyes. But he manages a cool

and easy tone:

"So, after all, we are not to part without the bitter word? Is it the last, Portia? Can you say good-bye, at least?"

"Good bye." She has covered her face with her hands: she may not have seen his extended

toward her.

It falls to his side: he turns sharply away; though not without a dark and warning look at Fraser.

Fraser sees it, but not heeding. All he heeds, is that swaying, storm-swept form of the woman before him, who, even as he looks, and as the clash of the fir-branches tells her of Lawrence pushing his way back through the thicket, sinks upon her knees.

" Portia-"

She does not lift her head.

"You will not make it harder for me, Aleck."
"Not harder, Gcd knows. God knows that
if I could do anything—"

"Yes. You can leave me."

There is one long moment of silence so utter, that through it the tinkle of the brook sounds portentously loud; and a little gray groundsparrow with a flick of its white tail feathers swings to a low fir, and pours out its gay, clear-throated melody, as if there were no human pain nor grief within range of it.

Then Fraser stirs. Just to come a little

nearer—though so far forever!—to put his hand gently on the bowed head of the woman he loves, has always loved.

" Portia, good-bye."

The bowed head sinks lower and lower.

"Good-bye-God bless you, Aleck Fraserforever."

Forever. He knows it is the last word, as he turns from her, putting out his hand blindly as one who gropes his way: and leaves her kneel-

ing there.

In silence, for a long, long time. And then at last she lifts up her drawn white face from her hands, and lets her dazed eyes wander over the empty, tranquil space, where the slow sunset is drawing away its level beams.

She throws back her head with a low, panting cry, reaching out her empty arms:

"Mary-Mary!"

#### CHAPTER IX.

"She was so young, she knew not love, But blushed for joy, as flowers do When winds blow warm."

"MARY! Mary!"

No echo of that sobbing voice reaches the girl: though echoes travel wonderfully far about this bay of Passamaquoddy, giving long answers back, like any Irish echo. But there is nothing in little Mary, responsive to the mother. Her face is as bright as the sun that shines upon this holiday of hers: upon the blue waters of Pleasant Point, and its barren green slopes.

Barren, that is, save of the wild grass and scattered brown-gray weather-beaten houses, hardly to be distinguished in color from the gray-brown rock that tops the slope, surmounted by its tall iron cross, bearing a small cross upon either arm. The white church, in front of which the white saint stands as if inviting to enter, is pathetic in its neat and careful contrast to the uncared-for houses about it. Mary, pausing on the threshold, casts one glance over Kitty's shoulder, at the interior, where the Stations of the Cross teach the one lesson, the highest which red man or white can strive to comprehend.

But at that one glance, Mary Morgan has vanished, as if it were a spell to banish her.

Drummond who has seen her start, and sudden shrinking movement, follows her, thinking how tender and impressionable is the nature which shrinks from brushing lightly, as it were with a flutter of holiday garments, against holy things. While Mary, in her flush of triumph as he joins her on the roadside, walks on for a moment in a fluttered silence, which he, watching the color waves on her cheek, ascribes to the scene from which she has but just withdrawn herself.

It is not the girl's fault: nor can one charge her with hypocrisy. It is not her doing, that the sea-wind loosens her shining hair, until it floats like an aureole about a face all sweetness and light. She has but to lift those dewy eyes shyly under the long lashes, to wile away a man's heart—Well, if not his heart, then his fancy: which, as the poet tells us, "lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Kitty, looking on, says to herself it is no wonder: if Max Drummond sees how fair and altogether lovely the girl is, he sees no more than does Kitty herself. If Kitty's eyes grow suddenly dark with pain as she looks, she keeps it bravely to herself. No one sees them: unless the beady black eyes of an Indian baby rolling in the grass; who puts up his lip when Kitty stoops over him, and will hardly be pacified by the handful of small coins she flings into his lap, as she turns hastily away. Drummond misses the shower of coins: but he sees little Mary going down on her knees softly beside the child; and he fancies the girl's face is the spell that charms him from his crying, as he stares up at her, the chubby brown hands closing over the coins so promptly, that they must already have learned their use.

"Allego pielasquasis," says an old head-kerchiefed squaw to her husband, who stands shap-, ing a toy canoe in the door of their cabin, while she on the doorstep is busily plaiting a many colored basket, woven in and out with sweet-

hay.

And "allego pielasquasis," Max Drummond repeats to little Mary Morgan, when she will know what the soft, long-drawn-out syllables are. That they mean "pretty maid," which he guesses by means of cross-examination of a broken-English speaking Indian girl standing stolidly by, he does not tell Mary Morgan in words indeed: but she is quick enough to read it in his eyes.

He does not me in her to read even so much as that. He has laid it upon himself to show Kitty, so clearly that there can be no mistaking, not only that he is grateful for her helping hand in extricating little Mary this morning from her difficult position at Herring Cove: but that contradictorily enough, there was no difficult position at all. A word would make Kitty understand: but it is strangely difficult in these days, to get a word apart with Kitty. The blessed Kitty, firm and steady as a rock: a little hard, perhaps, and with some rough edges—

The edges are sufficiently sharp to make him wince a little, when he does succeed in—as he might have expressed it—getting hold of her. It is when they all climb the hill together to the quaint graveyard on its high grassy slope, signed and sealed as it were by the tall cross on the rock outside. Kitty, leaning her elbows on the fence, and looking in dreamily at the rude crosses—so simple and yet meaning so much for the poor faithful souls whose names they record without a word of comment—starts, and looks round uneasily, as Drummond comes and leans beside her.

"What is it, Kitty Clover? You are looking in as though all your own especial friends lay there before you."

She throws off her mood with a half laugh, which Drummond does not see is forced.

"On the contrary, I am thinking that a certain personage who is generally disappointed in looking through graveyards for his own, might take heart in this one. Who can say but the wicked might be lying here: since there are no truthful epitaphs proclaiming all the virtues? Only, I suppose the crosses bar off that certain personage from these precincts? But see those red stained-sarcophagi, would you call them? -and the Agnus Dei painted in the halo, on that large one which seems to be a sort of receiving-vault, or-oh yes, Aunt Fanny, I am coming!" the girl cries out, raising her voice, letting her arms fall from the fence-rail, and moving away, as she becomes suddenly aware that Max Drummond and she are standing quite apart from the others.

Mrs. Drummond is mounted on a rock some yards away, facing seaward, a white kerchief fluttering in her hand.

"But she's not beckoning to you," says Max, with a short laugh. "She is only indulging in that propensity of waving to boats, which is inherent in the human breast. Yonder comes the steamer by, from Eastport. Oh now, Kitty Clover, let Aunt Fan alone. She doesn't want you; and I do. It is good to have an Aunt Fan, no doubt: only not to have too much of her, if you will let me say so."

"Is it gude to be sib to siller?" Kitty questions, with a shrug. "It is not to the abstract aunt that I object, but to the silvered article. Aunt Fanny would be quite charming if she were quite poor. But being absurdly rich, she cannot see why she should not buy a small item of a niece, body and soul, together with any other trifling luxuries she may desire."

"It is your own fault Kitty, if you choose to remain under bondage, when you know that--"

"So you have told me before," she interrupts him with another shrug. "And so you would tell me again, perhaps: as it is written, an obstinate man does not hold his opinions, but they hold him. But you must not, Cousin Max," she says, forcing herself to turn a steady face round on him. "You have done your duty: don't do it again, that is all. Let there be no more questions of—of—anything but the old friendship."

"Kitty!"

"Kitty!"—"Miss Carey!"—"Kitty, you are coming in? There's a convenient gap in the fence here. You must come in and look where poor Lo lies."

The voices are rather flippant; but any voice is a relief to Kitty just now, breaking in upon her own. She moves forward obediently: but Max is at her side.

"Give me your hand, Kitty," he says, as she sets her foot on the low rail of the fence.

His voice is hoarse and low: his face as she gives one startled look up into it is full of meaning.

But Kitty sets hers like a flint; and springs down lightly from the rail, putting her hands out of the question by clasping them behind her, as she brushes through the grasses. The next instant she has plunged into the midst of the group; talking and laughing perhaps over-excitedly for the still place, because she would drown to her own ear Max Drummond's voice, which somehow manages to reach her indistinctly, low though he is speaking to Mary Morgan at his side. For if Kitty bluffs him off, why should he avoid the child? he says to himself, angrily.

Mary gives an unaffected shiver, as she stands in the deep grass of the hillside, and glances round about her, at the strange graves which have their reminiscence of savagery, and the ravages of wild beasts, in the great stones heaped upon the mounds, in lieu of turf. But the grasses spring up in the crevices; the sweet pale "twin-sisters" throw a trail of living green across; and daisies and buttercups shine out through them, thick enough almost to gild the tiny wooden cross of "Sosan Lolar," or that which bears the one word "Toma" slanting to decay.

Mary puts out a little, ungloved hand to straighten it. It is a gentle impulse habitual to her, to give aid or comfort where it costs her nothing: just as the flowers shed their sweetness willingly on every passer-by. Max Drummond sees it: and he draws her away from the place.

"Let us go down by the sea. Meditations among the graves are for Old Mortality: not for an ever-young mary-morgan, who belongs to the immortals."

It makes no difference what he says to her, by this time: the tone and the glance give unawares their own interpretation to his lightest words. Mary glances up at him furtively, from under the shade of her broad hat, as she trips on beside him. Tripping indeed now in the long grass beginning to be dry and slippery; so that Drummond has to give her his hand to steady her in the descent.

"That is a fairy-ring," she says, as she balances herself safely, with his help. "You know, as a good Welshwoman, my dear old granny is deep in the lore of the little people. They charm furniture out of houses, and men into morasses—"

"The Slough of Despond," says Drummond, more than half seriously. "The Welsh fairies are given to roaming, I am afraid. The least of the harm they can do, is to charm furniture out of houses: at least hereabouts, where it is scanty enough. But there is a movable piece of furniture in every man's breast—"

"Too movable, perhaps," says little Mary, looking up at him with unconscious eyes. She is standing on a jutting rock above him, the soft gray folds of her dress—[Kitty's dress, which she insisted upon shortening for her, on seeing the great jagged rent in the green gown—] fluttering about her. She puts up her

hand hastily. "Listen,—the little gray groundsparrow:

'See, see, see! it's fog, it's fog, it's fog! See, see, see.'

That is what I often think it says, at home, when there is nothing to see but fog."

She might be a little gray ground-sparrow herself, so small and swift, and mocking so the clear piercing song. Just so light of heart and gay, and ignorant of the thoughts that may be throbbing through and through the man who touches the cool small hand, who looks down into the frank, soft eyes.

Her face is a poem, Max Drummond thinks for the second time: a poem easily read, like those old-time pastorals all of love and nature.

And so they go down the hillslope together, toward the sea: Mary still stealing now and again a hidden look up at his bent face; reading it as he would have been startled to know.

The result of the girl's sidelong glances, is a certain determination of the question which has been puzzling her all day. Why should you go on tacking and ratching, as Dad would say, when wind and tide are against you? If wind and tide: i. e., Maxwell Drummond's somewhat fitful will, and the steady current of chance—head her on a certain course, what use to try to steer out of Kitty Carey's way? or even to think of that visitor who must be at this moment at White-Rock? To what purpose?—for what purpose? The latter, she confesses, has been puzzling her from the beginning: the former

she answers by another furtive, fluttered glance at Drummond. For a lover, how much the more desirable of the two this is! Indeed, she cannot figure Mr. Lawrence to her own mind in that light at all. She turns from the enigma, and gives herself up to floating with the current,—only perhaps just putting in an oar now and again, to steer as she thinks best.

Literally speaking, she is steering now: she has the tiller in hand, and Drummond has put up the sail of the pleasure-boat in which some three or four of the party had come up the bay from Eastport, instead of taking the circuitous seven miles' drive from the bridged end of that

island, round to Pleasant Point.

Mary has clambered into the boat, tired of rambling about the Point, and not caring to join or be rejoined by the others. And when Drummond has taken his seat opposite, on the thwart, she brings back her eyes from their faraway gaze over the blue water, and proposes that he should sail out, just a little way over, nearer to Deer Island.

If with that lovely up-look the girl had proposed just then to sail to the other side of the Atlantic, it would have been difficult for Drummond to do anything but just follow her leading. He does it obediently now: pushing off the boat, and skimming over the rippling blue, as if the two were alone in the world afloat, and it did not matter what the world ashore might do or say or think.

The sail fills fitfully; and Mary drives Max Drummond's knife into the mast, as a spell to summon the wind. She looks so charming as she does it, that Drummond is not surprised that the wind comes to her as bidden, and presently begins to swell the flapping sail.

As the wind comes, the fog—which has been shifting in and out about the lower bay, almost ever since the holiday-makers left it this morning—comes sweeping suddenly in across the low old-time carrying-place of the Indian canoes, rearward of Moose Island; and blotting out Pleasant Point as utterly as one may wish to blot out any unpleasant point in memory.

Perhaps, indeed, it is a point in memory, that Mary Morgan does wish to blot out. If so, the fog, a kindly deus ex machind—a providence which, as Mary feels, may be held responsible for much that happens in the Passamaquoddy—has come aptly to her aid. If Mr. Drummond

could forget!

He has forgotten: leaning with his elbow on the gunwale beside her; looking at her. The dark lashes seem so safe to rest over the soft eyes—

When she lifts them, she surprises that look in his, which sets her heart to fluttering, and the pink flush to flickering in her cheeks. Max Drummond promptly drops his gaze. But he does not much improve matters, by letting it fall on the small hands clasped round the tiller, and muttering an indistinct something about drifting on thus forever: on and on, aimlessly.

Little Mary just manages to keep back the smile which sets the dimples to twinkling in and out about the demure mouth. Aimlessly, he says! when her hand holds the tiller!

But how much does she know, of what she is doing? After that one swift glance behind her, which shows her the mist creeping in to separate the Sea-foam from the party ashore, she does not turn back again to look, lest Max Drum-

mond should follow her glance.

The fog loves this bay of Passamaquoddy. It does not like to bury it deep under the thick gray pall which may perhaps be flung over Grand Manan outside; but it clings to it, and lays soft white touches about it, making a changeful dreamland out of it. The southeast wind has filled the lower bay with the light drifts: then veered toward the west, leaving the drifts to shift for themselves on any capricious current. They have done that now, by thrusting themselves in behind the Sea-foam, merging with the water, and so drifting toward the boat: now stopping short, with a slender black line sharply drawn, and bright blue freshening water, where the dense wall shuts in beyond.

For now it is all fog. Its chilly breath reaches Max Drummond, and startles him awake, out of the dream in which Mary Morgan has been holding him.

The fog! He makes no exclamation: but Mary sees he is not listening to her now. His face has grown as blank as the sea, as the sky, as the whole vapory world in an instant thickening about them.

Mary has let go the tiller; and the boat wavers uncertainly, the sail flapping heavily.

Which way are they facing now? That one veering instant is enough to make the question unanswerable.

But neither Drummond nor Mary is at first aware of that. He is giving the Sea-foam her head in the freshening wind: the fog cannot yet have so hemmed them in, that they should have the smallest difficulty in retracing their way to Pleasant Point.

But changeful wind, and the flood-tide beginning to sweep in, and the fog that lifts a dark range here, a high peak there, a dark hint of an island where no island is,—all these agree to trick and baffle the Sea-foam. Max Drummond has no clear idea where he may be: until suddenly with a low cry, Mary leans forward and catches his arm.

"But what is that?"

"The whirliepools!—the whirliepools!" she gasps, white to the lips.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### A RACE FOR LIFE.

BY ISADORE ROGERS.

THE following truthful account of a ranchman's adventure will help the reader to understand some of the perils attending the settling of new territory and the heroism required in the constant transformation of the wilderness into fertile fields and flowering gardens, which the sons of the West are ever carrying forward. Uncle Sam, you are a generous old fellow, the very best father to your children of any in this universe, I verily believe; but when you give one hundred and sixty acres of land to one of your boys, in the shape of a homestead under existing laws, he has earned it-in hardship, privation, and actual labor-long before he has changed it into a productive farm, although it, in addition to his own industry, eventually places him among the ranks of the independent and well-doing. And you are a

wise and far-seeing patron, for your generosity to the pioneer constantly butters your own bread, while it gives homes to the homeless and employment to the industrious.

Among the pioneers engaged in the laudable enterprise of bringing Kansas to the very front in point of wealth and cultivation are Messrs. Haney, Good & Smith, who have started a cattle-ranch in the southwestern part of the State, about twenty miles from the Territorial line.

As I have told you before, the Cherokee Strip, lying along the southern border, is uninhabited, except by scattered bands of cow-boys; consequently, game of all kinds thrives and increases with great rapidity, and savage animals attain enormous size.

The pioneer often becomes careless or incau-

tious concerning the dangers which often beset his way, even to the extent of neglecting to provide for his personal safety, especially after a long period devoid of adventure has lulled him into a state of fancied security, from which he is suddenly roused by a lesson similar to that received by Mr. Smith, and never allows himself to venture very far without means of defense thereafter.

This gentleman had ridden out several miles from the ranch on horseback and been detained until after nightfall, and was returning over a broken tract of country, varied by deep canons, towering bluffs, and level glades, with mind more intent upon the profits of the coming season than the dangers that might beset his way.

He was passing the entrance of one of those gloomy cafions so numerous in this portion of the country, when suddenly his horse stopped short with a snort of terror, and stood still for a moment, trembling in every limb. The rider had scarcely time to question the cause of this strange behavior, when the appalling shriek of a panther, only a few yards distant, startled him to a full realization of impending danger.

The horse sprang to one side, unluckily striking against a rock, falling down and dismounting

his rider.

To add to the desperation of the situation, Mr. Smith was entirely unarmed. The revolverbelt, usually worn as a part of a ranchman's dress, had been laid aside as an unnecessary part of his attire, and he had not even a hunting-

knife with which to defend himself.

The horse struggled frantically to his feet, plunging desperately to free himself from the firm hand upon his bridle; but, with steady self possession in this trying moment, the man succeeded in re-mounting, but not a moment too soon. The panther had already crouched for a spring, and the frightened horse had scarcely cleared the spot with a frantic bound, when a strong, agile form vaulted into the air and the panther came down in the tracks vacated scarcely an instant before.

Then began the race for life. With every nerve and muscle quickened by terror, the frightened steed bore his rider along the trail with almost flying speed; but the panther gets over the ground with most appalling rapidity, and, with a shriek of rage and disappointment that fairly curdled the blood in the fugitive's veins, he gathered his strength for energetic pursuit.

Only a very short distance lay between them, and Mr. Smith knew that the chances of escape were desperate indeed. His sole dependence lay in the strength and endurance of his horse, and even the very rate of speed which constituted his only hope involved its perils. A stumble,

a misstep, a depression in the path, anything that should cause a moment's delay or slackening in this desperate flight, would bring the savage beast upon him in merciless and deadly onset.

Mr. Smith is a brave man, but his heart beat with heavy, suffocating strokes as the horse struggled up steep hillsides and dashed down abrupt declivities, with the panther every instant in mad pursuit, now too eager and determined in the chase to waste breath in those horror-inspiring cries which will check in terror the beating of the stoutest heart.

The horse began to show signs of exhaustion; his breath came in rapid gasps, and the foam gathered and dropped from his panting sides, and the rider knew that he could maintain the present rate of speed but a few minutes longer, but with a few more bounds he dashed up to the gate leading into the corral and would have stopped had not the rider urged him forcibly against it, breaking it down and passing over it into the inclosure restraining the cattle.

The panther was right after, still in undaunted pursuit, and would certainly have overtaken the tired horse and the daring rider, had not his attention been attracted by easier game. Urging the steed to a desperate and final effort to reach the ranch cabin at the opposite side of the corral, Mr. Smith rode past a cow that stood near the way. Scarcely ten feet lay between them, when there was a mad bellowing of pain and terror, and the ranchman knew that his life had been saved only by an attack upon the stock instead of himself.

A moment later the horse paused at the door of the cabin, panting for breath and trembling in every limb, while the rider, scarcely less excited, shouted to those within, who, already wakened by the commotion outside, were hastily dressing.

"Why, what's the matter, Smith?" they asked, as the light of their lanterns flashed upon the foam-covered horse and the white face

of their partner.

"Get your rifles, quick; there's a panther in the corral; he's followed me for more than three miles; make haste and don't let him get away to try it again," said Mr. Smith, hurriedly.

Quickly seizing their rifles, the boys followed, while Mr. Smith led the way with a lantern in one hand and a revolver in the other.

They found a cow struggling in her dying agonies, with the flesh upon her shoulders cut through and through, as if every one of those powerful claws had been a knife, while the cruel fangs were tearing and devouring at her throat. He uttered a savage growl as the men came up, but did not seem inclined to quit his feast for any slight disturbance, but a couple of rifle-balls lodged in his body soon caused him to relax his hold and execute a series of energetic bounds into the air that warned the men to keep well out of his way.

They could not repress a shudder as they thought how nearly their companion came to being torn in pieces by that enormous beast, for the appearance of the cow demonstrated the fact that one successful spring would place any man beyond the reach of all earthly aid.

"It was the most exciting race in which I ever participated," said Mr. Smith, with a long-drawn breath, as they examined the keen, sharp claws protruding from feet about the size of a man's hand.

"And you didn't have so much as a revolver with which to defend yourself?" asked Mr. Good.

"No," replied Mr. Smith, apologetically, "I didn't like to be encumbered with those heavy six-shooters every time I left home."

"You mean that you were going to stop at Squire Grover's and didn't want to look dangerous," said Mr. Good; "but really now, Smith, this kind of business won't do, and since you've seen just what an animal of this kind can effect when he gets after game in dead earnest, let me entreat you, by all the regard that you have for yourself and the rest of us, not to venture among these cañons after dark again with the impression that you can outscratch a panther with a pair of spurs and don't need your six-shooters. And don't stay so late next time, but consider how much better it will be to come home before night and live to go again."

And, in fact, Mr. Smith had about the same impression before receiving his partner's lecture.

# FAITHFUL BETTY.

BY EARNEST.

LL actual heroes are essential men, and all A men possible heroes," says Mrs. Browning, and her words apply to women as well as to men; yet you would hardly have looked for a heroine in plain Betty-Mrs. Lamar's "maid of all work." She went about her work so quietly and simply, one seeing her seldom would hardly have thought of her at all, though even a careless observer must sometimes have been struck by the exquisite neatness of all she did, and her faithful devotion to all the family, which numbered but three-Mr. and Mrs. Lamar, and their little daughter Una-but when I tell you her story, as Mrs. Lamar told it to me when I visited there last summer, you will not wonder that I call her a heroine.

Mrs. Lamar and I had been room-mates at the "old Normal" in N—, and a lasting friendship grew up between us. We graduated the same day, and then she went to her home, and her work as a teacher in a flourishing little city in Ohio, while I stayed in N—, a teacher also. Five years later I acted as her bridesmaid, and saw her start out with her noble young husband for their home in Northern Michigan, where Mr. Lamar was to superintend the building and running of some large mills. Her letters told me of a very happy home, shadowed only by the death of their first-born, beautiful three-year-old Karl. I knew that his death had been very sudden and unexpected, but I had never

heard the particulars about it until this visit, which was my first one to them.

It was the morning after my arrival that I first saw Betty. Mrs. Lamar and I were sitting in her pleasant morning room, when some one tapped softly on the door, and in answer to her "Come in," Betty entered carrying a bunch of beautiful flowers in her hand. She gave us a respectful greeting, then crossed the room to where a life-sized painting of the little Karl hung, and began arranging her flowers in a vase which stood on a pretty bracket just beneath the picture. Something in the girl's face and manner caught my attention, and I watched her with much interest while she fixed her flowers, and then stood for a minute looking almost worshipfully into the beautiful pictured face. It was as if she stood before a shrine, invoking the forgiveness and blessing of her patron saint. Morning after morning she came in the same way, always bringing fresh flowers, always standing as if in devotion afterward. On the table under the picture the mother kept flowers, which I knew were put there with a thought of her lost darling, but only Betty touched the vase on the bracket. I wondered much to see her, yet asked no questions, for I feared to awaken sad memories. One morning-it was the tenth of June-as Betty left the room, Mrs. Lamar's eyes followed her sadly.

"Poor Betty! she can never forget," she said,

as if speaking to herself, then she turned to me with, "It is just ten years to-day since our darling went away; shall I tell you about it, my friend?"

"Yes, if it will not grieve you too much," I answered.

"I have wanted to tell you," she said, "for I know you have noticed and wondered at Betty's devotion to his memory, but I cannot always trust myself to talk of that time. It was our first sorrow, and coming in the way it did, it was doubly hard to bear. You will remember our first home was a few miles out of the village near the 'big woods,' as they were called then, where Henry had charge of the 'Hardford Mills.' You know how happy we were, and when God sent little Karl to us, it seemed that there was nothing left to ask for. I took all the care of him until he was two years old, and then, as my work increased, I got Betty to see to him when I could not. She was an orphan with no one to love, and from the very first she seemed almost to worship the child. I could not wonder at it, for he was very sweet, with bright, winsome ways, which endeared him to all who knew him. Betty was only twelve years old then, but she seemed so faithful, so careful to please me, I felt no fear in trusting Karl to her, and they spent many happy hours out under the trees-my one restriction being that they should never go to the 'big woods' alone. Sometimes I went with them there, and I knew the place, with its great trees, its mosses and flowers, birds and squirrels, seemed like fairy-land to them, yet I was not afraid of their disobeying me. Many times since I have blamed myself for not remembering how easily children are tempted at times, and how their very merriment leads them on when they have no thought of being disobedient; but we were all so happy then, I could not foresee the dark cloud coming.

"One day I was particularly busy, and so taken up with my work I did not notice that they were out longer than usual. I could hear their voices every little while, as they called to each other in their merry play, but when, at last, my work was done, I remembered I had heard nothing of them in some time, and ran quickly out to find them. I went to the swing in the old oak, and from there to the orchard-brook, where they often played, but could not find them. I called, but no answer came; and, with a sudden fear in my heart, I ran as fast as I could to the mill, where Henry was, but he knew nothing of them. Then, indeed, we were alarmed. It was almost night, and, calling his men together, Henry told them of our fears and asked who would go with him in search of the lost children. Every

man was eager to go; little Karl often stayed for hours at a time with his papa there, and they all loved him.

"Just at the edge of the woods we found their footprints, but they were soon lost in the soft moss and grass, and there was nothing to guide us in our sad search.

"The men spread out in every direction, calling and halloing: but only the echoes answered them. I went with them for awhile, but my strength failed, and Henry carried me back to the mill-I could not go home-and left me there with the wives of the workmen, who had heard the sad story and came to stay with me. Hour after hour I waited there in suspense and fear, suffering agony such as no words can de-Sometimes I caught the gleam of a lantern in the distance, and started up with new hope, but only to see the light die away and know there was no news yet. Toward morning a terrible storm came up, which lasted the most of the next day; but the brave men did not falter.

"Oh! I cannot tell you of it all! God knows how I lived and bore it! The women crowded around me, doing all they could to help and cheer me; but what could they say? what could they do? Only God can help at such a time, and surely He must have helped me, or I could not have borne it. Once Henry came; but he could tell me nothing—only that they were doing all they could, and I must hope and pray.

"It was late in the afternoon when they found them huddled together by the side of a big rock. Betty had taken off her dress to cover our baby, and held him tightly in her arms, doing all she could to save him; but the poor little thing fainted away when one of the men lifted her up. Little Karl was in a sort of stupor. He was never very strong; but when Henry took him into his arms, he opened his eyes and knew him. 'I tout you'd tum, papa; we asked Dod to send you,' he said, faintly, and then was quiet.

"We took him home and did all that could be done for him, but it was of no avail. He lay unconscious all night, but just at surrise the next morning he stretched out his little arms, as if to meet some one, looked up at me, and said: 'Dood-bye, mamma,' as he always did when he went out to play, and was gone, with such a happy light on his little face I knew the angels were with him. Oh \(\mathbf{L}\) it was hard! so hard!' she sobbed, while my own tears fell fast in sympathy for her. I begged her not to tell me the rest, but after a little, she went on, speaking in the quiet tone of one who has learned self-control through great suffering:

"Betty was very sick for many days, and it was well for me that I had to think of and care for her. It was pitiful to hear her in her delirium, as she went over and over again that terrible night and day-sometimes talking soothingly to little Karl, begging him 'not to cry,' she 'would find mamma for him;' and then she would call out so imploringly to be forgiven for going into the woods. She would 'not let baby die, no! no! I did all I could to quiet her and make her well again, but when she knew baby was really dead, it seemed almost more than she could bear. 'I killed him, I killed him,' she would cry, with such remorse and pain the hardest heart must have felt for her. Child though she was, there were times when we feared for her reason, but youth triumphed at last, and she came slowly back to health and strength. Afterward she told me how it happened that they went to the woods. They were playing in the meadow when they saw a squirrel jump on the fence and run toward the woods. Karl wanted to catch it, and they ran on after it, both so excited and eager that they were away in the woods before they thought of what I had told them. Then they tried to turn back, but lost their way and wandered on and on until they could go no farther. When Karl was too tired to walk she carried him, until they came to the big rock where they were found. 'And then,' she said, 'the storm came and I just wrapped him up in my clothes and asked God to send some one to find us, but oh! it was so long and we were so cold and hungry! I tried to keep him for you, indeed I did, Mrs. Lamar!' she would sob, and I knew she had done all she could, and how could I make her sorrow greater by blaming her? She did wrong at first, but she did it unthinkingly, and afterward she acted nobly and unselfishly and tried in every way she could to make atonement. She never seemed like a child after that, and when Una was born I knew I could safely trust her to Betty's care, and she has proved herself a most faithful and devoted girl ever since; but she can never forget Karl. With the very first money she could save after her sickness, she bought the little vase and bracket and asked me to let her put them below his picture, which we had painted but a month before he died.

" Never since the day she put it there has her vase been empty. Summer and winter alike she brings her little offering, and I know she never stands there without a prayer in her heart. Even I, his mother, do not cherish the memory of our beautiful boy more tenderly than she does. She seemed to think I would send her away, that I could not bear to keep her after Karl died, but why should 1? It was, some way, a comfort to us to have her with us when we saw how deep and sincere her grief and repentance was, and our trust in her has been repaid in full and beautiful measure. She would lay down her life, if necessary, to serve me or mine, and, say what you may, I think our Betty is a heroine."

I thought so, too, and became much attached to the faithful girl before my visit ended. Lately Mrs. Lamar has written me of a worthy man who sought Betty in marriage, one with whom her happiness would have been assured, but nothing could induce her to go with him, though it was evident to all her heart pleaded for him. "My life belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Lamar, and they shall have it all," was her unchanging answer, and again I say, "Faithful Betty." Time will reward her.

# A JAPANESE FUNERAL AND FETE DAY.

By Helen H. S. Thompson.

JUST before sunset we wended our way toward one of those sacred inclosures overlooking Yeddo, called a Buddhist cemetery, to attend a Japanese funeral. Elaborate gateways of bronze, representing beasts, birds, and fowls, surround the inclosure, and in the centre stands a bronze pedestal surmounted by lofty pillars. Others at intervals supported shrines, and all about the sides of the cemetery were rows of lighted incense-sticks.

On the pedestal stood censers of burning incense and caskets of flowers. We had not long to wait for the procession, which was headed by two men dressed in white. These men carried white flags, and were followed by four others in white, each bearing a shrine, on which were placed bunches of flowers, baskets of oranges, cakes, and confections. Do they dream their dead will hunger on their long, long journey?

Then followed the priest, in a richly embroidered silk robe, with a large umbrella carried over his head, and a carved arm-chair borne behind him. Twenty men followed him, each clasping a white cloth, which was attached to the bier. This is carried by eight men in white robes, and is covered with a rich tinseled cover,

three feet square and as many high.

After this came the mourners in white silk robes and white, filmy veils. The bier was placed on a stand near the pedestal, and the priest took his seat in the carved chair, with the huge umbrella over his head, and in a low voice began to chant the funeral service. A small boy by his side joined in the chorus, and marked the different points by striking a bell. The priest then stepped forward to the shrine, rubbed the rosary between his hands, bowed, chanted prayers, put fresh incense on the fire in the censers, and threw a small bundle of ricestraw into the bier, on which was written the name and virtues of the dead. He then took his seat, while the mourners and attendants went through the same performance, and at last sprinkled water upon the bier. The priest then retired, and the people dispersed, the mourners and four bearers alone remaining to proceed to the dreadful place of burning. The tinseled covering was taken from the bier, which disclosed a cask something like a barrel, which contained the body. The burning-place is about twenty feet square, and inclosed with stones three feet high. Here the cask was laid upon two long stands, the heads taken out, wood and straw piled about it, and the whole covered with wet straw mats. Then the mourners came forward, and each with a lighted match set the fire. All then instantly retired, as if unwilling to witness the trying scene, save one attendant to watch the place till midnight. The mourners, however, did not go directly to their homes, but from the sad place of burning proceeded to a temple to pray to Buddha for their loved one. The next morning the teeth and bones of the dead were put reverently in a box and buried in the cemetery.

Our hearts ached with a nameless pain while we thanked God that our burial would not be like this: and yet their graves are watched with a care and tenderness unsurpassed by our own. Cups of water, rice, and flowers are placed over them year after year. Holes are drilled in the monuments, and hollow bamboo stalks set into them, in which rare plants are made to grow. Small basins are also drilled in the base to hold china cups for flower offerings. This indicates a delicacy of feeling rare indeed among heathen nations. The Japanese are flower worshipers, using them lavishly for feasts, holidays, weddings, funerals, and religious ceremonies; to make glad the children's hearts, and serve the innumerable purposes of fashionable and exquisite etiquette, so pronounced among the peoWhat better can be said of the heart of Japan? Instriking contrast to this ceremony we witnessed a curious street-scene in Yeddo a few days later, in celebration of some renowned soldier. The streets were gay and festive—huge conch-shells blowing, drums beating, and banners flying; branches of blossoming fruit-trees and tall pyramids of flowers adorned the streets; soldiers on foot and horse mingled with actors, tradesmen, guilds, and priests, with here and there the lagos—basket-carriages of the nobles—borne by poles on the shoulders of men.

The mixture of civil and military dress-tight trousers and the hakama skirts, flowing robes and bare legs, coats and mantles, boots and straw-sandals, helmet-hate and caps, bare heads, with shaven scalps or hair cut in foreign fashion—made up a nondescript style mirth-pro-

voking to the gravest sight-seer.

Huge banners were borne aloft or erected in the streets, hoisted on immense bamboo poles bearing heraldic designs, emblazoned with emblems of the genii of strength and valor. The parade-ground was lined with structures for the accommodation of thousands of spectators, representing the literature, science, art, and nobility of Japan, some in foreign dress and some in picturesque costume. Here, also, were lovely ladies and children, in rich and fanciful dress and beautifully decorated hair.

The procession was led by a monster dragon's head, cut in metal and held by a base, carried on the shoulders of men on long poles, heralded by a banner on wheels. The Japanese describe the dragon's head as having the horns of a deer, the forehead of a horse, ears like a cow, nose like the swine, with streaming hair, bristling mustaches, and a lip dreadful to behold. The dragon is chief among the symbolistic creatures of Japan, and is well-nigh omnipresent. It is found carved on tombs, temples, dwellings, and shops; printed on pictures, books, and musical instruments; engraved on money, and in high relief on the bronze temple-fronts, though oftener it has the entire body, shape, and scales of a fish. It is the only animal in Japan that wears hairy ornaments on the upper lip, and is invested with great powers. As the dragon is called the most powerful animal in existence, the robes of the emperor are called "dragon robes," his body "the dragon body," his countenance "the dragon countenance," his wrath "the dragon's wrath."

But this is a long digression from our streetscene. The vast procession, some five miles in length, passed under arches of blossoming camellias, azalias, and chrysanthemums, dragging immense images of idols and curious, fan-shaped designs of mythological and military significance. Barrels of saké—the national beer—and barrels of cooked rice, with other provisions, were in waiting for the crowds of people beneath the roofs. Yet there is little drunkenness in Japan,

it being punishable with death !

Thousands of people visited the cemetery that day called the Sho-kon-sha (soul-beckoning rest), to carry their floral offerings and listen to the martial music; while thousands more, after refreshments served on the parade-ground, reassembled to witness the display of fireworks. The colors are black, white, and yellow, and, by some curious necromancy, were made to appear like a teakettle evolving a badger, a cat running after mice, a man smoking a pipe, from which issued a fox, a hideous dragon spouting fire, a cuttle-fish sailing with outstretched suckers, and a monkey blowing soap-bubbles. Everybody was happy, and went home with their baskets of charming little picnic dishes, in size not far from an American child's toy-set.

A large share of this day was spent by us in the shops, among the toys and wonders of Japanese art. Here are miniature men and women, looking so natural that one watches to see them move and breathe; mimic birds and fishes; and there is a mouse which is prepared to spring if you touch it. Here is a carved agate-flower, a marvel of beauty and art, and there, a bit of ivory carving which more than rivals the far-famed Switzer's work—one must needs study it half a day with a microscope to learn all its wonders.

In it is a terraced mountain-side, with arbors, cottages, and gardens, a lake, bridges, boats, and fishermen at their work. In another building we found thirty kinds of musical instrumentsone a harp with eighteen pipes, which is held and played like a flute and can be put into a box three inches square. In the next we find clocks in every form, and specimens of bronze as fine as the world produces; also large steel mirrors equal to plate-glass. Just beyond there are silk and satin goods of wonderful design, velvet cloths inwrought with gold, and gold cloths too heavy for wear. Across the street we find a picturestore. These pictures are on silk, and impress us as most wonderful and unique, as well as indicative of a vast amount of patient skill. They comprise all possible scenes and objects, among them a picture of the death of Buddha on a groundwork of silk twenty feet square, wrought with the finest silk in perfect arrangement of colors. This represents the saint on his side in the repose of death and a hundred of his pupils grouped about him in every attitude of grief.

Space would fail me to speak of the richly embroidered robes, tapestries, and books bound in gold, old armor, exquisite china, and rare curios in bronze, choice hangings, mattings, confections, and tools in every trade. Yeddo is a bewildering city, and many chapters would not suffice to tell of the scenes in this strange, dark

capital.

## IN CICERO'S VILLA.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

BOUT twelve miles to the east of Rome, A across the Campagna, on the slope of the Latin Hills which form, as it were the framework of the landscape and which now sparkle with the villas of the Roman nobility, who resort there during the heats of the summer and autumn months, rises the roofs of the modern Italian town Frascati. The terminus of the railway which connects it with Rome is in the plain a mile below the town. About two miles beyond Frascati, and almost at the summit of the hill that rises above it, is the site of the ancient city of Tusculum, the arx or fortress of which crowned the top. It is one of the loveliest spots in Italy and one of the most interesting. In fact, it would be difficult to find a spot richer in historical associations. The ground in the vicinity constituted a part of Cicero's famous Tusculan villa, and at no great distance are the remains of the very mansion he once inhabited. A lovelier walk than that which leads to the spot can hardly be imagined. The path winds with a continuous ascent through woods, and past villas and convents "bosomed high in tufted trees," until it strikes into a narrow road or country lane, paved with ancient polygonal blocks of flat stone. This is the identical road which led up in ancient times to Tusculum from the plain below, and along which Cicero himself must often have walked or been carried in his lectica to and from his country-seat and Rome.

One follows this lane half a mile, finally reaching a romantic spot, where are the remains of a small amphitheatre; and a little further on to the right, on a grassy platform jutting out on the southwest side of the hill and commanding a glorious view, is the site of the ancient villa. The property now belongs to the Aldobrandini family, and the present owner has

caused the ground to be excavated, exhuming chambers and pavements which one can see just as they were disinterred from their sleep of

ages.

With the old Roman love for agriculture and rural life, and that thrift which seems to have distinguished him, Cicero, early in life, purchased a large tract of land on this beautiful eminence and made it his principal residence. It had formerly been owned by Sulla, and the famous Dictator had laid out the grounds with a great deal of care. The neighborhood of Tusculum was a favorite resort of the old Roman nobility. On the declivity of the hill were scattered the villas of Cæsar, Catullus, Lucullus, Pompey, Crassus, Metellus, Brutus, Lentullus, and Varro, so that Cicero was in the midst of his acquaintances and friends.

The villa itself, with its white walls, Ionic columns, and roomy chambers, was designed by Cicero to resemble in miniature the Academy at Athens. He, in fact, was accustomed to playfully call it his academy, and he added to it a palaxitra, or exercise ground; a gymnasium (which perhaps was the same as the Academia), and a xystus, a colonnade or corridor, with open pillars like that which may still be seen on the south side of the Capitol at Rome, by the side of the modern road which leads up from the Forum to the Campidoglio. Cicero lavished a wast treasure on the building and ornamentation of his villa from first to last, and one can only wonder where all his money came from.

It was at this villa that the great orator and his friend Atticus passed many delightful hours together away from the noise and bustle of Rome, communing together on long themes and enjoying those conversations in retrospect of

which each might say to the other:

"I've spent them not on toys or lusts or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry—

Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine!"

We can almost see the two friends lounging together under the trees, discoursing upon art, philosophy, or politics, or lying in the shade of some oak or chestnut engaged in reading their favorite authors. How many pleasant summer afternoons the Consul and his children—"the honey-sweet Cicero" and his little Tullia, or Tulliola, as he often calls her—played on this hillside; and here often at the evening hour Cicero and his wife, Terrentia, walked along the road, with the breeze from the Mediterranean fanning their brows and the radiance of the sunset flushing the scene with beauty.

The view from this point is exquisite, and ambraces many historic sites. To the north lies Tivoli-the ancient Tibur-with its memories of the early rivalries with Rome, its worship of Hercules, and the royal residence of Hadrian. To the south, over gentle swells and a succession of vineyards and orchards, towers the summit of the Alban mount, once covered with the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, the ancient sanctuary of the Latin tribes. The Alban Lake lies embosomed and hidden from sight in the intervening hills, but half way up the mountainside, where the picturesque convent of Palazzuola nestles among the orange-trees, is the site of the "white, long city" which Æneas founded and where Rhea Silvia lived. In the distance across the Campagna and right opposite glitters the walls, the roofs, and towers of Rome, beyond which are the blue waters of the Mediterranean. From his portico Cicero could thus enjoy the noblest and most interesting view that could be presented to a Roman and a Consul-the temple of the tutelary divinity of the Empire and the seat of victory and of triumph, the theatre of his glorious labors, the capital of the world-

#### "Rerum pulcherrima Roma!"

To have been in Cicero's days, to have seen the villa in its fresh beauty of marbles, frescoes, and paintings, to have entered the library and see the books he had collected, that would indeed have been a blessed privilege. If Cicero was anything he was a virtuoso by taste. In his letters to Atticus, he begged him never to lose an opportunity of picking up for him works of art to ornament his villa and grounds; and great is the joy he expresses at the arrival of a Hermathena - a double-headed bust of Mercury on a square pedestal-and he mentions statues and pictures from Megara, and figures of Mercury in Pentelic marble with bronze heads, some of which have been discovered and added to the treasures in the museum of the Vatican. He tells Atticus not to be afraid of the expense-it was his hobby ("genus hoc est voluptatis mea"), and he would take care to repay him.

But his great passion was a library. To add this to a house was, as he expressed it, to give the house a soul; and in nothing was he so urgent with Atticus than in entreating him to send him books, which of course in those days meant parchment manuscripts. Even the book cases he says gave him pleasure, when ornamented with the gay colors of the parchment covers, in which the preserved rolls were kept. He loses no opportunity to add to his collection, and when his friend becomes embarrassed in his fortune, he writes him on no account to part with his library, as he is putting by his savings so as to purchase as a resource in his old age. And what would we not now give to possess one

of those sets of manuscripts that were put on board a trireme at the Pirseus, and consigned to Cicero at his Tusculan villa?

It is hard to tear one's self from the place so sacred with the associations of that historic time. Everything about the spot speaks of the past, and even as the sweet bells of the convents and churches around us waft to our ears delicious music, and we observe the peasantry going up to pray, we picture to ourselves the ancient temples reared by another faith, and the children of old Rome going to pay their devotions in the same manner at the shrines of Juno or Ceres. Nor is there such a great difference after all.

We descend the hill on the other side from that we came up. There is an elegant road, bordered by old elms and chestnuts, running diagonally across the hill and bearing evidence, by some massive paving-stones which are intact in that place, of having been an ancient Roman highway and the eastern boundary of Cicero's property. We could imagine the Consul, accompanied by his lictors, slaves, and patrons, journeying along this highway borne in his litter, busily reading a parchment or looking about on

the magnificent panorama that lay in view. The outlines of the landscape to-day are very little changed from those on which he must have gazed.

Delightful haunt! As we look back upon the villa, we remember that it was the home he loved best, and that its memories are connected with the most pleasant portion of his life. All of its associations are happy ones. At Formiæ we think of his troublesome country neighbors and of poor Terrentia, who from there went away from the husband of her youth and the father of her children. It was there, too, where he was murdered by the emissaries of Antony, and a solemn, mournful air pervades the spot. But here at Tusculum the atmosphere is bright and breezy, the sunshine falls cheerily on the ruined chambers and fallen columns of the whitewalled villa and the still beautiful grounds. The difference is as wide as that between Cicero standing triumphant in the forum, the people crying, "Long live the Consul! long live the pater patrix," and Cicero lying mangled and headless in his litter among the garden-blooms by the seaside.

#### "HARRIT."

### BY ELLA GUERNSEY.

BROWN and dry, the tall grass rustled, stirred by the hot winds which swept the plain. The August sun shone bright and clear; not one small cloud gave promise of the rain so much needed and anxiously watched for by the new owners of the recently taken claims in the sparsely settled settlement.

I was lost, having ridden miles out of my way in returning from the supply-town, thirty miles distant, with my packages of sugar, coffee, tea,

and other needful groceries. Houses, or claim-shanties, were scarce and mere sheds, telling of discouragement, poverty, and homesickness within. Miles away I could see a cattle-corral. The houses were farther apart. I was beginning to feel tired and alarmed, as I

Many of the cabins were mere shelters for cattle-men, who kept "bach." Only a few hours of daylight remained, and my good pony was almost exhausted.

might not be able to find lodging for the night.

Suddenly "Bucep" pricked up his ears. We were nearing one of the large mounds which to the lover of hill and woodland country.

dot the plains, making a pleasing variety in the flat, level prairie-view, which becomes tiresome The full, musical tones of a woman singing,

"I puts my trus' in de bressed lam',"

aroused my curiosity, as I saw no house or human being very near.

The voice sounded louder and nearer. turned Bucep from the road and circled around the mound, to discover on the south side the quaint, tiny home of a solitary woman, an octoroon, clad in a combination of bright colors, evidently odds and ends of coarse fabrics, skillfully converted into a costume.

"I 'clar fer hit, yo' dun gib me a start, comin' aroun' so still like. Mouty few folks fin's me heah. Light from yo' pony an' go inter de house, while I 'tends ter him. I s'pects yo'll hab ter stay all night wid Harri't on 'count ob de rain."

"The rain?" I inquired, incredulously, looking at the cloudless sky.

"Yes, Missy, dar mus' be an end ter dis long drouf. Harri't spen' most ob de day prayin' fer rain, an' she hab de 'surance dat her pra'r will shorely be answered dis night. Go inter de house, while I tote de pony ter water."

Not much taller than myself was Harri't's

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house, a construction of canvas and rough boards, with a roof of poles and dry grass. Inside, all was coolness and comfort. Harri't soon came in, bustling and cheery, insisting upon bathing my sunburned face with soft water redolent with a pleasant perfume.

"I lobes ter wait 'pon de stranger. Don' yo' know de ole Bible-folks brought fresh water ter

de visitor ?"

Harri't brought a goblet of cool milk, with a saucer of blackberries, and wheeling close beside the open window a dilapidated arm-chair, then gently seating me in its capacious depths, bade me: "Eat'em—ebery one, honey," while she brushed my hair.

Harri't deftly brushed out my tangled locks,

softly singing, while I ate and rested.

Harri't's "gyarden" was gay with flowers rarely seen in a newly settled prairie country. Phlox, pinks, ragged ladies, bouncing Bettys, and sweet-flavored herbs were growing thriftily.

Across the way, under the shade of a cottonwood-tree, a neatly sodded flower-bed attracted

my attention.

"Yo's lookin' at dat leetle moun' an' wonderin' about hit, haint yo', honey?" queried Harri't, a tender light making beautiful her dark, expressive eyes. "Honey, dat am de las' restin'-place ob one who entered dis worl' in pomp an' splendor an' lef' hit widont one frien' 'cept ole Harri't, who dig dat grabe wid her own hands. Sech a sweet, pure soul, too tender an' weak ter b'ar de ups an' downs dat come ter mos' ob us, my little Missy gib up de struggle before she was bery old in y'ars.

"Bo'n ter an 'heritance ob great riches, de idol ob her Sourren parents, little Missy Gertrude spen' her young days in peace an' sunshine.

"Ole Marse hab, as we tought, a great plenty lef' arter de close ob de war, an' de gran' manshun warn't injured one mite. De colored people stay wid him, content ter work fer de wages he paid us.

"We 'most worship lille Missy Gerty. 'Pears as ef I kin see her now, runnin' from flower to flower, her yaller ha'r blowin' in a tangle 'bout her rosy face, an' her blue eyes larfin' at me.

"Her par an' mar were ob a high ole Virginny fambly, rale top crust, who went inter de bery gayest society, spendin' de summers at de Norren watering-places, an' de winters at Washington or Richmond, leabin' de chile in my keer. An' dar's whar de mistake was made. Dey were spectin' ter bring her out a belle an' beauty, who would gain 'em fine visitors, an' finally marry her to a grandee, while I was tryin' ter teach her ter shun pride an' high-headedness, jes' as de Book tells us ter do.

"She larn her French, Italian, music, an'

eberyting a lady should larn, an' de night she wor sebenteen dey gib her a gran' comin' out

"Arter I'd finished dressin' Missy Gerty in her robe of white watered satin, an' fitted on de leetle slippers, her par stepped inter de room ter take a look at her, as he was mouty critical 'bout de dresses ob his wife an' Missy.

"'Harri't, her ha'r doesn't quite please me.

Arrange hit a leetle lower, please.'

"Den comin' close to Missy, he tells her dat—
"She mus' do 'em honor an' credit, an' deport herse'f wid de dignity ob a queen; dat dey'd
spent a power ob money on her tryin' ter gib
her de bery best ob 'vantages, spectin' her to
shine in de gran' doin's at de Capitol.'

"'Neber forgit yo' am a Tyndall, an', Gretrude, ter night is jest de beginnin' of gayeties. In a few days we start fer Washington,' said Marse Tyndall jes' as he lef' de room.

"In lookin' fer a pearl ha'r clasp in a jewel casket, I let de box ob tiny pins fall to de floor, an' a photograph ob a hansum, wicked lookin' young gemman fell wid de pins.

"Missy picked up de picture—an' den struck me sharp on my cheek. Dat act warn't at all like her, an' hit hurt my feelin's powerfully. You see, I lobed her so dearly, an' she neber be-

fore spoke a cross word ter me.

"'I mus' say dis, Missy Gerty, ef yo' kills me, yo' has a secret, an' dat man is in hit. Ef yo' am a lobin' dat stranger an' puts yo' trus' in him, he'll lead yo' down to yo' deaf. Dem wicked eyes tells me what he is.'

"Missy was ravin' mad. No tellin' what she'd have said ter me, ef her par hadn't called her ter come down star's inter de recepshun room.

"I holped sarbe de supper, which was mouty cos'ly. When I had time I peeked inter de parlor, an' saw de man wid de wicked eyes.

"Oncet ole Marse came inter de dinin' room an' tell ole Miss dat Missy was actin' like a 'true Tyndall, an' he was proud ob her.'

"De guests dance until midnight, den march inter supper, Missy leadin' de way, hangin' on de arm ob a proud, high-steppin' Sourren gemman, her tongue runnin' libely like, cheeks a flamin' rosy red, an' eyes shinin' bright as a new pin.

"I couldn't understand why she was so different from de sweet, lobin' chile I had allers

known.

"Bout two o'clock Missy was missin'. We look an hour for her all ober de house an' grounds, not findin' her. Den ole Marse, dough mortified beyond my tellin', dismissed mouty perlite de guests, all ob dem curous bout Missy's whereabouts.

"Arter de house was quiet, he an' ole Miss

axed me ter go wid 'em inter Missy's dressin' room.

"'Does yo' know any'fin' 'bout dis outrage, Harri't?' asked old Marse, lookin' inter my eyes. "I was mouty glad to be able to answer trufe-

"'I doesn't, Marster.'

"And den he say:

"'I beliebe yo. Come, wife, let us get a little sleep before morning."

"He went out proud and cold lookin', but ole Miss jest broke down, follered him, cryin' an' callin' fer de pore child.

"Not one wink of sleep could I git dat night, my heart was so sore for foolish Missy Gerty. I tought Heaven help her ef she was wid dat stranger.

"Yo' sees, ma'am, hit was de same ole story dat's so often acted ober by foolish young gals. Airley de nex' day she sent ober a note, tellin' she'd married a pore man but a gemman. It ended by her axin' 'em 'ter not be too hard on deir only lille girlie.' Ole Miss screamed, 'most crazy ober dis 'fliction; Marster's face neber changed. Slowly he say ter de messenger:

"'Say ter de lady dat she hab entirely ruined our happiness foreber; dat myself an' wife will be homeless in a few days, an' dat we hab no desire ter eber look upon de face ob—Mrs. Raymond—Rochelle.'

"Arter dat Missy Gerty neber try ter come home, an' I learned dat her husband was her ridin' master. He soon tired of stayin' in Virginny, an' took his wife away wid him.

"Marster was busy tryin' ter straighten out his affairs an' preparin' ter move inter a leetle house, in de city ob Richmon', one hundred miles from de ole plantashun.

"Marster 'cused Missy ob ruinin' de fambly, claimin' dat her educashun cost sech a great amount, but more 'n one Tyndall had a hand in dat downfall. De extrabagant libin' had been goin' on fer y'ars, an' hit run inter my mind dat de rich lobyer dey was 'spectin' fer Missy Gerty mought not hab been willin' ter spend his money payin' up old debts for her par.

"Den de Western feber agertated de colored people, who lef' de Souf by de hundreds. I began ter long fer a home ob my own, dough my frien's who couldn't git away tried to persuade me dat 'twas foolishness fer a lone widder ter try settlin' in a new kentry. Dey prophesied dat I'd run through with my leetle airnin's, an' be lef' ter de marcy ob strangers.

"But somethin' urged me ter seek the promised lan', an' the spring of 1876 found me in dis new kentry, which looked mouty disheartenin'.

"Many ob my frien's wan'ered away ter oder spots, huntin' fer a lan' flowin' wid milk an' honey, not likin' the look ob dis raw prairie, whar dar was no house, no timber, no nuffin', 'ceptin' grass an' flowers.

"I was tired ob trabelin' an' settled right heah, choosin' on de souf side ob dis moun', buildin' my house close up ter hit ter break de force ob de win's which gedders great power as dey sweeps ober de plains. I 'pended on nobody ter build, plow, plant, an' reap fer me.

"Fer a few ya'rs I hab a lonesome time an' a hard battle wid poberty, but now yo' kin see fer yo'se'f how comfa'ble I has eberyting now.

"I beliebes dat de kind Father ob Marcies led me heah ter soothe de dyin' pillow ob Missy Gerty; but yo' haint heer'd 'bout dat yet. Now lis'en, while I tell yo' bout de strange way I foun' her.

"'Bout once in a ya'r I goes ter town ter lay in supplies, buyin' what I doesn't raise. Hit's a long walk, all ob thirty miles, an' de goin' an' comin' takes me a week. In 1878 I lef' dat task until September, one month later dan my usual time fer goin'.

"When I reached de town a brass band was playin'; I hadn't heard any music sence leavin' Virginny. De streets was crowded wid visitors watchin' fer de street parade ob de circus, de bery first one dat had visited dis new leetle town.

"I went straight ter de hotel, findin' de lan'lady 'most crazy wid de noise an' extra work, not a gal to help her, all ob de idle jades out seein' de show. Mrs. Leland grabbed my han' an' say:

"'Shorely, Harri't, de Lord send you heah ter day. Yo'll help me wid de dinner, won't yo'?'

"I was mouty glad to be able ter help her, an' she needed me bad enough, as de people had come from ebery direcshun ter see the circus, an' de hotel was runnin' ober wid guests.

"All day 't was nip an' tuck with us ter set before 'em plain dinners, dar was so many ob 'em ter eat. About four in de arternoon a man came in ter de kitchen huntin' hot water. I looked up oncet, 'most lettin' fall a dish of ham an' aiggs.

"'T was de man wid de black, wicked-lookin' eyes, fine as a fiddle, in his velvet suit.

"'Who-who-who was dat man?' I axed Mrs. Leland, arter he had gone out.

"'Dat am de great rider, Signor Raymon' Rochelle. His wife is up-sta'rs now. I think she is sick all de time an' dat he'd be glad ef she'd die.'

"I didn't wait ter hear more, but run upsta'rs an' hunted from room to room until I foun' lille Missy, who was lyin' on a bed, thin as a shadder an' clothed in filthy rags. "'O Mam'ny Harri't!' she cried, reachin' out her arms ter me, an' I cuddled her up in my ole arms jes' as I used ter, an' quieted her down. Den I laid her back on de bed, wiped de bloodstains from her blue lips, an' went ter de libery stable, engaged a horse, light wagon, an' driber ter take us—home.

"Mrs. Leland helped me git Missy ready fer de long ride. Den she fill de wagon wid packages o' delicacies an' groceries, enough ter last us sev'ral months. We made a soft bed fer Missy an' carried her down 'bout de time fer de night performance ter begin. We didn't want Signor Rochelle ter mistrust anythin' 'bout her goin', dough I knew dat he wouldn't trouble hisse'f ter hunt her up.

"'T was sun up when we reached my cabin; Missy Gerty was pleased as a homesick child

ter be wid me oncet moah.

"For days she jes' lay still an' rested; den she began ter improbe so fast, gained in stren'th, an' grew rosy an' plump, dat I built great hopes upon her gittin' strong an' well. Hit heartened me up wonderfully ter hear Missy's sweet voice singin' the old songs she larned at my knee; an' she had won'erful good luck with plants an' flowers, coaxin' 'em ter bloom when I

"I persuaded her ter write ter her par an' mar, an' sech a pitiful letter as 't was. I knew no human heart could resist sech lovin' words. I walked oncet ebery week, ten miles ter a neighbor's house, ter git de answer which we expected frum Virginny. At last a letter came, written in a strange handwritin', saying ole Marse an' Miss were both dead an' buried in the ole fambly cemetery.

"Missy Gerty gib one leetle heartrendin' cry; I reached out my arms an' folded her close ter

me, pattin' her lovin' like.

"O Harri't! do yo' tink dey forgabe me at de las'?' de poor chile asked,

"'It'll all be made clear; yo' hab truly 'pented ob yo'r disobejience. Don't look so mis'able, honey.'

"From dat day Missy failed fast. I had ter own ter myse'f dat she was soon gwine ter jine her lobed ones. I tempted her appetite wid leetle, dainty dishes, but'twas no use, she didn't keer fer 'em.

"One mornin' in May, when de pra'rie was bloomin' an' beautiful, an' de wild birds were twitterin' in de young orchard trees, I hurried out before sun-up ter pick strawberries fer Missy. She lay upon a low bed before de window, lookin' wid a queer look in her eyes at de golden clouds in de east.

"'Harri't, it's 'most de glory ob Heaben, an' minds me ob de streets ob pure gold,' said Missy, softly, pintin' ter de great bank ob shinin' clouds.

"Yes, honey, hit's-

"Ma'am, Missy was gone afore I could answer her, or lay down my sasser ob berries.

"I couldn't 'vent my tears from drippin' 'pon her dear, dead face, when I minded de joy an' hurrah her birth occashuned, an' de cos'ly robes Marse Tyndall tought wasn't fine enuf fer de heiress. An' dis same human bein' at de hour of her deaf mus' wear one ob my ole gowns.

"I didn't know whar ter git help. Neighbors were skurse. I was 'bleeged ter lay Missy Gerty in her las' restin'-place wid out 'sistance, an' I wanted her near me, as de dear chile seemed part ob my bery own se'f. I can't 'spress my lobe fer de pore lam'.

"I didn't weep long, fer I tought 'twas well wid her. Dat lille moun' am comp'ny fer Harri't, who's only waitin' ontil all de mysteries am

made plain.

"I'se seed Signor Rochelle ridin' in de circus sence Missy Gerty's deaf. He looked hansum' an' proud. When he brought in his leetle son dressed like a poppet, de fine ladies most went wild ober him.

"De lan'lady, Missus Leland, said de young gals sen' ter his room de beautifulest flowers, makin' his new wife jealous, an' most ravin' crazy, bein' hot tempered, an' not much like my Missy.

"I don' know dat he eber tinks ob her, dough he murdered her, an', I count hit, ole Marse an' Miss too. De law cla'rs him, an' he's prospered 'parently, in his wicked ways. But Harri't knows dars a day ob reckon'in', an' l'm afeared dars a dark time in store for Signor Rochelle.

"What dat? Rain?"

It certainly was a steady, down-pouring rain. "Didn't I tell yo' Harri't's pra'r 'ud be answered? Don't be skeered by de roarin' ob de win', a cyclone can't tech us in de shadder ob dis moun'. An' ef de coyotes come close ter de house makin' a curous noise, yo' mustn't min' 'em. I'se heerd 'em ontil dey are comp'ny fer me. Yo' sees, honey, I'se larned ter take tings as de Lord sends 'em. All dat Harri't kin do—is ter work an' trus' an' wait de time when all tings are made right."

# COLONEL TREMAYNE'S EXECUTOR.

MR. BOLD, the solicitor, found among the correspondence on his office-desk one morning a letter bearing an Egyptian postmark. It turned out to be a communication from a stranger, informing him of the death in the Soudan of a Colonel Ernest Tremayne, and reminding the lawyer that the will of the deceased was in his possession.

"Whittaker," said Mr. Bold, looking over his glasses at his confidential clerk, who at that moment entered the room, "there is a letter here—confound the man, why can't he write plainly? I can't decipher his name!—telling me of the death of a Colonel Tremayne, and saying that I have his will. Who was Colonel Tremayne? I don't recollect such a person."

"Tremayne! Tremayne!" repeated the clerk.
"It must be one of the Tremaynes of Newmarsh. There was a cousin or a relative who came here once on business, many years ago," added the invaluable Whittaker, brightening. "He was mixed up in an awkward gambling transaction, and the young man had to leave his regiment. He went abroad and entered some foreign service—"

"Oh! yes, yes! I recollect," interposed Mr. Bold; "but that must be many years back—ten or fifteen years."

"Fifteen, at least," acquiesced Whittaker.

"How about his will? Have I got it?" asked Mr. Bold.

"Yes. I'm pretty sure, now I come to think of it, that the will is in the tin box in the strong room, with the miscellaneous," said Whittaker.

The clerk left the room, in obedience to a gesture from his master, to search for the document, while Mr. Bold occupied himself with the remainder of his correspondence. After a short interval, Whittaker returned with a self-satisfied air, carrying a large sealed envelope in his hand.

"Aha!" exclaimed Mr. Bold, taking possession of it and glancing at the inscription upon it. "Will of Mr. Ernest Tremayne, eh! Dated sixteen years ago. Executor, Mr. J. Rosseter."

"He was mixed up in that gambling business, too," remarked Whittaker. "He left the army, I think, at the same time. He is about town still—quite the swell. I've seen him driving in the park."

"Captain Rosseter! Of course! I know the man!" exclaimed Mr. Bold. "I forget what I've heard of him, but I fancy his reputation is a little tarnished. So he is the executor, is he?"

"I think we had to sue him once, sir-not very long ago. A dishonored acceptance."

"Yes, yes; to be sure. Oh! a very doubtful character—quite an adventurer, in fact," said Mr. Bold, looking more and more scandalized. "I wonder what the will says?" he added.

Under the circumstances, he felt no scruple about opening the envelope and unfolding the will. After glancing at its contents, he said, aloud:

"He appoints his friend, James Rosseter, sole executor and trustee and guardian of his infant daughter. Everything to the child."

"Not much of an executor and trustee," observed the correct Whittaker, disparagingly. "A nice sort of guardian for a young lady."

"I'm afraid this is very serious, Whittaker," said Mr. Bold, looking perturbed. "I had entirely forgotten about this will, or I would certainly have suggested to the testator to make another. He made it when quite a young man—I recollect, now, his telling me his wife was just dead—without sufficient reflection as to the character of his friend. In those days, I dare say, there was nothing against this young Mr. Rosseter."

Mr. Bold pursed his lips ominously as he spoke. Whittaker, who seemed to share his master's uneasiness, added:

"No doubt, having lived abroad so many years, the testator heard no rumors about the Captain."

"It is probably another instance of that fatal habit of procrastination," said the lawyer, severely. "I dare say, if the truth were known, he never intended the will to stand. However, it can't be helped," he concluded, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I am nearly certain that Overland & Co. were poor Tremayne's agents. You might take my card and step down and see them, Whittaker. Possibly they may know whether there is any property and where the daughter is. You must also find out Captain Rosseter's address. I must write to him and ask him to call."

Mr. Bold was one of those old-fashioned, fussy, self-important practitioners, who are apt to assume a sort of paternal authority over their clients. He was inclined to be pompous and patronizing, and had grown accustomed to implicit obedience on the part of his clientèle. But, on the other hand, he was extremely honest and conscientious, and his main idea was to promote

the welfare of those who consulted him. The unearthing of Colonel Tremayne's will, which he had entirely forgotten, vexed him a good deal, for he accused himself of having neglected his client's interests in permitting the document to remain in its present form. He had, for some years past, heard rumors concerning Captain Rosseter, which he now considered he ought clearly to have brought to the testator's knowledge. It was true that he was not personally acquainted with the Captain, and could not vouch for the accuracy of the scandals that had come to his ears. But he knew Captain Rosseter to be an impecunious gentleman, addicted to betting and gambling, a club-lounger without visible means of subsistence; a loud-voiced, jovial, easy-going, dissipated person, of a type regarded by grave men of business with horror and distrust.

The old lawyer fidgeted a good deal during the day, nor was his uneasiness allayed by the report of his clerk of his interview with Messrs. Overland & Co. From these gentlemen he had learned that Colonel Tremayne had contrived to amass a considerable fortune during his exile, and had remitted home for investment from time to time sums amounting in the aggregate to nearly twenty thousand pounds. Whittaker could obtain no information regarding the daughter of the deceased man. Colonel Tremayne's agents recollected that they used, at one time, to pay for the child's schooling; but this was many years ago, and, at the present moment, they knew nothing whatever about the young lady.

"She can't be of age yet," remarked Mr. Bold. "My recollection is, that when the will was made the child was a baby. That was the

impression I gathered at the time."

"The young lady may have died," suggested Whittaker. "It doesn't follow that she is still alive because the testator did not alter his will."

"There is one thing quite certain," said Mr. Bold, with emphasis, "Captain Rosseter must not be allowed to have the handling of twenty thousand pounds. He must renounce, and the money must be paid into court, which will appoint a proper guardian."

"I don't think the Captain will care about renouncing," remarked Whittaker, ominously.

"He must," said Mr. Bold, in his most impressive manner. "If necessary, I must take a high hand with him, and insist upon it. I can't stand by and let this man get possession of the young lady's fortune. Did you find out his address?"

"Blenheim Club," responded Whittaker.

"Humph?" snorted Mr. Bold, seizing his pen.

However, he wrote a polite note to the Captain, informing him of Colonel Tremayne's death and requesting him to call on the following morning with reference to the will.

"I flatter myse!f that I know how to deal with a person of this stamp," he remarked, as he handed the letter to his clerk to be copied. "If he won't agree to the course I suggest, I shall take upon myself to move in the matter. I will not stand by and see this poor girl robbed."

Mr. Bold was very determined to have his own way, and he felt very little doubt that he would succeed. Consequently, when Captain Rosseter called the next day, he received him with an air of calm assurance and superiority which was calculated to lend weight to his counsels.

"Captain Rosseter," he said, a little stiffly, as his visitor seated himself in the clients' chair, "I want to have a chat with you about our poor friend's will. Had you heard of his death, by the way?"

"Yes," said the Captain, who seemed somewhat subdued and ill at ease in the presence of

the lawver.

"Ah! What was it? That dreadful climate, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Bold, quietly taking stock of his companion.

"Dysentery," answered the Captain, shortly.

"Dear me! Poor fellow!" exclaimed the lawyer, absently, as he unfolded the will with deliberation. "Now this is a very unsatisfactory document," he added, in a confidential tone. "To begin with, it is sixteen years old. Extraordinary that the testator should not have changed his views in sixteen years."

Mr. Bold glanced up at Captain Rosseter as he spoke; but the latter either had nothing to say, or else did not choose to commit himself to an opinion. He remained silent, and Mr. Bold instinctively mistrusted him the more on ac-

count of his reticence.

"By his will, made sixteen years ago," said the lawyer, meaningly, "the testator left everything he possessed to his daughter, and appointed you sole executor and trustee and guardian of his child."

The lawyer looked keenly at his companion as he made this announcement, and felt puzzled by his demeanor. The Captain hung his head for a moment, and then blew his nose violently. One would almost have imagined that he was sentimentally affected by the news. But the lawyer, being in a suspicious mood, was chiefly struck by the fact that Captain Rosseter studiously avoided meeting his gaze.

"I suppose the young lady, Miss Tremayne,

is alive still?" inquired Mr. Bold.

"Yes," answered the Captain.

"She must be nearly grown up," continued Mr. Bold.

The Captain nodded, but seemed by his manner to wish to change the subject. Mr. Bold noticed this at the time, and thought a good deal about it afterward.

"Of course, Captain Rosseter," said Mr. Bold, in his most convincing and authoritative tone, "you will not take upon yourself the responsibility thrust upon you by this will, which, no doubt, was never intended to stand."

"Why do you say that?" inquired the Cap-

tain, rather quickly.

"Well, frankly, Captain Rosseter, between you and me, do you consider that you are fitted to be a young lady's guardian? Excuse my outspokenness," added the lawyer, endeavoring to soften his remarks by smiling and showing his false teeth; "but really now, would you, in the testator's place—"

"Anyhow, there is the will," interposed Captain Rosseter, evidently not liking the insinua-

tion.

"Yes, here is the will, but I should certainly advise you to wash your hands of it," said Mr. Bold, in a fatherly manner. "What I propose to do is to pay the money—by the way, I suppose there is money?"

"I suppose so," said the Captain, with real or

affected carelessness.

"Pay the money into court and get a legal guardian appointed," resumed Mr. Bold, with cheerful confidence. "You will thus be relieved of all responsibility and trouble."

The Captain, who had become very red and uncomfortable, made no answer to this suggestion, but stretched out his hand and took up the will. He read it through carefully and then proceeded to fold it up.

"I am entitled to have this, I suppose," he said, almost defiantly.

"Well-er-yes, in strictness," replied Mr. Bold, completely taken aback. "But it has to be proved and deposited in the Probate Court."

"Yes, I know," replied the Captain, rising from his seat and thrusting the document into his pocket.

"Am I to understand," gasped Mr. Bold, turning crimson, "that you propose to employ your own solicitor?"

"I have a solicitor," said the Captain, shortly.
"Good-day to you, Mr. Bold."

"Stay! Stay, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Bold, endeavoring to control his indignation, which almost choked him. "I must trouble you to give me a receipt for the document."

"By all means," said the Captain, who seemed to have recovered his assurance. The lawyer struck the hand-bell upon his table sharply, and with forced calmness instructed Whittaker to prepare the necessry receipt. This formality being completed, the Captain strode out of the office, leaving the lawyer and his clerk staring at one another in speechless indignation.

"The man is a rogue!" said Mr. Bold, as

soon as he could speak.

"Means to collar the money," remarked the clerk.

"Not if I can help it!" exclaimed Mr. Bold, with unusual energy. "I'll apply to the court immediately and have the man removed from his office."

"You will have to get evidence first," said Whittaker, prudently.

"Pooh! his reputation will be sufficient," re-

turned Mr. Bold, impatiently.

However, when he came to make inquiries about Captain Rosseter-which he proceeded to do forthwith in the heat of his virtuous indignation-he found it more difficult than he had imagined to convict him of serious misconduct. The Captain had led the life of a man about town, had had numerous transactions with the money-lending fraternity, had played high and drunk pretty freely, and there were dark corners in his career which would not, perhaps, have stood the test of censorious investigation. But there was no recorded act of his that could be pointed out as disgraceful or dishonorable. To Mr. Bold's secret vexation, he found that people were inclined to judge the Captain leniently, to speak lightly of his faults, and to lay stress upon his good nature, his easy generosity, and his jovial disposition. Moreover, it seemed that the last year or two Captain Rosseter had abandoned his usual haunts and occupations, had given up cards, and had shown distinct symptoms of sober respectability.

The result was that the lawyer could not see his way to make a case against Captain Rosseter which would justify him in invoking the interference of the court in the interest of the Captain's ward. Mr. Bold did not admit that he was beaten, even to himself, and his prejudice against the Captain was as strong as ever. He was convinced in his own mind that Captain Rosseter contemplated a gross fraud in connection with his trusteeship, and he fully intended to checkmate him. Meanwhile, however, it transpired that there was no living member of the Tremayne family who could be brought forward to pose as next friend to the young orphan, and this technical difficulty, combined with the absence of proof of the Captain's doubtful reputation, caused him to defer taking

any steps.

At length, however, after many weeks had elapsed, Whittaker came into his master's room one day with a startling piece of intelligence. The ever-watchful clerk had discovered that Captain Rosseter had purchased for himself an estate for seven thousand pounds.

"At least, he bought it in his wife's name," explained Whittaker. "But the question is,

where did the money come from?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Bold.

"Married, eh! is he? I heard a rumor, but he isn't supposed to be married. However, as you say, the question is, where did he get that seven thousand pounds from?"

"I don't think it is difficult to guess," said

Whittaker, with a grin.

"'Pon my word, Whittaker, I'm afraid it is a case of a serious fraud. I know for certain that the man has not seven thousand pounds of his own," said the lawyer, getting excited.

"I wonder where the young lady is?" ex-

claimed Whittaker.

"We must find out," said Mr. Bold, energetically. "Overland & Co. gave you the address of the school at B——, didn't they? Well, you must go down there at once, Whittaker, and trace her. I feel it my duty to investigate this matter, for I should not be the least surprised if it transpired that this Captain Rosseter has been help-

ing himself to the trust-money."

Whittaker, being entirely of the same opinion, started off on his mission without delay, and was absent about a week, during which time Mr. Bold fumed with impatience and curiosity. Whittaker's report, when he returned, was not calculated to allay suspicions. He had traced Miss Tremayne through her girlish career, from Brighton to a school at Cheltenham, and from thence to Bath. At the latter city she had resided until a year or two ago with an elderly lady who had suddenly died, since which event nobody knew what had become of the young girl, or where she had gone after leaving Bath.

"I've made up my mind what I will do, Whittaker," said Mr. Bold, after discussing the situation with his clerk, "I shall go and see Captain Rosseter, and insist upon his telling me where the young lady is. If he refuses, I shall feel justified in taking legal steps. My belief is that the poor girl is either dead, or is being kept out of her inheritance, or part of it."

"It looks black-very black," acquiesced

Whittaker.

The consequence was that next day Mr. Bold, who was a plucky and determined little gentleman, and was capable of making personal sacrifices for the sake of justice and principle, presented himself at the door of the Captain's newly acquired residence. His object was to take his adversary by surprise, and to profit by his confusion. His design was partially successful, for no one could have looked more startled and confused than Captain Rosseter, when his sturdy accuser was ushered into his presence.

"Mr. Bold!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Yes, sir," said the lawyer, severely, and as soon as the door was closed he confronted his companion and said: "Captain Rosseter, I have come down here, as solicitor to the Tremayne family for many years, and as solicitor to the late Colonel Tremayne, to demand of you information concerning Colonel Tremayne's daughter."

"Sit down," said the Captain, not very politely,

perhaps, but with tolerable calmness.

"No, thank you, Captain Rosseter," returned the lawyer, in a tone which showed that he did not intend to be trifled with. "I give you fair warning that if you don't answer my question, I shall invoke the aid of the law to find out what I have not been able to discover myself."

Before the Captain could reply, the door opened, and a young lady entered the room. The lawyer, turning round, only caught a glimpse of her as she endeavored to retire, but he perceived that she was young and pretty. The Captain, however, called after her:

"Annie, my dear, come in. Let me intro-

duce you, Mr. Bold, to my wife."

Mr. Bold bowed stiffly, and the young lady, as though instinctively suspecting the lawyer's hostile intentions, crossed over to her husband's side, and laid her hand lovingly on his shoulder.

"Annie, my darling," said the Captain, with singular gentleness, "you must let me tell Mr. Bold your little history. How your father, my good friend, on leaving England, laughingly confided his little daughter to my care. How I used to call and see you at school with my pockets full of sweetmeats. How your bright face and innocence brought sunshine into my heart when it was full of darkness. How you grew up and teased me and made me realize the unworthiness of my life. How I strove to be better, only to learn my weakness. How at length, upon your old schoolmistress, with whom you lived, dying, two years back, you voluntarily consented to devote yourself to reforming-

"Nonsense, James," interposed the girl, putting her little hand over his mouth and kissing

him impulsively.

The Captain bore the infliction cheerfully enough, though his eyes were moist as he turned again to the lawyer and said: "The long and short of the matter is, Mr. Bold, that I married

this young lady two years ago, with the full consent of her father, Colonel Tremayne."

"You might have said so when you called upon me that day," retorted the lawyer, feeling smaller than he had ever done in his life.

At a sign from her husband, Mrs. Rosseter glided out of the room, and when the door had closed, the Captain retorted, "So I might, if you had been civil. But your manner was so suspicious and, I may add, insulting-"

"I'm very sorry," interposed the lawyer, look-

ing shamefaced.

"Pshaw! Never mind, my dear sir," cried the Captain, heartily. "It was my own faultan unpleasant reminder of my past life. Thanks to my wife, I have mended my ways, turned farmer, grown respectable-the least that I could do in return for the sacrifice she made in throwing herself away upon me. There was no concealment; she married me with her eyes open; and her father also gave his consent after I had made full confession of my career. He knew, poor fellow, what it is to fall. God bless Ernest Tremayne! He trusted me with his child, and with his child's fortune. In all your experience, Mr. Bold, you will never find a more faithful guardian and trustee than I shall be, in spite of my antecedents."

"I believe it, Captain Rosseter-I honestly and sincerely believe it," exclaimed the lawyer, genuinely moved; and if you will permit me to apologize to you, and to shake you by the hand, I shall feel more comfortable-I shall

indeed."

# BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

## THE SILVER THIMBLE.

"NOW, Rose," said my grandmother, as she carefully examined the long "over-and-over" seam in the sheet I had just brought for her inspection, "if you will learn how to back-stitch, hem, and fell before your next birthday,

on that day you shall have a new silver thimble."
"Yes," said grandpa, patting me on the shoulder, "and it shall be a nice one, too, as nice as

can be found in Carrolton."

Oh! how proud I felt, even in anticipation; for of all the dainty appurtenances of my mother's pretty work-basket, none so greatly excited my admiration and longing as the shining, goldlined thimble in its silken case. And to think of my possessing one of those lovely things

almost took my breath.

This was in the days which will, to many of you, seem long ago-before the wonderful sewing-machine had come, with its merry click, to do in a day what it then took weeks of patient labor to accomplish by slow hand-stitches. Then it was a part of every child's education to learn all the arts of needlework, from the first, awk-ward "over-and-over," to the daintiest embroi-dery. So now that I was almost nine years old, my grandmother thought it high time that I was making progress toward the goal of being "able to make my own clothes." Being the only child of a delicate mother, I had not been forced into very great proficiency; but now that my father had taken her to Europe, hoping to restore her failing health, I was left in charge of my grandparents, and my wild ways were getting trained into more orderly growth. But I greatly pre-ferred the free companionship of birds and flowers, with no more care than the butterflies that clustered and fluttered in the old garden, to sitting at my grandma's side impatiently toiling with the needle, that would get sticky. and the thread, that persisted in knotting and

breaking in a way unknown to grandma's orderly, well-behaved utensils.

Nevertheless, the promise of the coveted thimble incited me to patient effort, and my improvement went on, much to my grandmother's satisfaction; but to me, the three months stretching between me and the longed-for day seemed an endless time; and, as the end of my probation approached and I was almost prepared to be declared perfect by my careful teacher, every day seemed to drag beyond the limit of endurance.

I thought of my thimble until I dreamed of it. I pictured my mother's delight and sur-prise when my thimble should be placed beside hers in the silken case, like its twin. Of course, it would not have a gold lining-that was only for big ladies; but not one of the little girls I knew had anything but common brass or Ger-man silver. I looked with great scorn now on my own brass thimble, of which I had once been quite proud. But "that was two years ago, when I was only a baby."

The last days were wearing by. My grand-father was very busy harvesting his apples and vegetables, ready for the long winter, and grandmother was equally hurried with a great lot of spinning and coloring and scouring of yarn, which was to give her knitting during the long evenings and furnish lessons and stockings to me. She often said she was "too busy to think." So when on Friday morning I found that grandpa had actually forgotten to turn over the calendar leaf which hung under the clock and marked the time of the month as accurately as the great clock did the daily "O grandpa! may I turn the calendar leaf to-day? You forgot it this morning?"

And he called back: "Yes, yes, child!"

Then my temptation came. At first it was

an accident, for when I turned the leaf two turned over, and there shone, "Saturday, Sep-tember 20th." My birthday! I started to turn it back, then I thought: "What is the differ-ence? It is only one day, anyway!" and with my heart in my throat I turned away and left it.

Grandpa came in to dinner, went to lay his "specs" on the mantel, and his eye caught the

"Bless my heart!" he said, "Saturday al-ready? Well, well! I declare I've been too busy this week to keep track of the days!"

"I don't wonder at it!" returned grandma. "It seems to me hardly forty-eight hours since Monday! But dear me! the work I've done don't look like it!"

Well, Rachel, I must go to town this afternoon, certain?" said grandpa. So he harnessed the old gray, got a list of the things wanted for

the coming week, and drove off.

I thought of my thimble and tried to be glad. I was to have it so soon; but somehow I was not glad at all. I wandered around with no delight glad at all. I wandered around with no delight in any of my usual pleasures, and dreaded the hour of my grandfather's return. Would he discover my deception? Would he come home angry with me? Well, I could say it was an accident, for it was—at first! "Yes," said conscience, "tell another lie to cover the first! The Bible says: 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.' You made a date tell a

lie for you and you know it!"

A great lump came in my throat and another lay at my heart, so heavy that I could only breathe in long sighs. I longed to tell of my dreadful sin, but was too much ashamed.

At last I saw old gray's head over the gate-grandpa had come! I peeped around the big clump of hollyhocks to see if he looked angry, and he saw me.

"Hey, there, Rosie! Supper ready?" called.

Then he had not found out. I followed him into the house, and we soon sat down at the table, but I could not eat; the nice food had lost its savor, and I crumbled my bread in

"What ails my Rosie?" at length exclaimed my grandfather, noticing my strange behavior. "Is my pet sick? Ah, I know! It's the child's birthday, and she thinks we've all forgotten it! Come here—come here to grandpa, baby, and

let's see !"

Slowly I left my chair, and went around the table. The tears were almost in my eyes at the kind tones, my heart was choked, my cheek hot with shame and sorrow. But when as I reached his side my dear grandfather held out to me a tiny box, and, as I hesitated, touched a spring, and the lifted cover revealed to my gaze, resting on a blue satin cushion, a lovely silver thimble —gold lined—then the torrent broke forth, and falling on my knees at his side I laid my head against his arm and cried as if my heart would break. Being naturally a child of strong but undemonstrative feelings, tears were rare with me, and came to the surface only under extreme suffering; and, knowing this, my tempest of grief brought forth much anxious questioning and comment from my distressed grandparents, which I was for a long time physically unable to answer. But at last, weak and exhausted, soothed in grandpa's tender arms, I sobbed out all the wretched story of my sin.

Grandpa only smoothed my tangled hair as he listened to my confession, and then said, "Satan is a hard taskmaster, little one; don't

you ever do his bidding any more!"

But grandma said: "Sin carries its punishment with it, you see, Rose, and I don't believe you will ever do such a wicked thing again. But I think it will be right to put your thimble away, and not let you see it again until the real time comes when it should be yours; and let it be a token to you whenever you see it, that an acted lie is just as bad as a spoken lie, and both are an abomina-tion unto the Lord!"

That old silver thimble lies in my basket now, while the beloved givers are crumbled into dust. But its lesson has never been forgotten, nor have I ceased to remember those two truths

impressed upon my childish heart: "Satan is a hard taskmaster," and "A lie is an abomination unto the Lord."

SEDDIE P. SMITH.

# A CLEVER RAVEN.

HAPPENING to spend a few weeks last summer at a picturesque village among the mountains of Northumberland, in company with a friend, I made a very interesting acquaintance in the shape of a tame raven.

The owner of this bird, a small farmer in the neighborhood of the village, lives in a cottage by the highway; and during the day Ralph usually occupies a strong cage outside the cottage, whence from his perch he surveys all passers by with an expression of composed scru-

tiny.

My friend and I were at first sight attracted to him by his unusually large size, and the beautiful hues of his rich plumage, the green on his back and the purple about his throat recharmingly. My friend happened to have some biscuits in her bag, one of which she offered him. He took it immediately, threw it on the bottom of the cage, and pounded it al-most to powder with his bill before eating it. It is known that ravens cannot digest hard or tough substances, and nature had taught this one how to prepare such for his own use; for, as we were subsequently told, he had been taken from the parental nest when only four days old, and therefore could have learned no lesson

Bread-crusts or tough cakes he steeps in his water-dish till quite soft before swallowing

them.

We often afterward amused ourselves by giving Ralph food when we walked that way. One day my friend took him a slice of plum pudding in paper that we might see whether he liked it. The pudding crumbled into very tiny bits in the paper, and my friend was rather at a loss how to lay it in the cage; for as Ralph's habit was to snatch, and his bill was a formidable one, handing the bits to him was out of the question. "I'm afraid you'll bite me," said she.
"Throw it, throw it," said the bird, eying the dainty eagerly. She obeyed him, and he caught each morsel very cleverly, but as we had not known that he could speak, our amazement may

be imagined

We tried, but in vain, on succeeding days to make him say something else. We heard in the village that he was famed for his powers of speech, but seldom exhibited them to strangers, to whom he was inclined to be rather fierce. At length, one afternoon, happening to pass him alone, I gave him a biscuit. I had only one in my pocket on that occasion, so when he had eaten that I wished him good-day. But hardly had I left him, when he called after me, "Come back! come back to poor Ralph," slowly, but with clear articulation, and in tones wonderfully like those of the human voice. I walked back and showed him empty hands. "O poor Ralph!" said the creature, with a most amusing air of chagrin.

The pertinence of Ralph's utterances, when he chose to make any, struck me as so remarkable that I called that evening on his master to make some inquiry regarding his training and

acquirements.

He had been corrected with a light whip when young, the man said, for any mischievous tricks he showed. But as to talking, that he had taught himself by much patient practice, usually early of a morning; and by observing what the family said and did in certain circumstances, he had learned to understand human language to about the same extent as an intelligent

dog.
"He knew quite well that 'Come back' would make you turn, ma'am. When I am on my farm I let him fly about with me. He keeps pretty close to me, and seems frightened of being lost or taken away. Sometimes he perches on the telegraph-post at the end of the cottage and calls to people passing to come back, and then he laughs heartily, just as a person would do, when they turn. I have seen men very angry at this trick, till I pointed to Ralph as the cul-prit. Then they were de ighted; but, unluckily, he is always quiet when he is noticed. I have had him seven years, but I have never managed to teach him to speak when we want to hear him. But he comes to call like a dog."

So saying, the man opened the back kitchen-door, and called out: "Here, Ralph!" Ralph had gone to roost, but he flew into the room immediately, disturbing all the drapery by the movements of his huge wings. He perched on his master's shoulder, looking very sleepy, answered some caressing expressions by rubbing his head against his master's cheek, and flew

away again on being told to go to bed.

# THE HOME CIRCLE.

#### A WOMAN'S LETTER TO UNCLE SAM.

CLINN, KINGMAN Co., KANSAS, Sept. 2d, 1880. HONORED GUARDIAN OF LIBERTY, D. C.

DEAR UNCLE SAM: - I do not feel exactly satisfied with my dealings with you, although it may be owing to some misunderstanding on the part of your boys which you might be wil-ling to rectify, and as one of the daughters of Columbia, for whom you are supposed always to entertain a kind and fatherly regard, I place

my case before you.

About two years ago we came to Kansas in the hope that my husband, who for some time had been in delicate health, might be benefited by the change. We stopped at Harper, intend-ing to go farther when he should recover from the fatigue of the journey, but instead of im-proving he grew worse, and four weeks from the time of our arrival he left us for the better land. There was only one person in all the city whose face I had ever seen previous to our arri-val four weeks previous, and if such an event is overwhelming in the midst of kind and sympa-thetic friends, I leave you to imagine what it must have been to us in this city of strangers. .

My children were attacked with that scourge of the West, "malarial fever," and it was late in January before the usual health of the family

was restored.

My parents are dead. I was seven hundred miles from the scene of former associations, and to people in moderate circumstances the minor consideration of expenses asserts itself after months of sickness and misfortune such as I had endured; and I determined to accept the offer made in your homestead law of one hundred and sixty acres to all who comply with your requirements.

But so great has been the emigration westward that all the Government land in the vicinity of Harper had been taken, excepting a few claims that had been snuggled under or covered up for fraudulent or speculative purposes, and it was necessary to go nearly two hundred miles further west in order to obtain a

homestead.

Harper at that time was the termination of the Southern Kansas Railroad, and the journey had to be taken in lumber wagons at great expense and discomfort. A short time before I was ready to start word came that there was a recent pre-emption claim thirty-five miles northwest of Harper that had been taken by a man from Missouri, who had abandoned it and returned to his home in that State.

I was advised to take this land under the preemption law (it is on the Osage strip and cannot be taken under the homestead law), and I im-mediately sent lumber for the erection of a house, and followed with my two children as soon as it was inclosed, in spite of the inclem-

ency of the weather.

The prairie is beautiful as a dream in sum-mer time, but it presents a picture bleak, desolate, and forbidding when covered with snow and swept with wintry winds; and if ever home-sickness and despondency weighed crushingly upon a human heart, we felt it then, as we stood in our primitive dwelling, with the snowcovered waste all around us, and no familiar face to greet us, and no kindly voice to bid us

welcome.

Oh! the terrible loneliness of those long, dismal nights, with only the two children for company, and no sound to break the monotony save the dirge-like moaning of the wintry winds, and the frightful howlings of the hungry coyotes, as they went prowling over the prairie in search of prey; and how we missed the sympathy, counsel, and companionship of him on whose superior judgment we had been accustomed to rely. But, Uncle Sam, I had faith in your promises, and confidence in the future of the great and thriving West, and firmly believed that if I had courage to endure, strength to labor, and patience to wait, I could transform this portion of the wilderness into a pleasant home, where my children could ever find refuge from poverty and hardship, and for their sakes I determind to brave every danger, and bend every energy to the accomplishment of this object. But an unexpected cloud darkened the horizon. When I came here there was no one living upon the place, and never had been.
The Missourian's shanty, erected four months
previous, ten by twelve feet, without door, floor,
or window, stood there, and he had plowed
eighteen furrows in October, but had made no eignteen turrows in October, but had made no pretensions to occupying the land when I came in February, but the neighbors told me that his father had pretended to have taken the land, and had illegally filed upon it, with the evident intention of keeping others away, but that the fraud was so apparent that it would in all probability be abandoned since the appearance of an actual settler.

When I had been living upon the place about

When I had been living upon the place about six weeks, his son arrived from Missouri, and they built a sod shanty upon the land and moved into it on the 20th of April, 1885. I tried every way to adjust the matter peaceably. I offered them nearly four times the worth of their improvements, but, relying upon their ability to drive me away, they refused all my offers of peaceful settlement. I was so situated that I could not retreat and lose what I had done, and was obliged to maintain my ground.

The Carlisle Cattle Company own land ad-joining my claim. The old Missourian had two sons, two sons-in-law, and a step-son (six in all), and, taking advantage of the prejudice against cattlemen (sometimes just and sometimes unjust), they circulated the report that I was proving up the land in the interest of this Company, although I did not know of its existence at the time of taking the claim.

When I made final proof, they contested my right, and, securing the services of Mr. O. D. Kirk, a prominent lawyer of Wichita, I trusted

Uncle Sam to do me justice. I was obliged to go to the land office at Wichita, a distance of ninety-five miles, to attend trial. The old gent gathered up his boys and went down, but failed to produce one word of evidence to substantiate his accusation in regard to the Company, and, after a delay of nearly four months, the Register, Mr. Frank Dale, returned a decision in my favor. The Missourian appealed the case, and after another delay of nearly six months, the Com-missioner returned a decision against me, because, he said, I was proving up in the interest of the

Cattle Company.

Now, Uncle Sam, I never had any understanding concerning the land with any member of this Company nor with any of their agents, nor any other person or persons whomsoever, either directly or indirectly, by which the title should pass from me to them in case I obtained it. I invite the most searching and impartial investigation of every act of mine concerning it. Trusting in your promise, I have faithfully and conscientiously fulfilled every requirement of your law; but your promise of a free home has led me into the wilderness and left me homeless, and now, as a father willing to do justice to all his sons and daughters, I ask you if there is anything left for me except submission to this act of persecution and injustice.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain Very respectfully and dutifully yours,
ISADORE ROGERS.

#### LICHENS FROM WAYSIDE ROCKS.

No. 30.

THE early notes of a mocking-bird waked me this morning from sweet, restful slumbers, and from the eastern window I watched the dawning of a summer day over this beautiful corner of the world.

It was a lovely panorama, that enchanted my eyes and painted itself on memory's canvas.

The dark green hills were vividly outlined against a sky where the first faint flushes of rosy light heralded the approach of the sun. Narrow belts of purplish-gray clouds stretched across it near the horizon, and far above, where the shadows of night still lingered, a few stars yet held their place, as if loth to leave so fair a scene. A profound silence pervaded everything when the mocking-bird had hushed his song.

Not a leaf seemed to stir, and no signs of life among man or beast were yet visible. The eastern portion of the town, with all its quaint

houses and grounds, lay before me, plainly seen in the fast-growing light, yet apparently asleep.

The bird-nest cottage on the hill close by reposed peacefully amid its leafy shades and hanging vines, watched over by the tall, sentinel pines that crown the brow of the steep, stretching out their long arms high above it, as if in protecting care.

Gradually man and nature awakened and began their daily routine. A light breeze sprang up, and the birds in the branches trilled their matins; smoke arose from chimneys, and

a solitary pedestrian could be seen here and there on the way to the springs or market; the pines sighed softly, as the breeze crept through

their branches.

The glow deepened and brightened in the east; the dull, purplish clouds were bordered with orange and flame-color. Then a brilliant spot appeared on the edge of the horizon, growing rapidly larger, and the glorious god of day

shot up into the sky.

A lovely day has followed this beautiful opening scene. Cool breezes, soft sunshine and clouds, and summer beauty everywhere. An excursion party from the North visited the place, and by ten o'clock A. M. the streets were filled with groups of strangers, promenading around, stopping to drink at all the springs, and looking about interestedly at everything.

At the great hotel on the mountain, flags were flying and music playing all the morning. We went up to spend an hour with friends stopping there, and, in their company, explored

the building.

The spacious rotunda at the main entrance, containing telegraph office, clerk's office, and elevator, was the most interesting feature within In its centre, facing the piazza and entrancedoor, is a huge fireplace, with large, old-fashioned brass andirons and hearth of glazed tiling and Eureka marble-a strange-looking structure and heating arrangement for these modern days, in a stylish establishment, but in cold, winter weather it will give a look of comfort and cheer which nothing else could confer.

In the front of the chimney, just above one's head, is set a large, oblong slab of brown marble, with these quaint lines cut on its surface:

"Although upon a summer's day, You'll lightly turn from me away When autumn leaves are scattered wide You'll often linger by my side; But when the snow the earth doth cover, Then you will be my ardent lover.

Going around to the back of the fireplace, another inscription in stone tells the date of the opening of the building, the names of its own-

ers, Board of Directors, and architect.

From this immense hall, doors open into the great dining-room, the small, handsome parlors, reading-room, writing-room, etc. The walls are hung with large engravings of many a beautiful design. Up-stairs, thick, soft carpets break the sound of footfalls and beautify with their rich hues the broad hallways leading to the elegant suites of rooms.

Reaching the cupola by the elevator, we found ourselves ninety feet from the ground, and en-joyed a magnificent view of the whole surrounding country-the hilltops crowned with houses, white roads winding up their sides, looking like foot-paths in the distance, and tents dotted here and there, picturesquely, around the distant, outlying springs.

Lately we have been taking hasty glimpses in cab or carriage of some of these most interesting spots, to which those who are good walkers stroll any day at will, gathering ferns, mosses, and curious specimens of rock to take back to their far-off homes.

Two of these springs-the "Little Eureka"

and "Dairy," are located in as lovely spots as nature could well form to awaken man's admiration. Each a little way out of town, in different directions, and surrounded by grand old rocks and trees, their situation is romantic enough to charm the least sentimental of be-

We also visited the marble and onyx works, of which we had heard so much, and found nearly a whole hill close by them, formed of the fine, chocolate-colored stone, mixed all through with tiny specks of white marble and shining quartz, which, when dressed and polished, looks

quite handsome.

The onvx is a beautiful stone, much of it closely resembling white carnelian, though some is veined with light brown. Scarf-pins, sleevebuttons, bangles, and charms are made of it, in quantities, and sold at the jewelers' to the many who wish to take away some memento of the place.

Next week we are to visit the onyx cave, two miles distant, with a large party of sight-seers. It will be lighted up with torches, and an artist is to accompany the party to take photographic views. We anticipate a great deal of pleasure from this trip, and will get specimens for our-

selves of the rock.

There is always something pleasant to do or entertaining to see to make the time pass swiftly and agreeably. Floy returned home some time ago, but I have found a new acquaintance here, who has become already a valued friend, as well as congenial companion, and we spend many hours in sweet converse together.

Thus the days and weeks fly rapidly away, bringing nearer and nearer the time for parting with those whom one is loth to leave.

Some one remarked to us, soon after our arrival here, that one of the saddest things about Eureka was the constant leave-takings—the partings among those who had formed real friendships and might never meet again; for people are all the time going, as well as coming. Few stay more than two or three months at furthest, except those who settle permanently, and many only a few weeks. But we will enjoy the good while we may, and not look forward to the future with any sad anticipations, when it can be avoided, but only wish that all who are sick or afflicted or weary could come here for summer rest and strengthening, if for ever so short a time. LICHEN.

#### HELPS TO A CHILD'S CULTURE.

DEADING aloud to children is a very im-K portant factor in their culture. It gives life and animation to a book to have it read aloud with proper emphasis and expression, bringing out a thousand points that would escape a child reading the book to himself. But, in the pressure of their various duties and employments, parents cannot always find much time for reading aloud to their children; and, in view of this, I would suggest another plan, which, likewise, contributes to a child's cu ture and which is practicable even in the case of the busiest mother. Let the child read aloud to her when she is too busy to read to him. This

plan she may carry out while the baby is partaking of his refreshments, or while she is mending the clothes or doing some other mechanical k that engages her hands, but not her mind.

If children are allowed to read too much to themselves they are apt to fall into careless and bad habits and to read aloud in a halting, hesitating manner, from want of practice. will get into the habit of reading too hastily to themselves, skipping or slurring over words, or mentally pronouncing them wrong, and often forming erroneous impressions of the writer's meaning from being thrown entirely on their own judgment in regard to it. All these faults, and others, may be avoided by a child's being made to read aloud to an intelligent and cultivated parent. This exercise will greatly strengthen their vocal organs and will teach them to modulate their voices and read with proper emphasis and expression. After awhile, too, it may grow to be a pleasure and recreation to the mother, when the child has progressed far enough in its line of reading, as may well be the case with an intelligent child of nine or ten.

Reading aloud well is a delightful accom-plishment; I am inclined to rank it not far behind singing, and, indeed, it has this advantage over singing, that it can be acquired by a much larger number of persons and with much less time, trouble, and expense. There is a certain force, beauty, and significance in the mere sound of the words which is lost when a person reads to himself; therefore, we never get at the full beauty and force of a book till we hear the words of it actually ultimated in sound, for, as an illustrious author says: "All fullness dwells in ultimates." If our readers doubt the truth of this theory about the fullness of force and beauty being only found in books read aloud, let them test it by observing the differ-ence between Poe's "Raven" and Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," read to themselves and read aloud by a fine reader. While this rule holds pre-eminently true in regard to poetry, it is also true in regard to prose-writing.

After her child has finished reading aloud there is still another and important service which an intelligent mother may render him. She may discuss with him what he has just read and question him about it. Nothing so assists a child in his digestion of reading, nothing so sharpens and quickens his faculties, as for a parent, teacher, or friend to systematically question him about his reading and discuss it with him. The knowledge that he is going to be questioned will make a child alert, causing him to give close attention to what he is read-ing, and the after-discussion will also assist him in developing the germs of his reasoning and analytical faculties. Beware, however, of ques-tioning him in a dry, "schoolmaster abroad" sort of way. Do it in an easy, conversational way, and you will give a pleasant stimulus to a child's mind. No stronger proof could be adduced of the immense amount of instruction that may be conveyed by conversation than the fact that the education of the Greek youth was conducted almost entirely in this way. writer of this can never forget the delight she experienced, as a child and half-grown girl, in discussing what she had read with a loving and intelligent mother, whose judicious remarks, criticisms, and suggestions contributed largely toward building up in the minds of her children a discriminating love of fine literature. MARY W. EARLY.

OUR GIRL.

HOMAS JEFFERSON SNIPKINS-that's my husband-and myself have never been blessed with any girls of our own, a dispensa-tion of Providence which I have always been disposed to regard with resignation, especially after an occasional encounter with some of the dashing girls of the rising generation. Mr. Snipkins does a good business in the dry goods line, our four sons are all that could be desired, and our home is in a University town which possesses the additional advantage of excellent public schools. Altogether, we were very com-fortably situated, until one evening a little over a year ago, when Mr. S. came home with a dismal face and an open letter in his hand which he silently handed to me. I read as follows:

"GOLDARA, April 19th. "T. J. SNIPKINS: Sir:—It is my painful duty to inform you that your friend, James Halsey, is no more. Deceased left an only daughter, whom he directed me to place in your care. Unfortunately, Mr. Halsey died bankrupt, so that your ward is penniless as well as friendless. At present she is a guest at my house. Please inform me at your earliest convenience what action you intend to take in the matter. I re-Very respectfully, yours, "BLACKSTONE BRILL

"Attorney-at-Law."

As I finished reading the letter a thousand remembrances of past kindnesses on Mr. Halsey's part came trooping up in review before me, and, although it had been years since we had seen him, still, we owed him a heavy debt of gratitude; he it was who had set Mr. Snipkins up in business and been his chief friend and counselor through the early part of his business career. There was, therefore, but one which was promptly answered by Mr. Snipkins' deep bass, "Well!"

"I suppose she will have to come here,"

"I am glad you think so, my dear," replied my husband. "But if the idea is very distasteful to you I might place her at some boarding-school."

"Oh! no," I hastened to add; "she evidently needs a home, and what kind of a home is a

boarding-school? No, it shall never be said that we did our manifest duty by halves."

"Then it is settled," sighed Mr. Snipkins, with an air of relief; "I'll write to-night to Brill and inclose a check for her traveling ex-

Mr. S. took up his newspaper and I sat down to meditate. In spite of a certain agreeable sense of having thus far creditably performed a disagreeable duty, I felt many misgivings as to the future of myself and protegs. I knew that

she was about seventeen years of age, but having never seen her, I could only guess at her ng never seen ner, I could only guess at her traits of character, and, judging her by many of the flippant girls I met, the outlook was not encouraging. A week later she arrived—a slim, well-built girl, with an abundance of brown hair, regular features, and bright blue eyes that had a wistful look in their clear depths which went straight to my heart. Beatrice, or Bee, as she said her friends called her, was tired with her journey, and went directly to her room, so we did not see much of her that night; but the next morning, just as we sat down to breakfast, and Johnny, our youngest, our irrepressible, was

> " How doth the little busy bee Improve each shining hour,"

she made her appearance, and there was a suspicious twinkle in her eye as she greeted us all, especially Johnny. After breakfast she helped me with the housework, washing dishes, making beds, sweeping, etc., as though she had been accustomed to it. It was a day known in the household calendar as "mending day," and although I had encountered it every week for twenty-five years, I yet dreaded "the looped and windowed raggedness" which the day al-ways brought forth. I was astonished when Bee seated herself with the evident intention of helping.

"Mamma taught me how to do all kinds of work," she explained; 'she said no young lady was thoroughly accomplished unless she was acquainted with the different branches of house-

"And a very sensible woman she must have

been." I remarked.

With that we set to work, and while our tongues ran nimbly our fingers also moved nimbly, and before I knew it my weekly bugbear had disappeared. She was invaluable on baking days; she could make bread, and I liked her way better than my own. She set her sponge, and when it was light stirred it down and let it rise three times, then kneaded it, and put it in the tins; when it was again light it was ready for the oven.

"You see," she said, "it saves kneading so many times as people used to think was neces-

One day we were making apple dumplings for dinner

"Shall I make the cream?" asked Bee.
"If you will," I replied, not at all certain of

what she intended to do.

She measured out a pint of milk and added a cup of sugar. When it boiled she stirred in a well-beaten egg, then set it off to cool. When cooled it was not unlike real country cream, which was quite a treat to us. She said to me one day :

"Auntie, why do you throw away those fruit cans?" referring to some tin cans which had contained tomatoes, etc., bought at the grocery.
"Why, I have no use for them?" I replied,

wonderingly.

"You were complaining that you did not have jars enough for your plants. I will paint these, and I think they will do nicely."

She washed the cans clean, removing the paper labels, then set them on the hot stove on the end where the opening had been made. a few minutes that entire end came off, and they were set away to cool. Then she painted them all over the outside a lovely dark-brown, made by mixing burnt sienna and oil; after this was dry she used it as a background for painting various floral devices, using for this purpose a box of water-colors with which Johnny colors his maps. Besides her domestic accomplishments, our girl is a fine scholar, and finds time to read good books; she also plays the organnot intricate pieces, but some of the good old songs and hymns—"'Way Down on the Suwa-nee River," "Home, Sweet Home," "Bide a Wee," and those grand upliftings of the human heart, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and "Rock of Ages." In short, it would take a long time to tell all that our girl does or does not do, but I am beginning to find out that a girl, if she is properly trained is not necessarily loud, careless, and useless, and that if she is so the fault lies at the doors of those who trained her quite as much as at her own. I look with ever inas much as at her own. I look with ever in-creasing satisfaction on the perfect understand-ing which seems to exist between "our girl" and our eldest son Clarence, who graduated this June, and have strong hopes that she who is already our daughter in love may at some time become our daughter-in-law.

SARAH SNIPKINS.

## BEING A FRIEND.

MY DEAR GIRLS:-There exists in every human heart the desire for friends-the longing to receive and to bestow sympathy, trust, affection, appreciation, and comprehension. We all crave companionship, and we all find in it not only pleasure and delight, but life and growth.

Love, in all languages, is compared to heat, the warmth received from the sun. When the warm rays of summer penetrate to the heart of Mother Earth, the rootlets lying asleep in her bosom awaken; the seeds, which were but possibilities, put forth tendrils of actual life; the buds, folded within their protecting scales, expand; the flowers assume their thrones, and all the world of nature is aroused to new life and activity, to fresh blooming and fructification.

This is but typical of the changes in the

world of human nature, when receiving vivifying rays of light and warmth from the sun of love; imperfect in us, but ever rising toward and arising from the essence of Love-the sun

of all life.

Even though perfection, even of affection, is impossible to us here, it is still a beautiful thing, this love we can have for one another, this power we may exert for and give to one another, for in the power of its warm, life-giving rays we grow in harmony, grace, beauty, and strength.

We all long for friends; we all know that it is a deep and living joy to be truly loved. But there is a deeper, holier joy—that of loving— the "greater blessedness" of giving. It is joy to be loved; it is blessedness to love. It is hap-piness to possess a friend tried and true; but it is a still higher possession to have the qualifica-tions to be a friend faithful and wholly sincere and reliable; to have the devotion of heart, purpose, and principle which render one worthy to be a friend—yea, even though an unappre-ciated and unrecognized one.

In all your thoughts of friendship remember always that there can be no real friendship without truth. There can be no worthy structure of any kind founded on untruth, unfaith, or hypocrisy. We must give truth and loyalty as fully and faithfully as we desire to receive truth and loyalty from others. The end and aim of friendship should be to go hand in hand ever onward and upward, each sustaining the other, each raising and ennobling and encourag-ing the other, stronger, happier, better for being

and thinking and working together.

We are to "love our neighbors," and in a wide sense our "neighbors" are all those who dwell on earth. Every face should appeal to us and claim its recognition as a child of the same Father; and by glance, word, or act, by thoughtful and courteous consideration, we can

convey to all our one-ship in Him.

But there is an inmost sense to the word neighbor—a sense in which it means "nigh-dweller." This, alas! does not include always those who dwell near us locally, for we so sadly know how distant such lives may be, separated by varied thought and aim, feeling and princi-ple. But the "nigh-dweller" is one who is near us in heart, mind, and spirit-those whom we love and trust, those who love and trust us; those to whom we can reveal ourselves, and who can in turn give revelation; those who appeal to the best within us and who can give us of their best.

Such friends are rare. The power to be such friends is rare. But those who cherish such an ideal of true friendship and who strive to make themselves worthy of their ideal, can know the highest joy which life can give when they pos-sess such a friend, or they can go on bravely without because of their inward strength, giving of it as much as and to all who can receive, receiving such as others can give and waiting for the realization of their higher conceptions, which will some time, somewhere, surely come.

It is impossible for us to associate with others, on a ground of frank and truthful sincerity, without being made better. Wherever there is earnestness and truth there is life. An earnestly spoken word, a thought dropped from the pure atmosphere of pure-thinking, will seem to quicken the sensibilities and susceptibilities of those who appear to be only frivolous and thoughtless. Where minds are interested in other and greater things, in addition to their own little daily experiences of their own little daily lives, there is always something to give worth giving and something to receive worth receiving.

It is not the part of a friend to give, or even to permit, confidence, and then to betray it. Such conduct deserves a very different designa-tion. It is not the part of a friend to be "Janusfaced "-one thing when with a person and quite another when apart from them. It is not the part of a friend to make another appear ridiculous, or to present them in an unpleasant or unfavorable light. Nothing that is low or mean or treacherous can have any part or por-

tion in true friendliness.

We should always endeavor to be thoughtful. considerate, unselfish, generous, and faithful to all, and thus be, in a sense, a friend to all. We should be faithful to any knowledge which we may possess, to any confidence which has been reposed in us, and strive never to make life harder, more difficult, or more uncomfortable for any one; rather, we should find happiness in endeavoring to make its pathway—which always has its inevitable obstructions and difficulties smoother, more pleasant to traverse, because of the true feeling of sympathy flung shout it.

The spirit I would like to incite in you, my much-loved girls, is the spirit of discontent with all lack of loyalty and truth in yourselves -a discontent which will be appeased only by uprooting and casting aside whatever is of evil

and of falsity.

Be worthy of the highest, and, no matter what life may bring you, you will have resources within yourselves which are fed directly from the heart of the Father Himself. When you enter into that larger life-of which this shall be a beginning—that holier atmosphere into which pettiness, hypocrisy, and untruth cannot enter, we shall then be able to enter into a communion so intimate that all which the best hours of this life have given shall seem to us nothing to that perfect blending of thought and love.

AUNTIE.

# HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

#### THE TOP-RAIL CLUB.

A T one of our September meetings we had visitors. The women in the village had heard of our greenwood, wayside, open-air conferences. They were interested, and we sent out an invitation so cordial that it welcomed everybody. Some of the women brought their fancy work, and some their knitting, and one busy soul brought her basket of patching.

We had a job of hemming towels, that we had saved for pick-up work.

The old lady, mother-in-law of Mrs. Bancroft, sat on the log beside me. She took up a corner

of my work and looked at it sharply and said:
"Flour sacks, ar'n't they? Well, they do
make proper nice towels, only for the letters on
them. All the rubbin' and the bilin' I give
'em, though, never could take off the letters.

How did year continue." How did you contrive?"

Now that very word "contrive" had the old Yankee twang of the days of our grandmothers, and it made our heart warm toward the dear old lady.

Easy enough, we told her, and then we explained how we disposed of the black letters,

When Townley, the miller, failed, he gave us a lot of both new and old sacks on a bad debt, and we cleaned them this way: We dipped the lettered place in kerosene, and when it had become saturated, rubbed soft soap on and rolled up the sacks and laid them away until the washing was all out on the line. A boiler of hot suds was left purposely for the sacks. We washed them the usual way; rubbing out all we could, then soaped them and put them on to boil, and they came out as good as new.

There is no better material for ordinary

towels than this quality of goods.

At our Club we do not have rules and regulations-we want all to feel at home; so we have no restrictions. Women are always at their best when they are not hedged in with rules. Perhaps sometimes we are in danger of losing some good items, but if we are, we compare notes while we are tying our sunbonnet strings.

The suggestion of Mrs. Austin was a good one, at one of our July meetings, which was that if we learned anything new or valuable about our work, or in reading or observation, we should note it down in our "handy books," with which we are all provided—small blank books, ruled, with a place to keep the pencil. Such things are invaluable. A woman will be surprised at the good items which will soon spread over page after page.

The minister's sister read an item from her book which we all copied, word for word, into our books. Oh! that was a handful of good seed.

"Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and says there are just thirteen of them. Some people would say there are more, but it is well to be accurate and give round numbers. It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect university of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowance for the weakness and infirmity of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; and to expect to be able to understand everything."

A little paragraph this, but how full of meaning, and how much it covers. Hardly a day when we are jotting down something in our book, that we do not pause and read this over slowly, and then say—Lily and I—"that is me! oh! that means me! that hits me!" Let us all wear it, as we would wear a charm on our per-

At our last meeting, while the Club were VOL. LIV. -56.

busy, brain and tongue and fingers, old Farmer Brown, going home from town, halted and tossed a bundle of mail matter into the lap of his wife. As she put it away in her basket, she said:

"Oh! there's another dim postal card from Ann Eliza, from Dakota! I always have to put on grandma's glasses to make them out at all. and then sometimes use a magnifier. Pencil writing will rub off so."

The school-teacher spoke right up in defense

of the ever-ready pencil, saving:
"If you dash water over pencil writing quickly, and let it dry, you will not be able to rub it off. Our teacher in the seminary told us that, and I have found it to be invaluable. Sometimes, you know, it is pencil writing or no writing at all."

We all jotted this down, and some of us have proved it to be true. And we learned something else new, too, and both Lily and ourself

are so glad to know it.

When our last new hat was brought home from the milliners', it suited us every way, the pretty fine black Milan braid, shape and all, only it did need something, as old Mrs. King said, "to kind o' liven it up, you know."

It was all black. We had tried to get a black

ribbon with a very little edge or narrow, satiny stripe of color in it, say rich light brown or very dark yellow or chocolate or reddish brownishsomething-but we could not find it. We had on that hat at the Club, tipped well forward to shade our eyes, while we hemmed or wrote or read.

Talking "all through other," we chanced to hear the girls, the milliner, and the doctor's

sister say :

"How Pipsey has changed; she's quite like other folks now, since she has laid aside her old fashions and little peculiarities; and what a love of a hat that is! but you see there is nothing about it but the color of black-rich as Sheba, but it needs a touch of color. It would match her hair better."

So, our notion about the new hat was not a

whim!

Pretty soon we caught the milliner's keen eye. We spread out our woolen shawl a little wider on the low log, patted on it, and the girl under-stood and came and sat down beside us. We said:

"We heard what you said about our new hat. Well, now, supposing you could not get the kind of ribbon you had set your face on,blackwith an edge or stripe of the color you wishedwhat then?"

"I would do the next best thing, which is to make a ribbon to suit me by buying a rich, narrow ribbon of the color I wanted, and sewing it on the edge of the other. That is a trick we milliners have, and you see how beautifully it will answer, now that loops, and flat bows are worn," said the little woman, with very bright eyes.

That was just what we wanted, and the easiest

thing in the world to accomplish. We thanked

her with a motherly pat on her plump shoulder.

We talked about making coffee—a fragrant, fresh, delicious, new cup of coffee. A good deal was said, pro and con. Mrs. Blair said half the coffee used in the village was only passable, washy stuff, that the aroma which came to her

through open windows in the early morning while she was dressing herself and the children was the very life of the beverage. Sometimes the smell of it nearly made her dizzy. She makes delicious coffee, either way. Sometimes she pours boiling water, and lets it stand on the back part of the stove a few minutes, then set-tles with a little dash of cold water thrown into it, say two or three spoonfuls; or, if she is not in a hurry, she makes it with cold water, and by the time it is scalding hot the coffee is delicious. This she settles by pouring out a cupful and pouring it back again, and letting it stand a little while. In both ways the coffee is closely covered, that not a whiff of the aroma may

Of course, a good quality of the roasted berry is used, and everything is clean and fresh, and

the water right from the well.

At a festival lately, an old soldier was heard to say, as he took the third cup, "I could marry the dear woman who makes the coffee here this

evening.

At this old Beriah Blair hurried off, shaking his sides with laughter, to tell his wife. She was the woman to receive the compliment. And though she is an old woman, who wears her hair twisted "nutcake fashion" and works with her sleeves rolled above her elbows and never thinks of a sunbonnet, her blush was really girlish and charming and youthful.

The mother-in-law woman-we forget her name now-said she had learned a new "kink' lately while visiting a relative "out on the reserve." This: clothes-pins will hinder one while putting out a washing, no matter how handy you think you have em; so, make the clothes-pin bag with a slit in the side, cut out so that it will stand open when hung up, and have a hook to hang it by, and hang the bag on the clothes-line beside you, so that you can slide it along as you put out the clothes on the line. It is very convenient and so much better than to reach into a big apron pocket or stoop to the basket on the ground every time. A little basket, instead of a bag, with hook attached, is still more convenient, because you can see the

size of pins then that the garment requires.

One woman had learned how to clean Zante currants so that the grit of foreign sand was all removed. She put them into a colander and stood it in a pan of water and washed them through her hands, rubbing and swashing them

about briskly. The sand will all settle in the pan of water.

Another woman makes all her own lemon extract, and is sure that it is pure and good. She has a wide-mouthed bottle half full of alcohol, into which she drops all lemon peel after

removing the bitter part of the inside peel.

Mrs. Harris told how she made her delicious crab-apple jam. She leaves the fruit whole, anly removing the blossom end, cooks them slowly, sometimes boiling and sometimes in her steamer; then, when cool enough, stands the colander on top of a four-gallon jar, and rubs and presses the fruit through, leaving the refuse in the colander; then adds the usual quantity of sugar; cooks in porcelain kettle until done. She works up their surplus of grapes in the

same way. She finds it a good plan to can any kind of fruit juices for mince-pies in the winter. That dispenses with wine, brandy, cider, and vinegar, and makes better pies and leaves one's conscience far above any hint of sorrowful regrets in the years to come.

One of the girls told us how her cousin in the city removed paint from the skirt of a beautiful cashmere or all-wool dress by saturating the place with chloroform. That will remove when the old stand by, benzine, fails. She also said that her cousin, a keen, shrewd girl from the rocky coast of Maine, had a faded place on a good dress, made by some sort of acid. Her druggist helped her out of the trouble by his knowledge of such things. She applied ammonia to neutralize the acid and then chloroform to restore the original color.

As the school reader used to say, "What a great thing is knowledge!" And we, from the smooth top-rail of the fence by the wayside well, under the grand, green trees, could have reechoed the pat old phrase by a timely change of, "What a great and good thing is companionship !" We are always loth to part. We linger and linger, and we pledge ourselves anew in the cordially spoken good-byes and good-nights.

PIPSEY POTTS.

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### TABLE DECORATIONS.

PRETTY, simple way of decorating a table for a wedding breakfast is to do it with flowers only, having no dishes on the table. The cake being placed in the centre, it should be raised on a round block of wood of about its own thickness, covered with a fine damask dinner napkin; this block should be large enough to project about four inches beyond the cake all round. On this ledge lay white flowers to form a wreath round the base, place a pretty small white china vase, filled with white flowers, on the cake in the centre, and lay a few sprays round it. It is needless to say that none but the choicest flowers should be used for the cake, orange blossoms being among them, and the white being relieved by many sprays of maidenhair fern

At each end of the table have a sort of pyramid of cut-flowers, which must not stand too high; these are made by inverting an ordinary garden flower-pot on a large, round, flat dish. The flower-pot is then covered thickly with fresh moss, which must also completely cover the dish, the whole being then well watered. Cut flowers are stuck into the moss, beginning from the top, where the hole in the flower pot admits of some of the highest blooms being placed firmly to form the centre, working down from it—the more lightly the flowers are placed the better the effect—adding maidenhair fern at last to give a finish to the whole. It is better that these pyramids should be made with some colored flowers mixed with the white; it gives more effect to the wedding cake standing up white in the centre, and prevents the monotony of nothing but white flowers all over the table. At the same time nothing like a mixture of colors must be used; it would spoil the thing at once; it must be one color, and one color only, mixed with white. The color is best determined by the coloring of the bridesmaids' dresses and bouquets. If it be pink, pink and white gladioli make a very charming mixture; if yellow, white and yellow azaleas or mimosa, and so on. The table has a pattern formed of sprays of all kinds of delicate ferns, placed on the white cloth and running all over it, in the centre, and extending about as far as dishes would come were they placed on the table; here and there should be laid some sprays of the white and colored flowers, resting on the lines of fern, and at intervals down the centre may be some small silver or delicate china bonbonnieres, with a few pretty sweetmeats in each.

## RECIPES.

SPANISH STEAK.—Take one onion, two ounces of beef-dripping, one large tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of salad-oil, one of good cream, one pint of stock, one dessertspoonful of tarragon vinegar, pepper, and salt. Slice the onion very fine and fry it in dripping; then drain away the fat, and cut the steak into thin round pieces scored with the knife; cover each piece with chopped parsley and a few drops of oil; mix the stock with the oil and tarragon vinegar into a thick sauce; pour it into a stewpan, and place each slice of steak gently in the sauce with the fried onion; simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour, and serve.

How to Boil Salmon .- Salmon, when large, should be boiled in pieces or slices, for this rea-son-if the thick part is cooked enough, the thin part is cooked too much when a large piece is boiled. Double jowls therefore can never be properly cooked; split jowls are to be recommended in preference. But if the fish is a small one-six pounds or seven pounds, for instance-it may be trussed for boiling by bending its head toward the centre of the body and its tail toward the same point on the opposite side. To secure the fish in this position it is necessary to use string, and it may then be boiled whole, removing the string after it is cooked. The fish is sent to table resume belly. When boiled whole it should be put into cold water and allowed to boil gently until it is cooked. When cooked in pieces, place the ish at once in boiling water, and, after it has been in a minute or two, lift it up on the strainer out of the water, and let it remain for a comple of minutes; return it to the water and repeat the operation twice more. This process is necessary to cause the curd to set, and will make the fish eat crisper. Let it boil at a gentle rate until it is cooked.

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The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality, nothing will do, and with them, everything.

THE tint of the drapery in the doorway may be more vivid, or less so, than that of the windowcurtains. But be sure the coloring is controlled by the other decorations of the room, with which it must accord.

Yellow compound hues have a peculiarly good effect on the walls of indifferently lighted rooms. No light is absorbed, and their glamor softens the gloom and renders it less oppressive.

KEEP a fruit-jar that has a cover full of gumtragacanth. Have a brush, with a ring in the cut-off handle, so that it may be hung up when not in use. If scraps of paper get loose on the walls, a moment's work will put them on again as good as new. When the house is papered, always save the scraps or get an extra roll. It is but the work of a moment to put on a fragment of paper that has been torn off, and it improves the appearance of the house wonderfully. If the plastering is broken, or a place dug out by some careless expressman or mover of furniture, before the paper is put on, wet a spoonful of plaster of Paris and fill the place. Let it dry, and then put on the paper. It will look decidedly better, and will pay for the trouble it takes.

No matter how carefully a scheme of interior decoration may be elaborated, a complete estimate of the effect of the proposed design is only obtainable as it progresses, and so may often be considerably modified with advantage. The frequent supervision of the decorator is therefore desirable.

A VERY pretty and inexpensive protection for gilt picture or mirror frames is the pink mosquito net—which comes plain, without bars—looped back each side of the picture, and fastened with a bow of pink ribbon.

CURTAINS have been introduced having alternate stripes of opaque and translucent material, producing charming effects and presenting the advantages of two sets of curtains, the one heavy and the other light.

ELLEN'S RICE PUDDING.—To one quart of boiling milk allow two and a half tablespoonfuls of rice. Wash the rice, rubbing it well, and put the rice to soak for several hours in the hot milk, when it will seem to form a sort of jelly. When soaked long enough, throw in a little salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and any simple flavoring you may fancy. Now put the pudding in a small baking dish, and set it on the back part of the stove until the rice is soft and the milk a jelly; then one need only keep it in the real oven long enough to brown nicely.

STEWED OYSTERS.—Strain the liquor in which a quart of oysters has come, and let it come to a boil in a stewpan. Have ready an even table-spoonful of corn-starch mixed smoothly with a little cold milk or water. Put it into the boiling liquor with a large tablespoonful of butter and the ovsters. Stir, and let it boil up once or twice, until the gills of the oysters begin to curl up, which shows that they are done, and send to table in a covered dish, that they may be very hot when dished out. Add a little black pepper.

# EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

### BETTER THINGS.

BETTER to smell the violet cool than sip the glowing wine; Better to hark a hidden brook than watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of a gentle heart than beauty's favor proud; Better the rose's living seed than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness than to bask in love

all day;
Better the fountain in the heart than the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by a mother's hand than eat alone at will; Retter to trust in God than say: "My goods my

Better to trust in God than say: "My goods my storehouse fill."

Better be a little wise than in knowledge to abound;

Better to teach a child than to toil to fill perfection's round.

Better to sit at a master's feet than thrill a listening State;

Better suspect that thou art proud than be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk the road unseen than to watch the hour's event; Better the "Well done!" at the last than the air

Better the "Well done!" at the last than the air with shouting rent.

Better to have a quiet grief than a hurrying delight;

Better the twilight of the dawn than the noonday burning bright.

Better a death when work is done than earth's most-favored birth;

Better a child in God's great house than the king of all the earth.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

## ONLY A SONG.

T was only a simple ballad,
Sung to a careless throng;
There were none that knew the singer,
And few that heeded the song:
Yet the singer's voice was tender
And sweet as with love untold;
Surely those hearts were hardened,
That it left so proud and cold.
866

She sang of the wondrous glory
That touches the woods in spring,
Of the strange soul-stirring voices
When "the hills break forth and sing."
Of the happy birds low warbling
The requiem of the day,
And the quiet hush of the valleys
In the dusk of the gloaming gray.

And one in a distant corner,
A woman worn with strife,
Heard in that song a message
From the spring-time of her life:
Fair forms rose up before her,
From the mist of vanished years;
She sat in a happy blindness,
Her eyes were veiled in tears.

Then when the song was ended,
And hushed the last sweet tone,
The listener rose up softly,
And went on her way alone.
Once more to her life of labor
She passed; but her heart was strong;
And she prayed, "God bless the singer!
And oh! thank God for the song!"
FLORENCE TYLEE.

## A SEPTEMBER VIOLET.

POR days the peaks wore hoods of cloud,
The slopes were veiled in chilly rain;
We said: It is the summer's shroud,
And with the brooks we moaned aloud—
Will sunshine never come again?

At last the west wind brought us one Serene, warm, cloudless, crystal day, As though September, having blown A blast of tempest, now had thrown A gauntlet to the favored May.

Backward to spring our fancies flew, And, careless of the course of Time, The bloomy days began anew; Then, as a happy dream comes true, Or as a poet finds his rhyme—

Half wondered at, half unbelieved, I found thee, friendliest of the flowers! Then summer's joys come back, green-leaved, And its doomed dead, awhile reprieved, First learned how truly they were ours.

Dear violet! did the autumn bring
Thee vernal dreams, till thou, like me,
Didst climb to thy imagining?
Or was it that the thoughtful spring
Did come again, in search of thee?
ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON, in The Century

# TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

## A CHILD DRUNKARD IN BAD SUR-ROUNDINGS.

"ROSE THOMPSON, fifteen years, rear of day morning, charged with running away from home. At the hearing before Magistrate List her father testified that she had been absent for a week, during which time she was continuously drunk. He said he was unable to control her. She was sent to the House of Correction for six months."—Daily Newspaper.

Such is the text, that would seem to need no comment, and yet it is no isolated instance of the ease and freedom with which liquor can be procured in a large city, whose overcrowded streets teem with a populace of which more than one-half, through poverty and ignorance, are dependent for their well-being upon the superior knowledge and kind offices of the other and more fortunate half. One deduction to be drawn from this text, one lesson to be learned and taken to heart from this distressing story, is the fatal neglect of the individual in using his influence, so far as he can. on the side of right and for the forwarding of the best inter-

ests of his brother man.

No human being has a right to use his or her power and influence to the hurt of another human being, and especially degrading does this appear when instigated by a greed of personal gain. No child, with the extremely limited resources of a child, could possibly have indulged in such an orgie unless the facilities toward that end had been made fatally easy for her, and in the lurid light of such an instance stands forth in blacker shadow than ever the combination of the liquor dealers into an organization to strengthen and continue their wicked traffic. It is monstrous. If the world has sufficiently advanced to bring out a public opinion that cries, "Do away with the liquor traffic for the good of all humanity," it is the act of devils for which nothing can be said in favor to enter into a combination to oppose such a desire. Like the two opposing armies of Milton on the plains of Heaven, it is darkness arrayed against light, wickedness and cunning against right and pu-

Our God is not an idol of gold or silver or stone. He is a living, loving, righteous God, before whom the wail of these His little ones ascends like a sacrifice and will be accepted as such. God bides His own good time, and though His retribution is slow, it is certain, and in the grand economy of His perfect laws the one influence is permitted to exert its malign effect to the bitter end. We read and shudder over the accounts of the Israelitish children sacrifices to the god Moloch, and yet tolerate in our midst a Moloch that lies in waiting for our offspring on the corners of our streets, pouring out the garish light and overpowering exhalations to poison the air and awaken within the hearts of the passer by the devil who, all unknown, perhaps, lies sleeping therein.

In the words of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,

"the offense is rank and smells to Heaven," and such prayers for deliverance as that cry of entreaty from the Chaplain in our National Congress last spring cannot ascend to the God of

our fathers without an answer.

"O God!" this blind man prayed, in agony of spirit, "answer, we beseech Thee, the supplications of millions of hearts ascending to Thee for the speedy close of that greatest evil of modern society—drunkenness. Linked with almost every vice and crime in a loathsome compact with gaming-houses and brothels, it bur-dens the criminal dockets of courts of justice, throngs the poor-houses, mad-houses, jails, and gibbets, drives men to despair through the snake-wreathed portals of delirium tremens, unbars the posterns of life that they may slink into the cowardly grave of suicide.

Beginning most often in an alluring taste in the jocund bond of good-fellowship, it becomes an appetite and master-passion, which destroys the body, darkens the intellect, blinds the moral sense, deadens the soul, drives God out of men's spirits, and, paralyzing the will, binds men and women hand and foot, and casts them into hell, leaving an entail of despair and wretchedness to their children."

# HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

A CONVENIENCE FOR THE INSIDE OF A CLOSET DOOR .- A door can be used for more purposes than one, as is here demonstrated. The foundation for this useful case is the inside of a closet door. We would suggest that if on the sitting-room door, it would save the housekeeper many steps. It can be made of gray linen, cretonne, or calico; if made of the latter it must all be made double. For the back, cut a piece forty-eight inches by twenty-three; the strip for the shoe pocket, thirty-six by ten; linen and

muslin pockets, twenty-eight by twelve; paper pocket, twenty-eight by thirteen, and pocket for strings, sixteen by five. These pieces are all bound across the top with worsted braid. piece for the shoe pocket is divided into four equal parts, the extra width is laid in plaits on the sides of the pockets; baste them on, and place a couple of rows of stitching between the pockets; stitch the bottom of the linen and muslin pocket on with a plait laid at the ends, turn it up and divide with a row of stitching; baste it only on the sides. The next pocket is done in the same way. The string pocket is sewed on flat. Bind the case all around with

Browy Brown

A CONVENIENCE FOR THE INSIDE OF CLOSET DOOR.

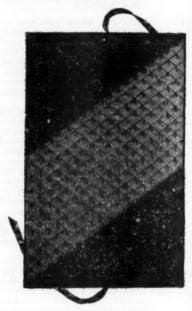
the braid. Sew brass hooks on each corner to tack it on the door with. The words as here seen on the pockets can be worked in outline stitch on them if desired, but it is not necessary, as one will soon learn what each pocket contains.



SCRAP-BASKET.

SCRAP-BASKET.—An ordinary splint peach basket makes a commodious scrap-basket, and can be transformed into a thing of beauty with little expense. Select a nice, smooth one; varnish it on the outside and weave broad satin ribbon through the slats, as seen here; tie a large bow of the same on the front; line it with old-gold sateen.

Soiled sush or other light ribbon can be dved beautifully and used for such purposes as well as new, and saving a great deal, as the ribbon is about the only expense of a great many fancy things. The dye in any shade can be procured at almost any drug-store at ten cents a package, with full directions for use. Having used them so successfully on several occasions, can safely say you will be repaid for work.

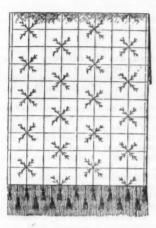


BANDKERCHIEF CASE.

Handkerchief Case.—This handkerchief case is made of terra-cotta colored plush and light blue satin. The satin is quilted on a sheet of cotton wadding, which has been previously sprinkled with sachet powder for the lining. The outside and corners are made of the plush. Turn the edges of the satin and plush in and over-hand them neatly together. The corners are lined with the plain satin, and overhanded on Satin ribbon of the same shade of the plush are used to tie the case together. The same idea can be carried out in one of much larger size for gentlemen's shirts. It makes a very nice gift for a gentleman, a thing that is very difficult to find after they are supplied with slippers and smoking-caps. A less expensive case for shirts can be made of a delicate shade of pink or blue sateen.

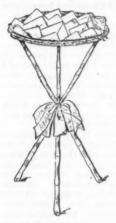
TIDY MADE OF LINEN TOWELING.—An inexpensive and ea-ily made tidy is shown in this illustration. It is made of blue plaid linen toweling. A very good quality can be purchased for eighteen cents a yard. The large plaid is best for this purpose. Mark the crosses on the linen with a leadpencil and work them with blue working cotton in feather stitch. Fringe one end out several inches and make little tassels of the blue cotton and fasten them in. The other end is to be hemmed. It will be found a very serviceable tidy, as it will wash so

well. Toilet sets are made in the same manner. Circles are marked on sometimes in place of the crosses; these are worked in the stem stitch,



TIDY.

making the outline as near the width of the cross-bars as possible. The finer plaid is prettier for the circle design. Red plaid can be used if preferred, but the blue is not so ordinary-looking.



STANDARD CARD-RECEIVER.

STANDARD CARD-RECEIVER.—The card-receiver here illustrated is the most unique little affair I have ever seen that was within the reach of home talent. The materials necessary to make one are three bamboo canes, a brass plaque, and three yards of satin ribbon. The canes can be bought for ten cents each, the plaque for seventy-five, and the ribbon for sixty, costing in all one dollar and sixty-five cents for an article

that has the appearance of being worth five or six dollars. The canes can be left the natural color or gilded. They are fastened together with strong wire. Turn them upside down and place the plaques on them. (A hammeredbrass plaque would be handsomer-for this purpose than the plain one, if one is fortunate enough to understand that work.)

A tri-colored bow, of many loops and ends, is tied around the canes where they are joined. A delicate pink, blue, and green form a pretty con-



PAPER-WEIGHT AND BILL-STICKER.

PAPER-WEIGHT AND BILL-STICKER.—Everything must be made ornamental as well as useful in these days, and why not, when it can be done with so little expense and trouble? A paper-weight and bill-sticker can be much improved in appearance by making a covering for the base of it out of a bit of plush or velvet. A circular piece is fitted on the top and a hole punched through the centre of it. A band for the base is fitted around this and a piece the size of the bottom is cut to be joined on the band. The top must be embroidered before the parts are joined. If you cannot conveniently have a pattern stamped on it use the crackle pattern—that is, the lines running any way, forming what they will; where they cross each other embroider a little star or triangle in silk. The pattern seen here is embroidered in silk and tinsel combined; for the crackle design this will be found a pretty combination. Join the top on the band, slip it on, and sew the bottom on; if the base should be uneven fill it out with cotton batting.

## FASHION DEPARTMENT.

## FASHION NOTES.

THE favorite fall costumes will be of wool. with soft, clinging effects. Many of these wool costumes will be decorated with hand embroidery, often in bright colors contrasting with the grounds.

It is the fashion now to say "gown" for

dress. A tailor-made gown is proper.

Khayyam serges and flannels will be as popular as ever. A fashionable fancy is for a costume of écru or beige tinted woolen, braided with garnet or navy-blue. The braid is disposed in the familiar wheel, trefoil, ring, or band styles. Loops of velvet or ribbon to match the braid, may be added, according to taste.

New camel's hair fabrics have a solid-ground color, as blue, brown, gray, green, or black, with hair-lines of a contrasting color. Striped effects are still liked. Stripes are as often arranged around a costume bayadere fashion as straight

up and down.

Velvet is a universal stand by. It is now used in all colors, for adjustable collars and cuffs, or, sometimes, lapels, vests, jackets, and so forth, so that an old costume may be easily freshened or one dress made to do duty as several.

Beaded trimmings bid fair to be popular, and, from present indications, may be applied to costumes of any sort, and not merely to handsome silks and velvets, as was recently the fancy.

Knitting and crocheting effects have been introduced into bathing suits late this season. Probably the idea will be carried further, so that fancy edgings, rosettes, and the like, in silk and wool, will be used with woolen dresses. Serge and camel's-hair costumes are often

made with jacket and waistcoat. This latter is often loose and puffed, giving a Fedora effect. It may be of silk, foulard, surah, mull, gauze, tulle, muslin, or any contrasting color or ma-terial preferred. Sometimes the whole waist is loose and baggy, and held in place with a belt or sash. This is a fashion which must commend itself to everybody, as it provides a way of remodeling a costume or using up odd materials.

A fashionable wedding-dress need no longer be of pure white satin. The new shade is painter's white, which is really gray, the tint ainter's-white, which is really gray, the tint sen in faint shadows of white-painted objects. Pale pinks and blues are also worn, with the conventional tulle and train. The favorite conventional tulle and train. flowers are tinted natural roses. Soft China silk and gauze are often introduced into bridal toilettes, in combination with satin.

At elegant church weddings, the bride's relatives and friends wear elaborate costumes, only a bonnet indicating a marked difference between a church and a ball dress. Satin, tulle, flowers, jewels, and V-necks are some of the features of these costumes. Probably the fashion will be short-lived, as a quiet, handsome street-costume is in much better taste for a church wedding.

Rough straw hats will be worn well into cold

weather. The latest is the Deer Park hat, with enormous brim, projecting over the forehead like a poke, and turned up at the side. The favorite colors are black, navy-blue, garnet, and seal-brown, and the trimming will be darktinted velvet or plush or chenille or black and colored laces, enormous red roses or poppies, and feathers or fruit. The leading idea seems to be

simply the grotesquely picturesque.

Lace is still used to excess in dinner and evening costumes. There is a reason for this, as the owner of a fine piece of lace naturally objects to cutting it. The ground for a lace costume may be of bright-colored surah, silk, or satin, and the lace black, white, or ecru, real or imitation. The low-priced, black French and tation. The low-priced, black French and cream Oriental are often quite as effective as any other. In these days, an old-fashioned lace shawl is a treasure. It may be massed to form a panel, a puffed vest and apron-front, or a polo-naise, without cutting. Or a discarded lace sacque may form a gathered waist over a silk foundation. A lace cape may be used unaltered or with a little puffing on the shoulders, caught with bows. It goes without saying that a halfworn silk dress of any shade may be renovated by a lace covering.

A beautiful lace costume recently described was of black guipure over moss-green satin, decorated with loops and bows of copper-red and moss-green and metallic beads of copper and Another was a plaited skirt of pale-blue green. surah, with apron-front of ecru lace. Pompadour bodice, of the surah, with guimpe and sleeves of the lace; still another is of garnet silk with front panel of black lace; puffed vest, of lace framed in by garnet velvet lapels and crossed by parallel bands, the puffed lace showing between; velvet collars and cuffs, with lace ruching at neck and sleeves. The moral of all of which is, use up your scraps artistically, and you will achieve an

elegant, fashionable costume.

A new fancy in woolen dresses is pale-blue cashmere combined with navy-blue serge. The pale blue may take the form of a front breadth, a vest, paniers, revers, or broad collar and cuffs. Braid—white, black, or blue—may be added, in bands or trefoils, if desired. Another fancy is for

dead-white flannel or serge, combined with cream. China crape, tulle, embroidered mull, and gauze are admired for evening costumes when very little lace is used. They are generally combined with plain silk, satin, or soft woolen materials, as evening cashmeres, nun's-veilings, and albatross cloths. Dotted Swiss muslin, with silk or crape, is a novel combination. colors are always seen, as pink with cream, pink with blue, blue with cream, green with white, and so forth. A pretty fancy is to wear with a black costume a mass of bright-red roses or poppies covered with black tulle.

Independent jackets, to be worn with any costume or carried as extra wraps, are of soft, striped Jersey stockinette or striped or colored

cloths.

Little capes, added to dresses of any style, are of netting or macrame, in heavy silk.

Waists and coats, of velvet cloth or other heavy material, are worn with lighter skirts in the between-season. This suggests a mode of using half-worn skirts or re-modeling discarded jackets.

It is predicted that the bustle will go out altogether and give place to flat, clinging draperies. At present, the fancy is for a light

wire tournure.

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Low-heeled shoes are universally worn.

Black lace bows and scarfs caught with ribbon are worn with black or colored costumes.

A favorite necklace is of gold or silver coins or jet stars, forming a band fitting closely around the outside of the upright dress-collar. This is usually of velvet, adding much to the effectiveness of the quaint necklace.

For a late fall traveling costume, a serviceable and stylish one is of black and white shepherd's plaid cloth, with collar and cuffs of black velvet.

The absolutely plain skirt will be worn more than ever, finished simply with a hem, not even a braid. To hang well, it should be full over the tournure and measure about three and a half yards around.

### THE RAMBLER.

IN no direction has the world's progress been so marked, so distinctive, as in the advance and upward grade of employment for women. Fortunate, indeed, is it thus, for as a woman advances in capacity and has opened to her larger avenues whereby she can earn a subsistence for herself and a position in the world, she will acquire the exercise of a larger freedom of choice in the matter of marriage—a freedom that will necessarily give her more time and latitude to judge that which is for her best good and the most expedient, not only for her own happiness, but also for that of another.

Then, again, it is a question of the social and ethical attitude of the day as to whether, if a man or woman is capable of becoming a controlling power in any one branch of art, science, or industry, should they not devote their time and energies toward the accomplishment of such an end for the good of the whole? But not until the meaning of life has moved toward a more satisfactory solution than the enigma presents just now will this question be more definitely settled, and even then who shall say, "I

am right"?

Equality is one of the most divine conditions of the universe, and the mere fact of striving toward that point creates enthusiasm, ambition, hope, ever acting stimulants that leave no bad effects behind. A recognition of equality of sex in labor and the chance of success has brought out from many a woman an unsuspected reserve of strength to follow out her own true life untrammeled and free, the repression of which has hitherto come near to killing the creature by its stifled longings and desperate struggles toward the light of a better day.

A great promoter of happiness and satisfaction it is to feel that, come what may to the domestic influences, though love may fail and homes be shivered into fragments, there yet remains in the hands of a woman a weapon wherewith to battle with stern facts, and an instrument whereby she may carve her way to success and a respected place in the busy life of this world.

No greater or more satisfying means toward this end has been presented than the different schools of art, industrial and otherwise, of which we have now many, where in former years but one or two struggling institutions had hard work to keep the breath of life in their poor, perishing frames. One of the oldest and most prominent of these schools, the Philadelphia School of Design for Women, points this growth of opinion in a more marked manner than any other.

Founded in 1847 by Mrs. Sarah Peter, wife of the British Consul at Philadelphia, in a true and advanced spirit of philanthropy, the little School commenced its career of usefulness at her own residence, on the west side of Third Street, below Spruce, in Philadelphia. Quietly it did its work, unrecognized save by a few liberal minds, who saw in it a germ of something greater, and finally passing into the care of the Franklin Institute, of the above-mentioned city, but in whose charge it remained but a short time. In 1853 a few true art lovers and public-spirited men fathered the small and weakly infant, foremost in the movement being Mr. John Sartain, the world-known engraver, and it began its corporate existence under a charter obtained from the Court of Common Pleas on the 24th of September of that year. From this time began a new era of its life, and now this small beginning has blossomed out into a tree that casts its branches widespread and bears fruit of usefulness and marked beauty. From this small beginning has sprung the pres ent fine School of Design, taking a high rank among those schools which had "been adopted by all enlightened nations, with the object of educating their artisans in a knowledge of the harmonies of form, color, and arrangement, and thereby imparting a tasteful style to the diverse products of their industry." So reads the pros-pectus of this excellent School, and the "Ram-bler" cannot do better than continue the quotation, so applicable does it seem to the matter in hand and which it can so heartily indorse. Thus does the prospectus run, and the "Ram-bler" takes pleasure in enforcing this aspect of women's work upon the minds of its readers: "As it has been proved by the sure test of success that the practice of the arts of design is one peculiarly adapted to the female mind and hand, it seems to us highly desirable that an

avenue to this useful employment should be open to the sex whose range of occupation has been heretofore so needlessly and injuriously circumscribed. While being so important a preparation for the labors of life, this avocation is, at the same time, an attractive study and an elegant accomplishment for those whose present station would appear to render them secure from the need of ever deriving from it pecuniary emolument. Moreover, we should all be admonished by experience of the necessity of providing against the uncertainties of the future, since the revolutions of the wheel of fortune are ceaseless, and those who now seem the most secure from want may suddenly be ob'iged to depend upon their own exertions for a livelihood."
The object of this School is to give women thorough and systematic training in the principles and practice of the art of design, and when we stop to think, that not one thing that we use in our daily life, not a carpet on which we tread, not a cloth on our tables, not a paper on our walls, not a garment that we wear, or an article that we use, that has not made a primary demand for a design, we will arrive at the importance of this branch of study. This School has broadened itself out until not only is designing taught, but every adjunct necessary to that end has been gradually added, until at the present day, and in its beautiful home, it possesses every incentive and art treasure calculated to cultivate the taste and ennoble the art for which it stands. A thorough knowledge of all industrial as well as high art can here be ob-

tained, and china decoration, modeling, wood engraving, etching, pen-and-ink sketching for photo-engraving, crayon portraiture, portrait, landscape, and flower painting, are taught by first class professors, while its graduates fill positions of trust as teachers and designers in many of our first educational institutions and manufactories. As representative head of this School stands a woman well-fitted by education, talents, and sympathies, to fill this important position; we speak of Miss Emily Sartain.

Coming from a family of artists, with a broad, artistic education, both home and foreign, and showing by her work that her studious devotion to her art has been no idle boast, she is peculiarly fitted for the position by a largeness of sympathy, and a quick insight into human nature, that brings her en rapport with her pupils, and by winning their confidence, creates an influence that is sure to work for good. The terms of the School are so moderate as to be within reach of all who strenuously desire a thorough art education. Any especial information desired can be had by application to Miss Sartain, at the Philadelphia School of Design for Women, Broad and Master Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. It is needless for the "Rambler" to add further words to strengthen this branch of woman's work, in which the HOME MAGAZINE has always felt a peculiar interest, and which it has, as it were, made one of the strong planks in its literary platform. We leave this subject for the consideration and guidance of our readers.

### PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE season for renewal of subscriptions will soon be at hand, and our readers and the general public will be assailed on all sides with announcements that are intended to bring patronage to the many publications of our day. We do not believe that many readers are brought to a magazine or newspaper by the annual prospectus, for people who pay generally know what they are buying, and with monthly or other prints it is quite the same as with anything that is sold; but so long as our contemporaries maintain the custom, our subscribers, perhaps, look for a similar statement from us. fore we have thought it well to state briefly as possible what the aims of the publishers are; and we shall be glad to have the help of all friends who believe in the work of the "HOME," and to have

their aid in the extension of its field of usefulness.

First, then, we aim to make the pages of the HOME MAGAZINE a wholesome literary repast; one that is neither inane nor vicious, and free alike from stupidity on the one hand, and from license on the other: a magazine that shall be morally clean and intellectually keen, but not the vehicle for prosy or canty writers, neither that of the reviler nor cynic. In short, we purpose to make our pages what they have been, so far as the abilities of the revered founder of the MAGAZINE have descended to its editor, with such changes only in external form as may seem necessary in view of altered conditions in the surroundings of to-day.

Money-making is distinctly not the "be all and end all" in the conduct of this

MAGAZINE. We will be glad to have the Home circulate largely among our people, and if a substantial pecuniary return means usefulness and benefit to our readers, we shall rejoice in the possession of increased means to carry out the same ends, but will not purchase such a result by furnishing a style of literature that, if not absolutely bad, is lowering in its tendencies. We would rather that the Home should sink into oblivion, than that its pages should ever contain a word that would put to shame those of honorable intention and straightforward honesty in the preceding thirty-six volumes.

Our purpose is, too, to make as large a return to our subscribers, particularly in the coming year, as do any of our contemporaries. With this is joined the aim to make everything practically useful, and not to simply fill the pages with something, leaving rather to luck than management the result of an attempt to carry out a piece of fancy work or a recipe for cake-making. Of what possible use is it, for instance, to print a large sheet of "fashions" in gaudy colors, showing a number of impossible people in absurd attitudes, with ridiculous costumes that no person with the slightest pretension to good taste would tolerate for a moment? These things are easy to obtain, are not very expensive, and may seem to be very useful; but really they are not; and that the unpretentious patterns, such as are printed in every number of this MAGAZINE, are greatly more useful, we know from personal experience, as well as from thousands who have received through us the patterns we have printed. As in the matter of fashions, so with other things; our aim is to make them useful, and of such a quality that they may not simply use up so much space, but may be of benefit in the particular places where they belong.

We do not hear complaints of the HOME MAGAZINE—and it may be only those who are pleased with the MAGAZINE write to us, though we believe that the genus

growler usually manages to be heard—but if there are any subscribers to the "Home" who think of changing their "Arthur" next year, we would commend as a healthful mental recreation a comparison of our prospectus of this year and the way in which its promises have been fulfilled, with the inducements held out by any other magazine of its class and the manner of their fulfillment. We abide the result of such a perfectly fair comparison with feelings of the utmost confidence that we will make a firm friend of one that before was a waverer.

The way in which our pledges of this year were kept, will be the assurance to our subscribers of what may be expected as to those of the coming year. Our general promise is to give a larger return for the cost of subscription than ever before.

To the readers of many years and the good friends whose kindly expressions of approval and encouragement come as benedictions, and are the source of keenest enjoyment, the editor can make only a poor return—but a hearty one—of sincere thanks, and the hope that the Home may continue to be to them what it has been in the past.

The editor would have sincere pleasure to answer personally every one of these kind missives, but the number of them and the necessity of a vigorous prosecution of daily duties, that cannot be hazarded by even temporary neglect, prevent. But, dear friends! because you do not receive personal answers, do not think it is unnecessary to tell us of your pleasure in the MAGAZINE and of the use it has been. We seek the intimate acquaintance of every reader, and wish to have our subscribers feel that their letters receive personal consideration. These expressions of sympathy and encouragement frequently help to sustain a sometimes weary spirit, and assist often in "steering the course" that is not always clear of fog. God grant that the course be well laid, and that the light of true wisdom may be the guide of the helmsman.

# ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1887.

### PLEASE READ THIS CAREFULLY TO THE END.

BEGINNING with the issue for January, 1887, the Home Magazine will be enlarged to one hundred and twenty-eight pages and printed with entirely new types. The size of the Magazine hereafter will be a more convenient one to the hand, and the types of a larger size than those heretofore in use. Old friends will find the change an improvement very grateful to eyes whose years have kept pace with those of the Magazine.

It is purposed, for the year 1887, to continue the Home Magazine essentially on the plan made by its founder and with strictest regard to the moral cleanness of its pages. The publishers think with pleasure of the thousands of testimonials to the benefit that the Magazine has been in the past, and they will leave no effort untried to deserve in the future the same hearty commendation. In its stories and its teachings, we aim to make the Magazine a bright companion and a faithful friend. We believe that in its enlarged form the "Home" will be the cheapest and best magazine for general literary usefulness now before the American public, unequaled for quality, for quantity, and for cost.

In all of its Departments—Decorative, Literary, Domestic, etc.—the MAGAZINE is supervised carefully by the principal editor, who has had practical charge of the MAGAZINE for several years past and to whose taste and judgment are added the acquirements of an able corps of assistants. The special features of the "Home"—Housekeeping, the Home Circle, Temperance, etc.—will be continued as heretofore, as will the department of paper-patterns, in the selection of which is sought, as in other departments, to give to our readers things practical and useful, rather than those flashy in style and of doubtful taste.

Special attention is requested to the club-rates for 1887, which are lower than ever before, als) to the special premiums offered to the largest club-makers in each State and to the club-getter who furnishes the greatest number of subscribers for the year 1887. The premiums are precisely what they are represented to be in our club-list, and those who win them will not be disappointed in the result.

It will be seen that a special effort is made by the publishers to extend the usefulness of the MAGAZINE, and we appeal to our friends who believe in the mission and work of the "Home" to aid us in widening its influence among our people.

### PRICE-LIST FOR 1887, POSTAGE FREE.

1	copy					\$2	00
2	copie	s				3	00
3	4.6					4	35
4	66					er 5	
5	66	"	66	-46	66	7	
6	66	66	66	66	66	8	25
7	66	46	44	66	66	9	
8	44	66	66	66	66	10	
10	66	a gift	сору а	ind a p	portrai	of Mr. Arthur 13	
$\cdot \mathbf{L}$	arger	clubs a	t speci	al rate	s.		

### ADDITIONAL PREMIUMS.

- 1. To the club-getter sending in the largest list of names, a FINE GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN.
- 2. To the club-getter sending in the largest club-list in each State, a gold watch of the retail value of forty dollars—but no such award in any State for a smaller club than ten.

These additional premiums are free of conditions except as follows:

- 1. The winner of No. 1 cannot also win one of those under No. 2.
- 2. Those who wish to enter as competitors for the special premiums must advise us prior to 1st of February, 1887, accepting the conditions herein named. All winners will be required to acknowledge the receipt of the premium by letter, in which letter is to be stated the number in the club for which the premium was obtained, and to permit their acknowledgment to be printed in the columns of the HOME MAGAZINE.
- 3. In any cases of dispute the decision of the publishers of this magazine to be final.

The competition for these additional premiums will be open till 1st of June next, and all subscriptions dating from 1st of January, 1887, will be counted in the club-maker's list, if received on or before May 31st, 1887. In case two club-getters have the same number of subscribers, the award will be made to that one sending in the prior list. If this is indeterminate, the award will be made under the terms of third condition above. If these premiums stir up the proper activity among our friends, we may be able to duplicate the premium in case of a tie.

### NOTES AS TO CLUB TERMS.

The rates are intended to be very favorable to the formation of clubs both small and large. When we have but a single subscriber in a town we wish to have two or more, and the rates are such as to make it worth while for any of our friends to bring in one, two, or three neighbors to join subscriptions.

Every club-getter shall have a CLEAN COPY FOR HOME FILE, and we will have great pleasure in filling a request for such an extra copy on the receipt of the club-list.

Some of our subscribers may prefer to send in two clubs of four names each, instead of one of eight, or three of four names each instead of one of twelve, etc., in order to make gifts of the premium copies to friends. This will be quite satisfactory to us, as we desire to have the MAGAZINE circulate as widely as possible. The gift copies may in these cases be sent to any post-office in the United States or Canada without extra cost.

Club agents who have two or three names ready should send them in promptly with the money at the rate for that number. If subsequent additions to the club lower the rate, the difference on all may be deducted at the time that the additional names are sent to us.

### NOTES AS TO THE EXTRA PREMIUMS.

The portrait of Mr. T. S. Arthur, offered as an extra premium for clubs of ten (in addition to the extra copy of the Magazine), is a beautiful phototype, made by the celebrated artist, Gutekunst, in Philadelphia. It is considered by all of Mr. Arthur's friends as a "speaking" likeness, and it is one of the most beautiful pro-

ductions possible to the photographic art. As an accurate portrait, this picture is far superior to any others that have been published, and as it is mounted on India tinted plate paper, it will be found worthy of a handsome frame for a library or parlor. The size is 6½x9, and it will be sent by mail, post-paid, either to the agent's address or that of a friend. The value of these pictures is one dollar each, and subscribers can have them of us at that price, or any club-maker who fails to secure the full number necessary to this prize may have it at the proportionate rate that the club firms of ten. Thus, for a club of nine names, ten cents additional must be paid to the club rate; for eight names, twenty cents; seven names, thirty cents, and so on.

The watches offered for the additional premiums will not be cheap, poor things, whose whole value is on the outside, but they will be of an approved make, and well worth any effort that our club agents may make to win them. As the competition for these does not close till June 1st, 1887, we will announce in succeeding numbers that will not be so crowded as this one all the detail necessary to inform our friends fully upon the subject. We advise all our club-makers to come in before the first of February, as required in the conditions, and we pledge ourselves that the watches furnished will be found all that we promise them to be, and fully satisfactory, We desire that each of our club-makers who enters this competition-and we hope they all will, for a better opportunity to get a good watch cheap they will probably never have—shall note upon each club-list sent in "this makes names for my watch club," and we wish also that they will keep lists of names and dates sent in, so that there may be no misapprehension at the end. Although the weather or illness may prevent a good start, yet the lateness of the date in 1887 when the award will be made, gives an opportunity to everybody to canvass vigorously in pleasant weather. We shall close the lists positively on the day announced, and make the award with the least possible delay thereafter.

In making the awards for the second extra premium, we will reckon the State by the residence of the club-maker. It is of no consequence whatever where the subscriptions come from. If a club-getter in Colorado can send us the largest list of names, though they be resident one in each State of the Union and in Canada, the club will count to the benefit of the best club from Colorado.

In conclusion, we may add that the publishers have made every effort in their power to make such low rates for clubs as to induce the friends of the MAGAZINE to make a decided effort to enlarge its circulation, and thus secure the same favorable terms for the future.

### NOTES AS TO REMITTANCES, ETC.

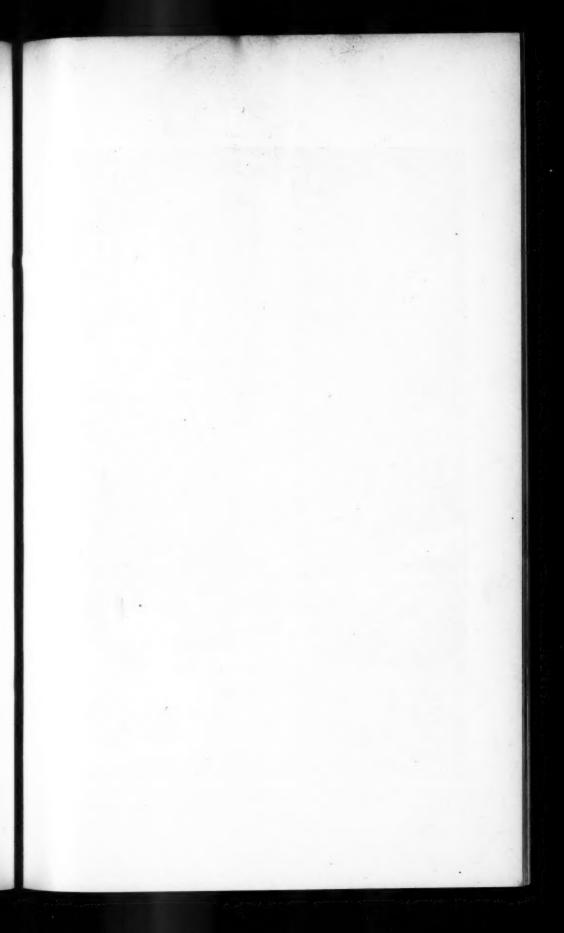
Additions to clubs can always be made at the club-rate.

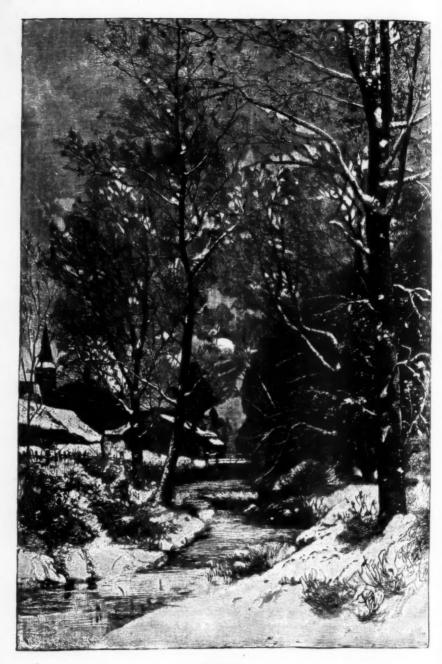
It is not required that all the members of a club be at the same post-office.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, or Registered Letter. Money sent in ordinary business letters is at the risk of the sender. We do not accept liability for remittances sent in any way but the above.

Be very careful, in writing, to give your post-office address and also that of your subscribers. Always give Town, County, and State.

The names of women should always be preceded by Mrs. or Miss, and invariably in the same style. No publisher that we know of can tell by that address if Mary A. Smith is married or not, nor is there a rule that we know of by which any one may tell that Mary A. and Mrs. John Smith are the same person.





WINTER.

## ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LIV.

DECEMBER, 1886.

No. 12.



BY LILLIAN GREY.

 $A^{\rm LL}$  down through the aisles of the centuries fleet,

Still echoes the tread of the Magi's feet; The perfume of incense ne'er has died, But haunts us still in the Christmas-tide.

'Twas a wondrous star that led the way
To the manger-bed where the Christ-child lay;
Though the Bethlehem star has lost its light,
All stars shine brighter on Christmas night.

There were melodies sung which no mortal sings,

When the air was a-gleam with angels' wings; But the words of that wonderful, jubilant song Have echoed the ages all along.

All over the land there are hurrying feet,
All over the land rings the carol sweet:
"On the earth be peace and good-will to men,
For the Saviour is born in Bethlehem!"



VOL. LIV.-57.

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### THE RED CARNATION.

By LEIGH NORTH.



A young girl sat at the win-

dow sewing steadily with swift, deft fingers that seldom

pause, for upon their industry

depended her daily bread. It

was a sweet face that bent

over the work, with dark-gray eyes that one loved to look into, soft-brown hair, and a delicate color that came and went. The dark-blue dress fitted close to her rounded figure, and one pretty foot extended beyond, but when she rose to cross the roum she halted in her step and showed that the other was lame and

even deformed.

" Here I am for two minutes?" cried a cheerful voice, as she took her seat again, and Carl Sprague, the young shoemaker from across the way, leaned in for a little chat. The girl col-

ored, though she smiled brightly. She was sensitive always about her lameness, and did not like to be seen moving around. "You work too hard, Louise," he said presently, and in a lower voice-"I wish you'd let me work for two."

She dropped the fine cambric on which she was sewing into her lap, threw back her head, and gave a little laugh.

"I don't think either of us are working very

"You're always putting me off," he said, with a certain discontent in his tone, while he looked with evident admiration into her beautiful

"O Carl!" and she spoke with sudden earnestness; "a lame wife is a sore hindrance to any man."

"What do I care for that?" he answered; "it only means that we can't dance together. A better, a sweeter, or a prettier girl never lived, nor one more suited to keep a neat house"-glancing around-"or to make a man happy."

You're very good," she said, gratefully.

"Then come! Do you mean to keep a fellow waiting a lifetime?"

She leaned forward and plucked a fine carnation that was growing solitary on its stem.

"Take that for the present," she spoke, merrily. "I could not come to you like a beggar, and I have not saved enough to leave with Granny or buy myself a wedding gown yet."

"It is a good enough wedding gown for me you have on this minute."

She shook her head. His brow darkened.

"You're too proud by half. I don't believe there is any truth in it when you say you care for me. Well, take your own time. You must come to me now, for I'll trouble you no more."

"I'll bring my shoe to be mended," she said,

lightly, putting out the one pretty foot. But

he was gone.

She sighed and took up her work. It did seem hard for both of them, yet she felt it was too much to bring upon him the burden of them all, and Granny and little Nan must be her care, at least for awhile. Granny had worked hard enough in her time, and her young sister must have schooling and many other things.

A step sounded near her and she looked up, half startled. Had Carl come back to make his peace with her? But it was Miss Ward, the young lady who employed her to sew, who

"The heliotrope is coming on well, but I am not sure I can save the lily."

"If anybody can save it, you can," said Miss Clara, and, throwing a small gold piece on the table, "There's something pretty for your trouble, and a thousand thanks besides."

"It is too much," Louise said, coloring, and

not offering to touch it.

"You're too proud," Miss Ward replied, laughing. "If I don't owe it to you now I soon will. Put it away for your trousseau; you'll want one some of these days as well as I. Tie. on your kerchief" (for Louise, in the pretty

fashion she had brought from her native Germany, always wore one when she went into the street) "and come home with me. I have a lovely pattern of a new dress there, and I am sure you can make it for me just as well as Madame du Ville."

Louise folded up her work and

made ready to go.

"Suppose you give me that carnation," Miss Ward said. "It has no flowers on now, but doubtless it will bloom again."

Carl's flower! Somehow Louise ielt as if she could not part with it.

"Please, Miss Clara, will you let me give you this mignonette instead?" she said, holding it out to her. "I raised it for you, and it is very sweet."

"To be sure," said the young lady, kindly, "I'd just as soon have it. Perhaps somebody gave you the carnation?"

Louise smiled, but did not answer.

The days passed on, and Carl came no more for his little chat at the window. He was angry and sore, and determined he would wait, if it was forever, till Louise summoned him back; and, with all her heart, the girl longed to do so, but she could only wait and hope. All through the winter days and the spring, when the flowers returned, she toiled, upheld by the belief that he was still faithful and that all would come right in the end. She took to sowing at the upper window, since he no longer stopped to chat with her, where she could glance up, now and then, and see his familiar sign across the street. She was unconscious how pretty a picture she made, screened by her pois of flowers, as she bent over her work.

She had a sort of superstition that when the carnation bloomed once more and that ahoe needed mending, some good would come to her; and she watched it anxiously, lest it should wear out too soon.

But the days were busy and the toll unremitting, and sometimes she was sadly discouraged,



stood beside her now. Unequal as was their station, there was much kindly feeling, almost friendship, between the two girls.

"Well, Louise, busy as over? How comes on my work? and, above all, how are my sick flowers? I verily believe the flowers love you and know the difference between us. I kill them with kindness, while you have but to look at them to make them revive;" for Miss Clars, who was fond of flowers, provided they did not cost her too much trouble, had a habit of bringing her withered and dying favoritee for Louise, if possible, to recover. And so successful, as a rule, was that young gardener, that she seldom failed.

"I have them up-stairs," Louise answered.

baste it only on the sides. The next pocket is done in the same way. The string pocket is sewed on flat. Bind the case all around with

800/ Began

A CONVENIENCE FOR THE INSIDE OF CLOSET DOOR.

the braid. Sew brass hooks on each corner to tack it on the door with. The words as here seen on the pockets can be worked in outline stitch on them if desired, but it is not necessary, as one will soon learn what each pocket contains.



SCRAP-BASKET.

SCRAP-BASKET.—An ordinary splint peach basket makes a commodious scrap-basket, and can be transformed into a thing of beauty with little expense. Select a nice, smooth one; varnish it on the outside and weave broad satin ribbon through the slats, as seen here; tie a large bow of the same on the front; line it with old-gold sateen.

Soiled sush or other light ribbon can be dved beautifully and used for such purposes as well as new, and saving a great deal, as the ribbon is about the only expense of a great many funcy things. The dye in any shade can be procured at almost any drug-store at ten cents a package, with full directions for use. Having used them so successfully on several occasions, cun safely say you will be repaid for work.

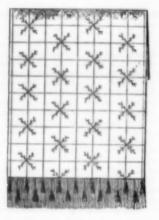


HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

Handkerchief Case.—This handkerchief case is made of terra-cotta colored plush and light blue satin. The satin is quilted on a sheet of cotton wadding, which has been previously sprinkled with sachet powder for the lining. The outside and corners are made of the plush. Turn the edges of the satin and plush in and over-hand them neatly together. The corners are lined with the plain satin, and overhanded on. Satin ribbon of the same shade of the plush are used to tie the case together. The same idea can be carried out in one of much larger size for gentlemen's shirts. It makes a very nice gift for a gentleman, a thing that is very difficult to find after they are supplied with slippers and smoking-caps. A less expensive case for shirts can be made of a delicate shade of pink or blue sateen.

TIDY MADE OF LINEN TOWELING.—An inexpensive and easily made tidy is shown in this illustration. It is made of blue plaid linen toweling. A very good quality can be purchased for eighteen cents a yard. The large plaid is hest for this purpose. Mark the crosses on the linen with a leadpencil and work them with blue working cotton in feather stitch. Fringe one end out several inches and make little tassels of the blue cotton and fasten them in. The other end is to be hemmed. It will be found a very serviceable tidy, as it will wash so

well. Toilet sets are made in the same manner. Circles are marked on sometimes in place of the crosses; these are worked in the stem stitch,



TIDY.

making the outline as near the width of the cross-bars as possible. The finer plaid is prettier for the circle design. Red plaid can be used if preferred, but the blue is not so ordinary-looking.



STANDARD CARD-RECEIVER.

STANDARD CARD-RECEIVER.—The card-receiver here illustrated is the most unique little affair I have ever seen that was within the reach of home talent. The materials necessary to make one are three bamboo canes, a brass plaque, and three yards of satin ribbon. The canes can be bought for ten cents each, the plaque for seventy-five, and the ribbon for sixty, costing in all one dollar and sixty-five cents for an article

that has the appearance of being worth five or six dollars. The canes can be left the natural color or gilded. They are fastened together with strong wire. Turn them upside down and place the plaques on them. (A hammeredbrass plaque would be handsomer for this purpose than the plain one, if one is fortunate enough to understand that work.)

A tri-colored bow, of many loops and ends, is tied around the canes where they are joined. A delicate pink, blue, and green form a pretty con-

Louis L



PAPER-WEIGHT AND BILL-STICKER,

PAPER-WEIGHT AND BILL-STICKER.—Everything must be made ornamental as well as use ful in these days, and why not, when it can be done with so little expense and trouble? A paper-weight and bill-sticker can be much improved in appearance by making a covering for the base of it out of a bit of plush or velvet. A circular piece is fitted on the top and a hole punched through the centre of it. A band for the base is fitted around this and a piece the size of the bottom is cut to be joined on the band. The top must be embroidered before the parts are joined. If you cannot conveniently have a pattern stamped on it use the crackle pattern—that is, the lines running any way, forming what they will; where they cross each other embroider a little star or triangle in silk. The pattern seen here is embroidered in silk and tinsel combined; for the crackle design this will be found a pretty combination. Join the top on the band, slip it on, and sew the bottom on; if the base should be uneven fill it out with cotton batting.

### FASHION DEPARTMENT.

### FASHION NOTES.

THE favorite fall costumes will be of wool, with soft, clinging effects. Many of these wool costumes will be decorated with hand embroidery, often in bright colors contrasting

with the grounds.

It is the fashion now to say "gown" for

dress. A tailor-made gown is proper.

Khayyam serges and flannels will be as popular as ever. A fashionable fancy is for a costume of écru or beige tinted woolen, braided with garnet or navy-blue. The braid is disposed in the familiar wheel, trefoil, ring, or band styles. Loops of velvet or ribbon to match the braid, may be added, according to taste.

New camel's hair fabrics have a solid-ground color, as blue, brown, gray, green, or black, with hair-lines of a contrasting color. Striped effects are still liked. Stripes are as often arranged around a costume bayadere fashion as straight

up and down.

Velvet is a universal stand by. It is now used in all colors, for adjustable collars and cuffs, or, sometimes, lapels, vests, jackets, and so forth, so that an old costume may be easily freshened or one dress made to do duty as several.

Beaded trimmings bid fair to be popular, and, from present indications, may be applied to costumes of any sort, and not merely to handsome silks and velvets, as was recently the fancy.

Knitting and crocheting effects have been introduced into bathing suits late this season. Probably the idea will be carried further, so that fancy edgings, rosettes, and the like, in silk and wool, will be used with woolen dresses.

Serge and camel's-hair costumes are often made with jacket and waistcoat. This latter is often loose and puffed, giving a Fedora effect. It may be of silk, foulard, surah, mull, gauze, tulle, muslin, or any contrasting color or ma-terial preferred. Sometimes the whole waist is loose and baggy, and held in place with a belt or sash. This is a fashion which must commend itself to everybody, as it provides a way of re-modeling a costume or using up odd materials.

A fashionable wedding-dress need no longer be of pure white satin. The new shade is painter's-white, which is really gray, the tint en in faint shadows of white-painted objects. Pale pinks and blues are also worn, with the conventional tulle and train. The favorite flowers are tinted natural roses. Soft China The favorite silk and gauze are often introduced into bridal

toilettes, in combination with satin.

At elegant church weddings, the bride's relatives and friends wear elaborate costumes, only a bonnet indicating a marked difference between a church and a ball dress. Satin, tulle, flowers, jewels, and V-necks are some of the features of these costumes. Probably the fashion will be short-lived, as a quiet, handsome street-costume is in much better taste for a church wedding.

Rough straw hats will be worn well into cold

weather. The latest is the Deer Park hat, with enormous brim, projecting over the forehead like a poke, and turned up at the side. The favorite colors are black, navy-blue, garnet, and seal-brown, and the trimming will be dark tinted velvet or plush or chenille or black and colored laces, enormous red roses or poppies, and feathers or fruit. The leading idea seems to be simply the grotesquely picturesque.

Lace is still used to excess in dinner and evening costumes. There is a reason for this, as the owner of a fine piece of lace naturally objects to cutting it. The ground for a lace costume may be of bright-colored surah, silk, or satin, and the lace black, white, or ecru, real or imitation. The low-priced, black French and cream Oriental are often quite as effective as any other. In these days, an old-fashioned lace shawl is a treasure. It may be massed to form a panel, a puffed vest and apron-front, or a polonaise, without cutting. Or a discarded lace sacque may form a gathered waist over a silk foundation. A lace cape may be used unaltered or with a little puffing on the shoulders, caught with bows. It goes without saying that a halfworn silk dress of any shade may be renovated by a lace covering.

A beautiful lace costume recently described was of black guipure over moss-green satin, decorated with loops and bows of copper-red and moss-green and metallic beads of copper and green. Another was a plaited skirt of pale-blue surah, with apron-front of ecru lace. Pompadour bodice, of the surah, with guimpe and sleeves of the lace; still another is of garnet silk with front panel of black lace; puffed vest, of lace framed in by garnet velvet lapels and crossed by parallel bands, the puffed lace showing between; velvet collars and cuffs, with lace ruching at neck and sleeves. The moral of all of which is, use up your scraps artistically, and you will achieve an

elegant, fashionable costume.

A new fancy in woolen dresses is pale-blue cashmere combined with navy-blue serge. The pale blue may take the form of a front breadth, a vest, paniers, revers, or broad collar and cuffs. Braid—white, black, or blue—may be added, in bands or trefoils, if desired. Another fancy is for dead-white flannel or serge, combined with cream.

China crape, tulle, embroidered mull, and gauze are admired for evening costumes when very little lace is used. They are generally combined with plain silk, satin, or soft woolen materials, as evening cashmeres, nun's-veilings, and albatross cloths. Dotted Swiss muslin, with silk or crape, is a novel combination. Two colors are always seen, as pink with cream, pink with blue, blue with cream, green with white, and so forth. A pretty fancy is to wear with a black costume a mass of bright-red roses or poppies covered with black tulle.

Independent jackets, to be worn with any costume or carried as extra wraps, are of soft, striped Jersey stockinette or striped or colored

cloths.

Little capes, added to dresses of any style, are of netting or macrame, in heavy silk.

Waists and coats, of velvet cloth or other heavy material, are worn with lighter skirts in the between-season. This suggests a mode of using half-worn skirts or re-modeling discarded isokets.

It is predicted that the bustle will go out altogether and give place to flat, clinging draperies. At present, the fancy is for a light

wire tournure.

Low-heeled shoes are universally worn.

Black lace bows and scarfs caught with ribbon are worn with black or colored costumes.

A favorite necklace is of gold or silver coins or jet stars, forming a band fitting closely around the outside of the upright dress-collar. This is usually of velvet, adding much to the effectiveness of the quaint necklace.

For a late fall traveling costume, a serviceable and stylish one is of black and white shepherd's plaid cloth, with collar and cuffs of black velvet.

The absolutely plain skirt will be worn more than ever, finished simply with a hem, not even a braid. To hang well, it should be full over the tournure and measure about three and a half yards around.

### THE RAMBLER.

In no direction has the world's progress been so marked, so distinctive, as in the advance and upward grade of employment for women. Fortunate, indeed, is it thus, for as a woman advances in capacity and has opened to her larger avenues whereby she can earn a subsistence for herself and a position in the world, she will acquire the exercise of a larger freedom of choice in the matter of marriage—a freedom that will necessarily give her more time and latitude to judge that which is for her best good and the most expedient, not only for her own happiness, but also for that of another.

Then, again, it is a question of the social and ethical attitude of the day as to whether, if a man or woman is capable of becoming a controlling power in any one branch of art, science, or industry, should they not devote their time and energies toward the accomplishment of such an end for the good of the whole? But not until the meaning of life has moved toward a more satisfactory solution than the enigma presents just now will this question be more definitely settled, and even then who shall say, "I

am right"?

Equality is one of the most divine conditions of the universe, and the mere fact of striving toward that point creates enthusiasm, ambition, hope, ever acting stimulants that leave no bad effects behind. A recognition of equality of sex in labor and the chance of success has brought out from many a woman an unsuspected reserve of strength to follow out her own true life untrammeled and free, the repression of which has hitherto come near to killing the creature by its stifled longings and desperate struggles toward the light of a better day.

A great promoter of happiness and satisfaction it is to feel that, come what may to the domestic influences, though love may fail and homes be shivered into fragments, there yet remains in the hands of a woman a weapon wherewith to battle with stern facts, and an instrument whereby she may carve her way to success and a respected place in the busy life of this

world.

No greater or more satisfying means toward this end has been presented than the different schools of art, industrial and otherwise, of which we have now many, where in former years but one or two struggling institutions had hard work to keep the breath of life in their poor, perishing frames. One of the oldest and most prominent of these schools, the Philadelphia School of Design for Women, points this growth of opinion in a more marked manner than any

other.

Founded in 1847 by Mrs. Sarah Peter, wife of the British Consul at Philadelphia, in a true and advanced spirit of philanthropy, the little School commenced its career of usefulness at her own residence, on the west side of Third Street, below Spruce, in Philadelphia. Quietly it did its work, unrecognized save by a few liberal minds, who saw in it a germ of something greater, and finally passing into the care of the Franklin Institute, of the above-mentioned city, but in whose charge it remained but a short time. In 1853 a few true art lovers and public-spirited men fathered the small and weakly infant, foremost in the movement being Mr. John Sartain, the world-known engraver, and it began its corporate existence under a charter obtained from the Court of Common Pleas on the 24th of September of that year. From this time began a new era of its life, and now this small beginning has blossomed out into a tree that casts its branches widespread and bears fruit of usefulness and marked beauty. From this small beginning has sprung the present fine School of Design, taking a high rank among those schools which had "been adopted by all enlightened nations, with the object of educating their artisans in a knowledge of the harmonies of form, color, and arrangement, and thereby imparting a tasteful style to the diverse products of their industry." So reads the prospectus of this excellent School, and the "Rambler" cannot do better than continue the quotation, so applicable does it seem to the matter in hand and which it can so heartily indorse. Thus does the prospectus run, and the "Rambler" takes pleasure in enforcing this aspect of women's work upon the minds of its readers: "As it has been proved by the sure test of success that the practice of the arts of design is one peculiarly adapted to the female mind and hand, it seems to us highly desirable that an

avenue to this useful employment should be open to the sex whose range of occupation has been heretofore so needlessly and injuriously circumscribed. While being so important a preparation for the labors of life, this avocation is, at the same time, an attractive study and an elegant accomplishment for those whose present station would appear to render them secure from the need of ever deriving from it pecuniary emolument. Moreover, we should all be admonished by experience of the necessity of providing against the uncertainties of the future, since the revolutions of the wheel of fortune are ceaseless, and those who now seem the most secure from want may suddenly be obliged to depend upon their own exertions for a livelihood." The object of this School is to give women thorough and systematic training in the principles and practice of the art of design, and when we stop to think, that not one thing that we use in our daily life, not a carpet on which we tread, not a cloth on our tables, not a paper on our walls, not a garment that we wear, or an article that we use, that has not made a primary demand for a design, we will arrive at the importance of this branch of study. This School has broadened itself out until not only is designing taught, but every adjunct necessary to that end has been gradually added, until at the present day, and in its beautiful home, it pos-sesses every incentive and art treasure calculated to cultivate the taste and ennoble the art for which it stands. A thorough knowledge of all industrial as well as high art can here be ob-

tained, and china decoration, modeling, wood engraving, etching, pen-and-ink sketching for photo-engraving, crayon portraiture, portrait, landscape, and flower painting, are taught by first class professors, while its graduates fill positions of trust as teachers and designers in many of our first educational institutions and manufactories. As representative head of this School stands a woman well-fitted by education, talents, and sympathies, to fill this important position; we speak of Miss Emily Sartain. Coming from a family of artists, with a broad, artistic education, both home and foreign, and showing by her work that her studious devotion to her art has been no idle boast, she is peculiarly fitted for the position by a largeness of sympathy, and a quick insight into human nature, that brings her en rapport with her pupils, and by winning their confidence, creates an influence that is sure to work for good. The terms of the School are so moderate as to be within reach of all who strenuously desire a thorough art education. Any especial information desired can be had by application to Miss Sartain, at the Philadelphia School of Design for Women, Broad and Master Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. It is needless for the "Rambler" to add further words to strengthen this branch of woman's work, in which the HOME MAGAZINE has always felt a peculiar interest, and which it has, as it were, made one of the strong planks in its literary platform. We leave this subject for the consideration and guidance of our readers.

### PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE season for renewal of subscriptions will soon he at hand and our readers will soon be at hand, and our readers and the general public will be assailed on all sides with announcements that are intended to bring patronage to the many publications of our day. We do not believe that many readers are brought to a magazine or newspaper by the annual prospectus, for people who pay generally know what they are buying, and with monthly or other prints it is quite the same as with anything that is sold; but so long as our contemporaries maintain the custom, our subscribers, perhaps, look for a similar statement from us. Therefore we have thought it well to state briefly as possible what the aims of the publishers are; and we shall be glad to have the help of all friends who believe in the work of the "HOME," and to have their aid in the extension of its field of usefulness.

First, then, we aim to make the pages of the HOME MAGAZINE a wholesome literary repast; one that is neither inane nor vicious, and free alike from stupidity on the one hand, and from license on the other: a magazine that shall be morally clean and intellectually keen, but not the vehicle for prosy or canty writers, neither that of the reviler nor cynic. In short, we purpose to make our pages what they have been, so far as the abilities of the revered founder of the MAGAZINE have descended to its editor, with such changes only in external form as may seem necessary in view of altered conditions in the surroundings of to-day.

Money-making is distinctly not the "be all and end all" in the conduct of this

Propared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE No. 1. -This illustrates Misses' costume. The tern, which is No. 1199 and costs 25 cents, is in 8 sizes for misses from 8

to 15 years of age.
The effect achieved by the drapery is very artistic, and it is rendered more striking by the present choice of materials-velvet, figured siik and fancy dress goods. The fourgored skirt has a plain edge finish, and at the right side is a plaited drapery that is laid in a wide double box-plait and in wide kilts turning from the box-plait; this drapery being formed of the figured silk and the velvet in such a way that the velvet forms the box-plait and also the second plait in front of the box-plait. It extends from the right side-back seam to the left side-front seam and falls to the edge of the skirt, its lower edge being hem-med. The boxplait reaches to the belt, but in front of it the drapery is gradu-ally decreased in depth to be no longer than is called for by the full front-drapery, which starts from under the top of the boxplait and falls to the edge of the skirt at the left side. Plaits raise

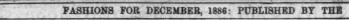
FIGURE No. 1 .- MISSES' COSTUME.

and in the left side edge com-plete its softly wrinkled effect. At the left side this drapery joins the back-drapery, which falls even with it at this side and is draped high at the left side by plaits. Plaits in the left edge and in the top, and needing tackings to the and needful skirt, render the back-drapery

very bouffant.
The basque has a velvet skirt-por-tion that is laid in two double boxplaits arranged with a square pos-tilion effect under the backs, the lat-ter falling over it in two pretty tabs. In front of the skirt the sides are arched high, and in front a deep point is formed at the end of the closing, which is made down the center with button-holes and buttons. The adjustment of the basque is close and is made by bust darts, under-arm and side-back gores and a curving center seam. The standing col-lar is of the figured silk; and the deep, turn-down collar, which is extended in notched lapels down the fronts back of the closing, isofvelvet, the lapels being curved at the waistline to produce a graceful effect. The coat sleeves are finished with cuff facings.

Velvet and

the full drapery plumage afford very high at the right side, and plaits at the belt the elaborate trimming on the pretty felt hat.





Front View.



1163 Back View.

Front View. Back
MISSES' BASQUE.



Back View.

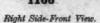
No. 1163.—Fancy suiting is the material pictured in these engravings, and velvet and drop ornaments comprise the garniture. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it requires 3 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 44 inches wide, each with ½ yard of velvet 20 inches wide for the vest, etc. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

CHILDS' CLOAK.

No. 1180.—In the engravings this little cloak is shown made of checked coating, with machine-stitching and satin ribbon for decorations. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age.

To make the garment for a child of 5 years, will require 3% yards of material 22 inches wide, or 3% yards 27 inches wide. Of goods 44 inches wide, 1% yard will suffice. Price of pattern, 20 cents.







1166 Left Side-Back View.

No. 1166.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, requires 14½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 7½ yards 44 inches wide, each with 1 yard of contrasting fabric 22 inches wide for the fan. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

### MISSES' JACKET.

No. 1198. -One of the new rough checked cloths was chosen for making this jacket, braid of a pretty design providing the garniture. The vest forms an attractive feature of the mode and will often be made of material contrasting in texture or color with the remainder of the garment. The edges may be bordered with narrow bands of veledges may be bordered with narrow bands of vel-vet, pipings or bindings of braid or edged with fancy drop-ornaments. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, will require 3½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 27 inches wide. Of material 44 inches wide, 1¾ yard will suffice. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



1198 Back View.



1192 Front View.



1192 Back View.

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 1192.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and is here shown developed in plain and brocaded goods, a knife-plaiting of the plain fabric and handsome passementerie-ornaments forming the tasteful decorations. To make the costume of one material for a lady of medium size, will need 17 yards 22 inches wide, or 836 yards 44 inches wide. In the combination illustrated, it will require 13 yards of plain goods and 436 yards of brocaded fabric 22 inches wide, with 1/2 yard of Silesia 36 inches wide for the plastron lining. Price of pattern, 40 cents.

FIGURE No. 2.
—LADIES'
WRAP.

FIGURE No. 2.—This illustrates a Ladier' wrap. The pattern, which is No. 1191 and costs 40 cents, is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches,

bust measure. A charming style of long Wrap inthis, and it is here shown made up in a handsome variety of fancy cloth. The fronts are loose-fitting and are closed all the way down with buttons and button-holes in a fly. The side-backs are widened to form the sleeves, which fold up in man-darin fashion and have the admired dolman curve across the shoulders. They are quite wide at the hand, where they are bor-dered with a broad band of fur. The skirt of the back is open at thecenter, the edges being hemmed and lapped in coat - lap fash-ion. The center seam is well curved, and bepeeded width for the hems and laps. The standing collar is covered with a row of furthat is carried down the fronts from its ends nearly to the bust, the andsofthe band having a fringe decoration of of fur-tails. The



wrap is drawn in closely at the back by a belttape that is tacked underneath and fastened in front.

Wraps of this description will be made of plushes, velvets, heavy silks and all varicties of heavy seasonable cloakings and cloths; and fur orfcather bands will provide a handsome gar-niture. Of course, the wrap may be plainly finished if desired; or it may be trimmed with velvet, heavy braids, appliqués, galloons, passementeries, etc. menteries, etc. Handsome linings, or, at least, edge facings, in delicate or bright colors may be added to garments of nice texture.

One very handsome wrap made up in this way was of plain brown cloth, with bands of seal-plush for garniture. Another was of black velvet, with chinchilla fur decorations; the lining being of pale-blue Surah quilted in diamond designs.

The hat is a stylish shape in felt, and has a smooth facing of velvet on its stylishly rolled brim. It is simply trim med with a medium-wide band of velvet, a large bow of the same ribbon being disposed at the left side.

FIGURE NO. 3.

— LA DIES'
LONG WRAP.
FIGURE NO.
3.—This illustrates a Ladies'
wrap. The pattern, which is
No. 1210 and
costs 40 cents,
is in 10 sizes
for ladies from
28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

Fancy cloaking was here used for making the wrap, and it is richly lined with corded silk of a bright color. Buttonsand button-holes close the fronts all the way down, and the wrap falls al-most even all round with the bottom of the costume worn under it. Bust dartsanda long dart over-each hip render the adjustment smooth and becoming; and the back is fitted closely by threewell curved seams that disappear below the waistline, extra fulness underfolded at these seams folding the back skirt into two handsome triple box-plaits that are well pressed in their folds. The sleeves are in wing style, falling deeply in points and curving backward prettily from the hand. They have the high, dolman arch over the shoulders and have very much shorter under-portions that join them



FIGURE No. 3.-LADIES' LONG WRAP.

at the front edges and are included with the wing portions in the side-back seams, thus rendering their position permanent and covering the arms well. Four rows of thick silk cord trim the edges of the sleeves, being arranged so as to meet at the point, which is tipped with a bowed cord having tassels at the ends. A handsomecordornamentis placed on the top of each box-plait in the back, and cord ornaments having triple festoons of cord are arranged across the fronts above the bust. The collar is in the high standing style.

Heavy silks in brocaded, plain and cordedvarieties, and novelty coatings and cloakings will be made up into wraps of this style, and linings of quilted and plain silk or satin will be added to nice wraps. Fur, braid, possementerie, down or feather bands may be used for decoration. orstitching, hinding or a plain finish may beadopted.

The large hat is of fine felt. It is trimmed with oxtrich feathers and ribbon, and its brim is faced with velvet.







1178 Front View.

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 1194.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires 33½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 15½ yard of 44 inches wide, with 5½ yard of Astrakhan 27 inches wide for the collar, etc. Price of pattern, 30 cts.

Back View.

LADIES' WRAP.

No. 1478.—This stylish wrap is made of plain brown cloth, with seal-brown Astrakhan for garniture. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and may be developed in all fancy and brocaded materials suitable for wraps. For a lady of medium size, it needs 3¾ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1¾ yard 44 inches wide, or 1½ yard 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

MISSES' COS-



1179 Front View.

TUME. No. 1179 .-Plain suit goods were used for making this costume, and small beads and buttons provide the simple but effective trimming. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and may be chosen for silk, satin, cloth, camel's-hair any other fash-ionable dress goods alone or in any pleasing combination. To make the costume for a miss of 12
miss of 12
years, will require 10½ yards
of goods 22
inches wide, or
5½ yards 44 51/2 yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



Back View.

### MISSES' BASQUE.

No. 1170.—This basque pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and may be chosen for all sorts of plain and fancy dress goods in vogue. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, will require 2½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 44 inches wide, each with ½ of striped goods 22 inches wide for the facing. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



Back View.



1170

Front View.

1161 Front View.

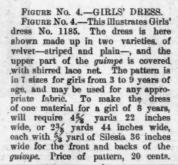


1160 Front View.



Back View.
CHILD'S COSTUME.
No. 1161.—This pattern is

No. 1161.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the costume of one material for a child of 5 years, will require 45% yards 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.





1160 Back View.

CHILD'S DRESS.
No. 1160.—This pattern is
in 5 sizes for children from 2
to 6 years of age. To make
the dress of one material for
a child of 5 years, will require 4 yards 22 inches wide,
or 2 yards 44 inches wide.
Price of pattern, 20 cents.





1183

GIRLS' COAT. No. 1183.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it requires 4 yards of material 22 inches wide or 314 yards 27 inches wide, with 1/2 yard of velvet 20 inches wide for the collar, pockets, etc. Price, 25 cents.



FIGURE No. 5 .- CHILD'S CLOAK. FIGURE No. 5.— This illustrates Child's cloak No. 1162. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. For a child of to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. Of one mate-5 years, it needs 3 yards of goods 22 mches wide, or 2½ yards 27 inches wide, or 1½ yard 44 ins. wide.

-CHILD'S DRESS. FIGURE No. 6 .-FIGURE No. 6 .- This illustrates Child's dress No. 1160. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 rial for a child of 5 years, it requires 4 yards 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

1164 Right Side-Front View.

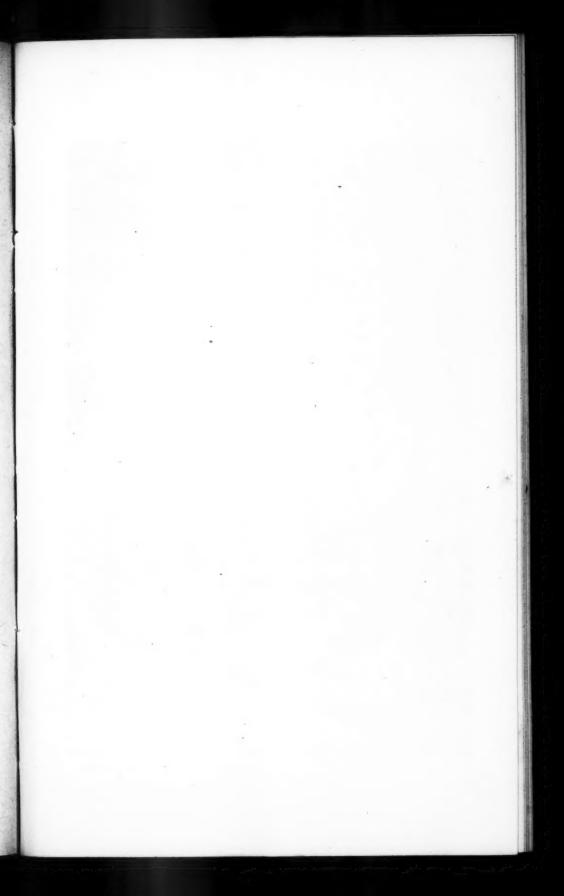
MISSES' WALK-ING SKIRT. No. 1164, -Fan-

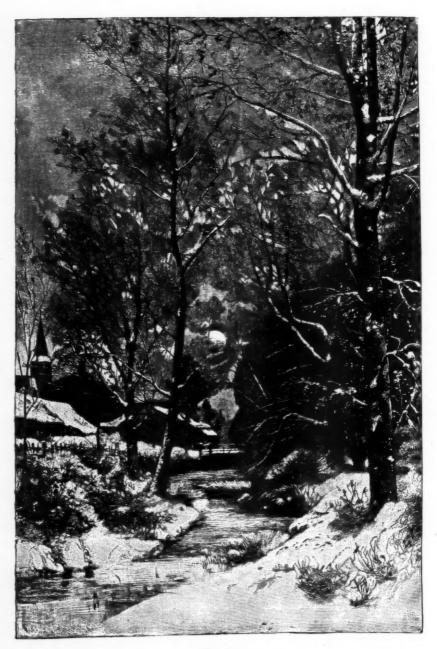
cy dress goods and plain velvet are very tastefully combined in the skirt here illustrated, with a plaiting of the dress goods and bead trimmings for gar-nitures. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. Of one material for a miss of 12 years, it needs 6¼ yards 22 inches wide, or 3% yards 44 inches wide. As represented, it needs 53/ yards of fancy goods 22 ins. wide, and 34 yard of velvet 20 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.



Left Side-Back View.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply of the foregoing Patterns, post-paid, on receipt of price.





WINTER.